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Central Catholic High School  
The Echo

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CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

# ECHO

Vol. 1

Fort Wayne, Ind., October, 1915

No. 1



# The Central Catholic High School Echo

*Echo verborum nostrorum amicos delectet*

Vol. 1

October, 1915

No

## Mother

Slowly and sadly I bent my knees,  
Bent them in weeping prayer:  
"Jesus, have mercy on mother, please;  
And now of me take care."

She was a mother in word and deed,—  
Mother in heart and soul.  
Great was her faith as the mustard seed;  
Clear was th' eternal goal.

Ever of God and His holy abode  
Spoke she by night and by day;  
Favored the narrow and hilly road,  
Trustingly leading the way.

Little children around her knee  
We learned to call on Heaven,  
And trust ourselves to God's decree;  
Yes, every one, eleven.

Simple in thought and word and act,  
Minding her household cares,  
Kept she a family's honor intact,—  
Mostly by her prayers.

Though manhood took them one by one  
Away from her sundering heart,  
Each held a cord that bade him shun  
What she did not impart.

And ever anon when feet were straying  
Toward the valley of sin,  
Came a thought of her heart that made the wailing  
A wound to enter in.

Then Mary said: "I'll take thy place;  
My Son is calling thee.  
Thy children all will see thy face  
In heaven eternally."—S. P.

## Our Flag

From mountain top and shady dell  
The joyful news that day did knell  
And to the world the glad news tell,  
That Stars and Stripes in breeze do swell  
High o'er a nation free.  
Proudly streams that flag on high,  
Waving upward toward the sky,  
Scorning those who fear to die  
For blessed Liberty.

Now the foeman's crest is lowered  
By the might of tempted sword.  
How the cannon boldly roared  
As the eagle-banner soared  
High o'er a nation free!  
Waves aloft that banner true,  
Animating me and you  
That, when meet, we strike anew  
For blessed Liberty.

In the cause of holy strife,  
Knowing things more dear than life,  
Fought each man for home and wife.  
Then were standards raised arife  
High o'er a nation free.  
Those who died and dared the knaves  
Hold us long a race of slaves  
Took that banner to their graves  
For blessed Liberty.

In North and South that banner's hung,  
In East and West its praises sung,  
And foreign sons are found among  
The men who strive to keep it swung  
High o'er a nation free.  
O may it ever float at ease,  
Proudly mounted on the breeze,  
Waving over land and seas  
For blessed Liberty!—P. F.

## OUR SCHOOL

By Leo N. Weber, '16

## Chapter I.

They were seated together around the study table in the little private room that so few have ever entered—the three men on whose shoulders rested heavily the burdens of future generations, and each, oblivious of the others, was weighing the past and gauging with foresight the activities of unfolding years.

The noise of a chair being pushed back broke the silence, and two heads were raised simultaneously with the third member of the circle who had risen and stood before them. He was a man of medium height, with a face that seemed strangely young,—a queer contradiction to the silver-gray of the hair that showed beneath the purple skull-cap which he wore. His twinkling gray eyes grew serious as they fell upon the hand which he had raised as though in prophecy. There, upon his finger gleamed the insignia of his office, the great purple amethyst set in its simple band of gold—a ring which belonged to but one man, the Bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne.

Gentlemen," he said, "there is need for a school of higher education for our young men." That was all, no other word came from those venerable lips. He seated himself again, and as he looked upon the two whom he had honored by the privilege of his sanctum, he felt the result assured.

Such was the founding by Bishop Alerding of that institution now so well known throughout northern Indiana as the Central Catholic High School. And so it came about that when the 1909 school-year began, the doors of old Library Hall were thrown open to the graduates of the Catholic parochial schools, and over the portals was raised a sign in gold, "The Central Catholic High School.

People shook their heads and wondered, scoffers were heard on all sides, with their "I-told-you-so's" and "it-can't-be-done's." But the new school was established, and Rev. E. L. Lafontaine was made its superintendent. The Brothers of the Holy Cross were asked to take the school in their hands. It was only after much deliberation that the Order agreed to take charge of the school; for all knew that it would be uphill work for many years. Brother Marcellinus was ap-

pointed superior, and from the very first put forth the best of his efforts and took great pride in his work. One by one the barriers were surmounted and through the united efforts of all the school prospered, carrying out the intent of its founder—a Catholic preparatory institution for Catholic young men.

At the beginning of the initial year there were twenty-three pupils in the High School, some taking the commercial and some the academic course. The commercial course was discontinued at the close of the second year, and those who finished the course received their diplomas. The school was henceforth to be but an academic high school. To many students two more years seemed a long time. But Brother Marcellinus cheered the doubtful by his words of praise and advice, and in a very short time won the honor and respect of every student. Year by year the student-body increased in numbers, and everyone worked for the success of the school. The boys were encouraged in all their sports, and soon were winning their laurels on the athletic fields. The teachers saw to it that the boys increased their capacity for learning, and acted like men. The students took care of the social functions of the school and won many words of praise for their manly efforts. In every enterprise they were backed by their Superior, Brother Marcellinus, who told them there was no word like "failure" in the American language.

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## FRESHMAN NOTES.

That's funny—the "Echo" guys came around and told me to write some class notes—and when I asked them what I'd say they bawled out, "Shut up! and don't get 'fresh' to us, you little 'Freshie.'" Well, we're just as good as they are—and we work harder, too. We have only got two lazy fellows; and these two don't know that nobody ever succeeded at C. C. H. S. who didn't get to work right away. And another thing they don't know that they can't have their own way because nobody ever gets his own way here. And another thing, again, a fellow must keep whatever kind of a desk he gets because he's one of us "Freshies."—K. M.



## CATHOLIC WRITERS

By Paul J. Foohey, '16.

## I.—John Henry Newman

It is but twenty-five years since the greatest prose writer of the Victorian Age left the English nation to mourn his death. Within these twenty-five years the name of Cardinal Newman has taken its rightful place among the great English writers. Year by year—yes, day by day—his fame is increasing. As men study him more, they love him more; as men grow more fair-minded, they honor him more. His life and his works afford example for the saint and food for the scholar.

John Henry Newman was born in London in 1801. His father was an English banker. His mother belonged to a French Huguenot family. At the age of seven he was sent to a private school at Ealing. Here he spent his leisure moments in reading Scott's novels and studying the Bible. At fifteen he entered Trinity, Oxford, and received the B. A. degree in 1820. In 1834 he was ordained in the Anglican church, and a few years later became vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. He made a trip to Rome in 1832 and was greatly impressed by the Catholic services which he attended in Italy. His religious struggle now began and lasted for nine years. It ended in his conversion to Catholicism in 1845. Henceforth he was to be the champion of Catholic Doctrine against those whom he had before helped to oppose it. He defended himself and the Church of Rome in a masterly manner for the next forty-five years. Every attack made upon him was a boomerang for the attacker. He was too much of a scholar to use abusive words. Though a master of irony and satire, he seldom employed these weapons, his knowledge and love of truth being sufficient to disarm his most sanguine opponent.

His work in education and religion was not unnoticed. In 1879 he was made cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. He had deserved the honor, and even his enemies admitted it. From then until his death in 1890 he stood out in bold relief as a great man closing a great life.

Among the religious writers of the Victorian Age, Cardinal Newman is undoubtedly the first. His essays are remarkable in that he possessed the tact to show the delicate end which he de-

sired to attain, namely to justify the Catholic Church in her doctrines and teachings, in such a way as to not offend or make enemies, even among the prejudiced Englishmen of his time. His power in his religious essays he achieved by his wonderful ability of touching on moral and spiritual truths.

Newman's greatest work is undoubtedly 'Apologia Pro Vita Sua.' It was written in 1864. "Apologia" was inspired by an attack directed at Newman by Charles Kingsley. It is a masterpiece of irony and satire which Newman so infrequently used, although he was a master of it. "Apologia" did much towards softening the bitter feeling of the public against Newman which was caused by his defection from the Anglican Church in 1845.

Probably the most interesting and readable of all Newman's works is "Calista," published, as he himself says, "in an attempt to express the feelings and mutual relations of Christians and heathens in the middle of the third century." Another excellent work is his "Loss and Gain." This deals with the conversion of a man to Christianity, and was probably inspired by his own conversion.

Two of Newman's poems, "Lead Kindly Light" and "The Dream of Gerontius," are masterpieces of their kind. This versatility of Newman in covering a range from poetry to religious essay shows his literary greatness and entitles him to a place in literature far above that of the ordinary religious chronicler.

Newman's style is a charming blending of the academic and that of a worldly man. Its quality of simplicity and frankness makes it distinct from that of other writers of his age, who failed to be frank without achieving harshness, and who could not attain simplicity without becoming uninteresting. There is a smoothness in Newman's style which enables him to change from the lofty to the common without a jar. One of the most pleasing things about Newman's style is that he is never guilty of affectation. He was able to achieve the most richly imaginative descriptions in almost the same language he used colloquially. Newman was essentially a Stylist, but his temperament modified by his religious imagination, made him "free from the affectation of the litterateur and the coldness of the mere scholar." Newman's style is faultless, save for a slight tendency toward too great perspicuity, but his subtlety, smoothness, and versatility make him the greatest writer of the century.

## THE HINT

By Leo Behler, '16

"Just one in the world," said Joe Bennet to himself, as he gazed forgetfully upon the little picture of the girl who occupied his thoughts by day and his dreams by night. He looked at the picture for some time, kissed it, and then wrapped it up carefully and placed it in a cozy corner in his trunk. As he was sitting down again to his writing desk, he heard a knock at his door. He got up and opened it. There was his mother, a graceful woman of two score and ten years.

"Father is in the library," she said, "and he wants to say good bye to you now."

"All right, mother," said Joe, as he put his arm on her neck and walked along the hall to the library. He had always had a tender love and esteem for his mother, and even though he was a young man now, his child-like veneration for her had not waned. "Mother" was to him a sacred name.

He entered the library and said, "Father, mother told me you wanted me."

"Yes, Joe," said his father, "I want to say a few words to you before you go back to college today. You know you are to finish this year. Now, I want you to work a little harder and get a little more serious. I was once young, too, and I liked my gay life; but, my son, it doesn't pay. Besides you are twenty-two now, and you're old enough to settle down when you are graduated next June. Here is a check for a thousand, and be careful how you invest it. Hurry up and bid mother good-bye, so that you can come with me to the train in an hour."

The man who had thus addressed his son was the foremost citizen in Fort Worth, Kentucky. No one ever dared to question his social standing or high moral character. He had married young—married a virtuous and sensible young lady, and the serenity of his household was never disturbed by a family quarrel. As a business man, he was president of the First National Bank and devoted his whole time to his work.

Joe went to his room after having thanked his father for the check and promised to do his best during his last year at school. He finished packing his trunk, said good-bye to his mother, and at nine o'clock drove to the station with his father.

As the Southern Limited was pulling out with Joe aboard, his "Just-one-in-the-world" opened her

tired eyes and blinked eagerly at the clock on her dressing table. "My goodness! twenty minutes past nine. Joe is gone, and I never went to the station to see him off," were the words she said aloud.

But Miss Grace Ruth Winters knew that she had nothing to worry about. The fact that she had Joe Bennet for a beau made her the envy of all the good-looking girls in Fort Worth. Her father adored her. He had lost his wife when Grace was a mere trifle of a child. While she was still very young he sent her to a convent school, from which she was graduated a year ago. She remembered that graduation day well, because it was the day when Joe first admired her.

It was Tuesday when Joe left Fort Worth. She expected a letter from him on Thursday, and she was not disappointed. She was waiting at the door for the mail man. "O thank you!" she said to the smiling letter-carrier as he handed her a letter which had the stamp at the significant angle. She tore it open and read the following:

Dayton, Ohio, September 30, 1911.

Darling Grace:

I am back to the strenuous task once more, but my thoughts are of Fort Worth and you. Your little photo is ever on my table, but I am lonesome, very lonesome. I wish it was Christmas; I don't know how I can ever spend three months here.

Yours in purgatory,

JOE.

Grace sent the following by return mail:

Winters' Mansion, Fort Worth, Kentucky,  
Oct. 2, 1911.

Dear Joe:

I got your dear letter this afternoon. O Joe! I am just as lonesome as you are. Father is very good to me, but you know I cannot always be talking to him, as he is in his office most of the day. It seems a dream to think that we were so happy only a week ago. You remember how we walked in the park only last Sunday evening, and watched the moon pick its way through the clouds, and how I said I would come to see you off on Tuesday? Don't be sore at me, Joe,—I slept till 9:20. Forgive me, dear Joe! I know you will. Come home for Christmas, and I'll make sure to be the first to congratulate you when you get your B. A. next June.

Yours ever true,

GRACE.

Letters were exchanged every week and terms



of endearment increased, until Joe had to restrain himself from proposing via the mail order route. He would wait till Christmas and then get on his knees for sure. Yes, he would do that. Why should he wait longer?—he knew what she would say. Her father would announce the engagement right there and then, and in June she would be all his own. He had made up his mind to this when the day for Christmas home-going had arrived. However, his courage began to waver when he looked at the little photo before he put it in his suit-case. "It's not that I'm afraid of your answer, Grace," he said, still looking at her picture "but I don't know how to pop the question."

Strange to say Joe had not neglected his studies during the last three months at school. He had an excellent report for October, November and December. His father was greatly pleased at this and bought him a new Mercer "speeder" for a Christmas present. An auto was a strange present for this time of the year, but old Mr. Bennet had a business eye. He had been accustomed to buy a straw hat each year in September, for he knew that such things can be gotten then for half price. He had made up his mind to get Joe an auto next summer, but a salesman told him that he could save more than a hundred dollars by buying one now. So he bought it. The weather was still good, and he saw no reason why he should not meet his son at the station with the auto. He drove the shining Mercer to the station, and as soon as Joe got off the train his father said, "Here, Joe, put that suit-case in your auto and we'll speed home."

"Father," said Joe, "did you say my auto?"

"Yes, my son. You deserved something for your good report, so I thought you would like an auto," said the old man proudly.

"I'm very glad I studied hard, but I don't know how to thank you, father. Gee! but I shall enjoy the holidays if this weather keeps up. A hard frost makes the roads fine for speeding, and I learned to drive about a month ago. Father, do let me drive it home!"

Joe got home in no time. After he had seen his mother, he took dinner and then phoned Grace telling her he was back and that he wanted her to come out for a ride with him. He was a little disappointed, for Grace said she could not come until tomorrow, as she had to prepare things for Christmas.

At two-thirty, the next day he had the auto in front of her door. The thought of proposing

was uppermost in his mind. He had bought a 22-carat gold ring as a Christmas present for Grace, and he had it in his pocket now. If a favorable chance should present itself, he intended to propose and make her a present of the engagement ring that afternoon. If things would not go as he desired he would wait till tomorrow afternoon when he and Grace were to go skating together. As luck would have it, a mishap with his machine put him out of humor, so he decided not to press love affairs until the skating hour tomorrow.

That hour, so long waited for, had now come. Joe got his new skates and started off to meet Grace. She was waiting at the door for him, and when Joe asked if she were ready, she said, "Quite ready! You know I'm always ready when you call for me, Joe. It's an ideal day to go skating; but I hope 'tisn't too warm to melt the ice."

They walked briskly out to Delta Lake where scores of happy boys and girls were amusing themselves; then seating themselves on the curb-stone Joe fastened on her skates and then as he was putting on his own he got all excited and said: "Oh! Grace, I forgot to give you your Christmas present." He could say no more.

Suspecting what Joe's present was, and seeing his embarrassment, she thought she would help him out. She stamped her foot on the thin ice, and as it cracked she turned to him and said: "My, how easy 'tis to break the ice, Joe."

"Yes," said Joe absentmindedly, "I think it would be dangerous for us to go skating together, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," she said with emphasis. "and I feel so foolish, I wish I was at home."

Joe took her home that day and was unable to see her again during the holidays. He went back to school and wrote her several letters but got no answer. He felt miserable around Easter time and sent for the Fort Worth Journal to comfort himself. As fate would have it, the first copy he got announced the engagement of Miss Grace Ruth Winters and John Joseph Stillman, County Clerk. The shock aroused him and then for the first time he understood her remark about breaking the ice.



## CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS.

(By H. C. Wiener, '16.)

## I.—Galileo.

Galileo, the great Italian philosopher and astronomer, was born at Pisa in the year 1564, of a noble Florentine family. He received a good education, and at an early age distinguished himself as a musician and mathematician. He then took up the study of drawing and painting; and it is said that it was his love of drawing that led him to the study of geometry. His parents desired him to study medicine; but having little success in this, he again returned to mathematics.

He was but twenty years of age when he made a very important discovery by observing the swinging of a lamp in the cathedral at Pisa. Noticing that the oscillations of the swinging lamp were of equal duration, he inferred that this principle might be used to measure time correctly. However, it was not until fifty years later that he used this theory in the construction of an astronomical clock.

In 1588 he wrote a treatise on the center of gravity in solids. This met with such success that he received a lectureship in the University of Pisa and was looked upon as a modern Archimedes. The following year he demonstrated the fallacy of the theory that falling bodies have velocities proportional to their weight, by letting fall unequal weights from the top of the famous leaning tower at Pisa. This discovery made such a revolution in science that we now consider it as the starting point in modern science. Very simple laws and formulas for falling bodies have been deduced from Galileo's experiment; and it is little wonder that we call him "Founder of Experimental Science."

After much work on gravity and gravitation, the great scientist turned his energy to astronomy. In 1609 he made his first telescope, which had a magnifying power of thirty. With it he discovered the mountainous character of the moon, the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the rotation of the sun and the spots on its disc. He also discovered that the moon was not self-luminous as was then supposed, but that it owed its illumination to reflection of light.

Such work in astronomy led him to discuss the teaching of Copernicus,—that the sun, not the earth, is the center of what we call the solar system. Many already believed the doctrine of

Copernicus, but the greater number of schools and scientists still held the older doctrine. Galileo was so strong in his support of the Copernican doctrine that he drew upon himself the hatred of many scientists by accusing them of ignorance and advising them to go back to school and learn something. It was these men that forced him to leave Pisa and seek the seclusion of Florence. This opposition caused Galileo to go a step farther than a scientist should go. At Padua he ventured to declare "that in Scripture there were propositions which were false in the literal sense of the words; that even in matters of solemn dogma the forms of expression were sometimes inexact, out of due regard to the incapacity of the popular comprehension; and that in all natural questions philosophical argument should have more weight than mere scriptural declaration."

Cardinal Baronius answered this bold declaration, saying that the Scripture was given to men to teach them how to rise to heaven, not how the heavens were made. The Church had no objection to the Copernican Doctrine as long as the Copernicans did not attempt to use Scriptures to prove it. A Council of the Church condemned the doctrine as contrary to Scripture, but it did not condemn it as "heresy." The doctrine did not involve faith or morals; and it is only in teaching faith or morals that the Church is infallible.

Galileo still continued his scientific work. He proved that all bodies, even invisible ones like air, have weight. We now know that the weight of a body is due to the force of gravity acting on it; that if some gases rise upward, it is because they are replaced by denser ones. We owe this knowledge to Galileo. To him we also owe the proportional compass which is now used so much in advanced drawing. While teaching at the University of Padua he invented an air thermometer. He had studied the expansion of solids liquids and gases, and because gasses expand most with increase of temperature, he made a narrow glass tube with a bulb at one end, and placed this vertically in a vessel of water. When the temperature fell, the air in the bulb contracted and the water ascended the narrow tube.

His last astronomical discovery was made in 1637, when he discovered the moon's diurnal and monthly librations. In the same year he became blind. For some time he had been suffering from a disease in his right eye. The same disease now impaired his left eye, and blindness was the result. The misfortune of deafness was also added to his declining years. He died January 8,

1642, and was buried in the Church of Santa Eroce, the Pantheon of Florence. Pope Urban VIII. sent his blessing to console him in his dying hour.

Those who knew him intimately regarded him as a genial companion, but he did not make many friends, or rather he did not keep many, because he lacked sufficient tact to keep himself out of difficulties, into which he was driven by his satirical tongue.

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### COLUMBUS DAY.

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(By Joseph Wilkinson, '16.)

Over four hundred years ago there set sail a daring mariner from the little port of Palos in Spain. He believed that by sailing westward he could find a new route to the Indies, and perhaps discover new countries. As you know, he did not find a new and shorter route to the Indies, but discovered a continent, where he planted the standard of the Cross. Little did he then know that his name and his fame had become immortal; that a grateful nation would select the day on which he discovered America, as a day for jubilation and gratitude; that many states of that nation would proclaim it a legal holiday; that an appreciative people would pay homage to his memory and his deeds; that a great Catholic Society under his patronage would devote its best efforts to the advancement of religion and good government.

In gratitude to him who added this fair continent to the civilized world, the State of Indiana calls upon us to commemorate the great event which took place on October 12, 1492. If there is any day in our glorious history which deserves commemoration it is Discovery Day—the day on which every country and every people were offered a refuge from tyranny and religious persecution. Warped must be the mind and small the heart that would refuse to honor the great discoverer because he held a different religion, because he was a pious Catholic. But, thank God, there are not many who have such warped minds and such narrow hearts. Every man who is a worthy citizen of the Land of Liberty considers October 12 as a sacred day, a day on which justice (though tardy justice it cannot but be) should be offered to the name of Christopher Columbus.

Not until a few years ago was Columbus Day celebrated to any great extent. The city of Boston started the active celebration, by the parading of all societies and lodges and people of every nationality. This celebration was adopted by other large cities. Its influence spread. Today, our people of every nation—Americans, English, Germans, French, Irish, Poles, Italians and Chinese—take an active part in paying tribute to Columbus. Yes, he is honored from pole to pole, from east to west. The voice of justice cannot be suppressed; it will call out until the end of time, "Columbus, a continent is your monument."

Like many other great men, Columbus had a poor chance to acquire knowledge. His parents were poor, and he was forced to leave school at the age of fourteen. But he did not quite study. He took up navigation and astronomy. His belief in a spherical world grew stronger. He longed to give tangible proof of it. Time and again he was turned down, but he clung to the old maxim, "Try and try again," until he succeeded.

His life after his discovery was for some time a pleasant one. Glory's sun shone on him but for a day. We might expect to see a man who had performed so great a deed, honored by all while he walked on earth. But such was not his fate. The possessor of fame has many enemies, and Columbus was no exception. He died—died a prisoner and in chains, May 20, 1506, at Valladolid, Spain.

Such was the mournful end of the man to whom we have dedicated October 12. His youth was one of poverty and perseverance, his manhood one of struggle and achievement, his old age one of sorrow and affliction; but his whole life was the life of a great man. To him more than to any other may the words of our greatest poet be applied:

Deeds of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.



## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(By C. A. Harkenrider, '16.)

"Other poets may soar above you,  
You keep close to the human heart."

In the above lines Henry van Dyke gives us the reason for Riley's honored position among the poets of our country. But you may ask: Why is James Whitcomb Riley "close to the human heart?" If you have never lived in Indiana, but have patience enough to listen to a Hoosier school-boy, I shall tell you.

On October 7, 1849, Riley first blinked at daylight as it came peering through the windows of a little log cabin in Hancock County, Indiana. Here he grew up, a boy whose head was filled with dreams of what the future held in store for him, but nevertheless, a boy who wasted none of the golden moments of boyhood. Here he swam in "the old swimmin' hole" or lay on the bank listening to the song of the stream as it glided lazily by. Here he listened to the stories of the "Raggedy Man" or to those witch tales about which he speaks in "Little Orphant Annie's." His imagination was fed on these tales, and also on the prose poetry that fills the pages of the "Arabian Nights." He preferred to sacrifice the delights of a feast on ginger cakes and candy, for the purchase of a book of poetry, "Divine Emblems."

The great affliction of his boyhood was a freckled face. His playmates designated him as "Spotted Face," little realizing how much he felt the sting of his nick-name. One day, however, his heart was gladdened by the sight of a certain bottle in a drug store window. On the label were the magic words: "Sure cure for moth, tan, freckles, etc." But the price was fifty cents—an impossible one for him. He was determined to get the bottle; but how? A few days after, his father sent him down town to get some sugar—fifty cents' worth, and gave him the money to pay for it, though it was customary to have such articles "charged up." Young Riley was consistent and charged it up, all right, exchanging the fifty cents for the freckle-cure.

On his way to school that morning he sought a secluded spot and applied the "sure cure" generously. Then he started off for school with a light heart, feeling sure that the freckles would be gone when he got there. As soon as he entered the school room there was a general uproar. His face had a regular lemon color, for he had read

only half the directions and did not see the words, "Wash off immediately with salt water, etc." It was too late to wash off now, but the cure was effective—he lost his lemon skin—freckles and all—before three days.

So much for his boyhood. As he grew to riper years, he began to think of the future. He could do many things, but he could not "work." In his discouragement, he sent some of his poems to Longfellow. A poet knows a poet, and so Longfellow encouraged Riley, and had the pleasure of seeing the Hoosier's first volume appear—"The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems." Volume followed volume, until Riley became another Longfellow.

And now, that you have listened to me thus far, I shall let another Hoosier poet praise him. Here is the postlude of the "Indiana Ode" for the Panama-Pacific Exposition by the Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C.:

## Postlude:

To Indiana's Poet. James Whitcomb Riley.

Lo, o'er the fields at home now sinks the sun,  
And with the crickets' hum  
The tinkling bells of cattle homeward come  
Familiar tell  
The dim, tired land another day is done.  
And my song pauses for a last farewell  
To you, and greeting unto one  
Whose ears  
Have caught, how many happy years,  
The murmurs of the music of our speech,  
Whose tongue  
Our simple days with kindred art has sung,  
And kept silence where no word could reach.  
Him by whose Brandywine  
First strayed in childhood days these feet of  
mine,  
Brother and friend,  
I hail him as our State's sufficient pride  
And give him part—  
Whose words, deep-springing from a people's  
heart,  
Home-gathered there abide—  
In glories of a day that has its end,  
As has at length the lingering song of one  
Who brought his dreams to thee, O City of the  
Sun!

## OUR GRADUATES

(By R. L. Beuret, '16.)

## 1. J. STEPHEN WEBER

Are you interested in automobiles, real estate, or insurance? If so we would advise you to call at 723 Court street. As you enter, you will see a young gentleman busily engaged pouring over all kinds of ledgers and documents. He receives you with a dignified cordiality and shows himself ready to talk on any subject. After five minutes talk with him you are convinced of his selling ability, his solid education, and his integrity of character. As you leave the office after buying your insurance or real estate you are anxious to know more about this entertaining young man. Your curiosity is soon satisfied, for he is very well known. As you already know that he is the son of Mr. Carl J. Weber, you are prepared to hear good things of him, and you are not disappointed. You learn that he is chancellor of the Knights of Columbus, an exemplary member of the Cathedral parish, and a graduate of the Central Catholic High School.

While at high school he showed himself an apt scholar in every branch of study, winning the class medal each year and also the elocution medal in the Junior year. He was graduated in 1913, and since that time has been in business with his father.

As far as loyalty to his alma mater is concerned, we know of no graduate who has shown more interest in the welfare of the school and its students. He has taken an active part in the sports of the school and is always present to cheer the boys to victory and to smooth their difficulties. He has given us an example of what we ought to be when we have bid a last farewell to the school where we are now completing that education which has enabled him to act man's God-like part. And we predict that in future years we can point to J. Stephen Weber as a great man with a great business.

## TOM

(By Bernard Byanskie, '17.)

William Brown and his wife Irene were seated in the parlor of their roomy residence at 2001 Court Street, talking, and from their style of conversation it could be plainly seen that they were not on the best of terms.

"Why didn't you come home last night for supper?" inquired Mrs. Brown, a middle-aged woman who had anything but a pleasant disposition.

"Why," said Mr. Brown in a pleasant tone, "I had a little extra work to finish last evening, so I couldn't get home as early as usual."

"As early as usual, eh? I don't see where the 'usual' comes in. I have suspicions of my own that something else besides work keeps you out late. Just the other day, Mrs. Bowman told me she saw you in Stanford's saloon."

"What she said is true, but I had only run over and taken a glass of beer for it was terribly hot in the shop, you know, and I thought a cool drink would help me a little."

"Well, what you say may be true, but all the same I shall hold my suspicions," said Mrs. Brown, hastily leaving the room.

She had scarcely left when the front door flew open and a boy burst into the room exclaiming, "Hurrah, father! I've sold eighty-nine 'extras,' and one man gave me a ten-cent tip. Gee! if I do this well all week I'll be able to get that new pair of skates I've been wanting all winter." Then glancing around the room he added, "Where's mother?"

"I think she has gone to bed, son," said his father.

"Already? Why, she's generally up until ten o'clock."

"I know, but she said she had a headache, and thought that if she went to bed she would have more relief."

"Well, I'm going up to say good-night to her, anyway," said Tom, bounding up the stairs two steps at a time.

Now, however bad they might quarrel, the Browns dearly loved their son, and kept all knowledge of their differences from him. For this reason, when Mrs. Brown had heard her husband alluding to her going to bed, she quietly slipped into her room, and when Tom came up she was already in bed.

"How are you feeling, mother?" he inquired.

"O I'll be all right in the morning, Tom. Did you have good luck with your papers today?"

"Great!" And he went on to explain his success with such enthusiasm that his mother could not help smiling, for she loved to see her child happy and successful. She did not seem inclined to talk, so Tom kissed her good-night and retired.

Next afternoon after Tom had gone to school, Mrs. Brown went over to the poker club she had lately joined, to try her luck with some nickels



and quarters. Luck was with her, and in a short time she visited the club daily. She went there early to hear the latest news—Mrs. Hick's divorce, Mrs. Simpson's son-in-law's abuse of his wife and many other items that interest the idle.

Before two weeks her luck had changed. She had lost her own money and also that which was destined for house expenses. A cunning thought struck her. She would watch until she found her husband in some club-house or saloon instead of at work. Then she would give him a piece of her mind when he came home. He would increase the house-management allowance in order to pacify her, and so she would again have money to play her favorite game. Before she had finished her plans, in walked Mrs. Bowman, to tell her that Mr. Brown and Mr. Bowman were over at Kelly's pool room. She welcomed the news and determined to take advantage of it.

When he came home that night, before he had time to say a word she had started the old quarrel. He tried to explain that the shop had closed at noon because a boiler had burst, but she would not listen. She threatened to get a divorce when he would not increase her allowance for the household expenses. He said, "Go ahead; I'll keep Tom." She had not thought of this; but now that he had mentioned it she said she must have Tom because she cared more for Tom than he did.

They were still arguing when the rumbling of wheels was heard outside the door. A minute later, the door bell rang violently. Both rushed to the door and saw two men supporting Tom on a stretcher. He was unconscious. He had been run down by a jitney bus.

They stayed up with him that night. The next morning he recovered consciousness and his first words were, "Where am I? Take me home to father and mother!"

They looked at each other. He resolved to quit the pool room; she resolved to quit the poker club.

The word "divorce" was never again uttered between them.

### ON A PIRATE SHIP

(By Alfred Brown, '19.)

Although I was free to go out into the street to play, I told my mother I would much rather stay inside, for it was very cold. I seated myself by the fire-side. The wind was blowing furiously against the window panes, causing them to rattle very loud. The sound echoed and re-echoed through the rooms and corridors of the house.

As I sat there, I began to fancy myself in many exciting adventures. My fancy carried me so far from my present surroundings that I dreamed I was being captured by a pirate ship. Beating and bruising me, the pirates made me work until I was almost dead.

One day an opportunity to escape presented itself. No one was watching me, for the scoundrels were nearing a rich Spanish ship which they intended to capture. Setting fire to the ship in the hold, I ran up to warn them. All hands set about to extinguish the fire. In the heat of the excitement, I jumped into a lifeboat and lowered it very clumsily, for I was unaccustomed to sea life. I received a few bruises; but I had no time to worry over these, for the pirates had discovered me. The report of a rifle followed, and a bullet whizzed by me. I plucked up courage and began to row rapidly for the Spanish boat amid a volley of bullets. The sailors realizing my situation, threw me a rope. After many attempts I got hold of the rope; and though the bullets were bouncing off the side of the boat, my new-found friends began to pull me on board. As one of the sailors leaned over to catch me, I heard somebody call out: "Alfred, why don't you go and see who is ringing the door bell?"

### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Real Hoosier spelling tests have been started in our English class. In the first contest Captain Brennan's team defeated Captain O'Brien's by a score of 43 to 39. The O'Brienites swore vengeance, and resolved to stay up and burn some midnight oil. They returned to the floor a week later, and won by nine points. The Brennanites declare they lost because their captain had hay fever. He does not admit this, however, and has lodged a protest because the oscillations of Tony Trapp's ears had a magic effect on the back rows, for Casey missed "confidence" and Kinney spelled "dissipation." As Kelly came through "anaesthetic" all right, we no longer suspect him of having a weak heart. Byanskie smiled at "acquaintance" and whispered to Kinder. We don't know what he said, but we think that he was making a bet that the next word would be "affinity."

The Junior dance has not been discussed, but it is expected that "Fritz" will bring up the matter in a few days. Bob Clifford says that when he finishes school he will get a job that "pays by the day."—A. S.

# The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Monthly by the Student.

In Place of a September Number, a Commencement Number Will Be Issued at the End of the School Year.

Subscription, \$1.00 a year (10 issues) Postage Extra.

JOSEPH BRENNAN, Manager.

LEO N. WEBER, Secretary

VOL. I.

OCTOBER.

NO. 1.

## BOARD OF EDITORS

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For many years the Catholic people of Fort Wayne felt the need of a Catholic high school where their sons might obtain a higher education without neglecting those principles which teach man that his first obligation is to God. The Rt.

Rev. Bishop Alerding, ever watchful

OUR for the interests of his flock, say this SCHOOL need, too, and in the face of many difficulties—particularly financial ones

—established a high school for the Catholic boys of every parish in the city. His undertaking has been wonderfully successful under such adverse conditions. Already there are graduates of the Central Catholic High School in four universities; and others have taken their places right here in Fort Wayne to fight life's battle under the banner of God and Country. We who are still preparing for that battle have just now undertaken the task of bringing a reflection of our preparatory work into the homes of our Catholic brethren and all other friends of education in our city.

We believe in a school paper whether it be of

one religious denomination or of many, and in this spirit we offer the first number of the THE "Echo" to the public. We have tried "ECHO" as far as possible to delineate the character which the future issues of the

"Echo" are to assume. It is our purpose to deal more with the serious aspects of school life rather than with the frivolous or ephemeral; to write something that may be instructive as well as entertaining, for we realize that the first object of a school is character development. The educational benefits we may derive from the writing of such a paper cannot be measured by what we write, but by the obstacles we have to overcome in learning to think and to write correctly.

With boyish hearts we offer this little work of ours as a token of gratitude to our founder, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, whose continued effort makes our school possible—to our teachers, the Brothers of Holy Cross, under whose influence we have learned to value education—to the pastors of the different

Catholic parishes who have co-operated in sustaining a Central OUR BENEFACTORS Catholic High School—to the many citizens of Fort Wayne who have encouraged our school during the six years of its existence—and above all, to our parents, by whose daily sacrifices we are enabled to acquire a Catholic Higher Education.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

All the desks in the study hall got a "once over" with oak varnish during the summer.

Imprints of the twelve gold medals for certain branches of study have been added to the collection of pictures in the back of the study hall. They were made by Juergens & Anderson Co., Jewelers, Chicago.

The Seniors have taken up quarters in the Physics Room, as the study hall is packed with Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen.

At the first meeting of the Senior Class, Joseph Brennan was elected president; Paul Foohey, secretary; Leo Weber, treasurer.



The football team has not yet been picked, and it is doubtful if football will be included in the High School athletics this year, as many of the students do not favor the game as a High School sport.

The attendance for September has been most gratifying. The Saturday session begun last spring for the "Skiing Club" has had the desired effect.

Anthony Trapp has been appointed assistant in the school book store. Anthony comes all the way from Garrett every day, and we are told that he reads "Charles O' Malley" while on the car going and coming. He is sure some student.

The members of the Faculty of last year who have returned are: Brother Daniel, C. S. C., Superior, Brother Exupere, C. S. C., Brother Ephrem, C. S. C., Brother Gregory, C. S. C., Brother Anthony, C. S. C.

Brother Edmund, C. S. C., who replaces Brother Nicholas, C. S. C., is a new member of the High School Faculty. He comes to us after a preparation of eight years at Notre Dame University.

Jerome Miller, Adrian Hayes, and Dawson Hayes of the 1913 Class, are attending Notre Dame University. Jerry and Dawson dropped in to see the teachers and students before going back to school. We presume that Adrian must have had a "date" somewhere.

About the middle of September, John Reuss, Louis Centlivre and Emmet Rohyans came in to see how things are going at C. C. H. S. All three are of the 1914 Class. They have returned to Notre Dame to continue their studies.

Leon Baker, of the 1914 Class, has entered on his second year at Wisconsin University. Gerald Pierre and Don Weber, of the same Class, are at Purdue. They came in to encourage their old "Prep" chums before joining the Boiler-makers.

"Bill" Muller, another 1914 man, has returned to Michigan University. We wonder if he still has the art of making friends.

"Bill" Brennan, 1915 Class, has gone to Michigan to keep Muller company, and as a matter of course strike out for a degree in Engineering.

"Steve" Weber, 1913 Class, has recently been elected Chancellor of the Fort Wayne Knights of Columbus.

Charlie Girardot, 1913 Class, has returned to St. Meinrad's Seminary to continue his studies for the priesthood.

Brother Nicholas, C. S. C., a member of the High School Faculty of last year is now at Sacred

Heart College, Watertown, Wisconsin. Brother Bernard, C. S. C., a former teacher here, is superior there. Sacred Heart College is used exclusively for postulants who intend to become members of the Holy Cross Brotherhood.

Rev. John McCarthy, of the Cathedral, has charge of the Christian Doctrine classes of the High School.

The High School Orchestra, under the direction of Brother Edmund, C. S. C., has passed the first stage of formation. All things promise for a great orchestra this year, and it is hoped that such a necessary factor in school life will have the encouragement of whole student body. Every student who has had some practice in instrumental music is asked to report to the Director.

Orchestra practice is held twice a week—Wednesdays at 8:30 a. m., and Fridays at 7:00 p. m.

Among those who have reported for practice are the following:

Piano—Aaron Huguenard, William Fry, Charles Harkenrider, Frank Rogers, Frank Doriot, Robert Kramer.

Violin—Joseph Brennan, Lawrence Kelly, Edward Bushman, Edward Duffy, Paul Foohey, Alphonse Centlivre, Herman Centlivre, Louis Beck, James Huntine.

Clarinet—Joseph Zuber.

Drums—George Hamilton.

Mandolin—Corley Herber.

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## SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

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John Till is the only one of our class who did not return. The others are "marching shoulder to shoulder," and there is much reason to believe that none of them will lag behind. We certainly feel proud of our "bunch" because we have the best class spirit in school, notwithstanding anything said to the contrary by the Seniors or Juniors—and as for "Freshies"—who are they anyway? You watch our class when Roy and Huguenard and Conway and Wyss start a sprint for the class medal. And we have a lot of dark horses, too. McLaughlin and Derck are pounding away at the typewriters, getting in shape to handle the "Echo" stuff at Christmas.—A. H.

## AMONG THE SENIORS.

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Tuesday, September 7.—School opened to-day. All who were promoted from Juniors to Seniors are back. We learned who is to teach us but we did not discuss the matter. We got off at 2:26.

Paul Foohey did not show up in the afternoon. He is beginning the year well.

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Wednesday, September 8.—It was very hot in class to-day, but hot days may come, and hot days may go, but school goes on forever. Great class spirit was shown at the election of officers in the afternoon. Election results—Mr. Brennan, president; Mr. Foohey, secretary, Mr. Weber, treasurer. Out of humility the president tendered his resignation, but the class would not accept it.

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Thursday, September 9.—School work began in earnest to-day. Brennan got sick in the forenoon and went home. We hope you enjoyed your little vacation, Joe. First football practice was held at Lawton Park. Sixteen candidates reported.

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Friday, September 10.—Brennan has again reported for duty. Bob Beuret worked over time for being inattentive to our friend Orlo's recitation. Bobbie, be a good little boy and do not hurt Orlo's feelings.

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Monday, September 13.—The Class was in the usual Monday torpor—the result of Sunday night celebrations.

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Tuesday, September 14.—Everybody on time to-day. Class pins were discussed after school.

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Wednesday, September 15.—Football bugs. Harkenrider elected captain; Weber, manager.

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Thursday, September 16.—A busy day and a post ludum session in physics—no one got a suitable "Pi."

Friday, September 17.—Gee whiz! Nobody got to the Fair.

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Monday, September 20.—Everybody seemed all right today but Leo. He was seen again last night in the company of our friend Harkenrider. (No this is not the Harkenrider that runs away from the Penal farm, but our own Charlie who runs a restaurant on Main street.)

John Paul Jones Foohey reported for class at 9:10 this morning. We think that anyone who had to bring such a burdensome name all the way from Creighton Avenue couldn't get here in time.

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Tuesday, September 21.—Classmate Haley announced to the class today that he gets his plots for his famous stories from his observation of Charlie Chaplin.—The "Face on the Bar-room Floor" didn't pass the censor that afternoon.

After school, Varsity beaten by Scrubs at Lawton. Yes, the Varsity needs a scrubbing.

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Wednesday, September 22.—Senior working over time preparing immortal literature for the "Echo." Typewriting staff swearing blue streaks.

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Thursday, September 23.—Sad news for the pen-wielders. Only one story from a bushel-basketful selected for the "Echo." And still the Seniors think they are some story-writers.

Who was offended when he was told that he did not have experience enough to write a love story?

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Friday, September 24.—Football practice at Lawton did not amount to much as Brother Ephrem gave all the Seniors an extra dose of Physics after 3.30. Joe Brennan was the first to recover his buoyancy, but he didn't thank Archimedes.

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Monday, September 27.—Strange things will happen. Though nobody dared to mount a street car this morning because the two thousand city caremen are on strike, every member of the Senior class was on time. This may be due to the fact that Leo Weber had proposed taking up

a collection to finance a jitney service for the late-comers.

Tuesday, September 28.—Another unwelcome class-pin agent made his appearance today. Very few are anxious to get class pins so early because we are well aware that every member of the Faculty believes in the "survival of the fittest" only. It is rather distressing to see quality preferred to quantity unless one has cleared the last hurdle.

Wednesday, September 29.—We always had a high opinion of Brother Exuperes' knowledge but we never suspected him of being able to see through a table two inches thick. Our friend Haley was the victim, but class spirit forbids us to mention more. What's the use in closing the doors of our little senior study hall now when we are left alone to study. Brother Ephrem was pretty deft in turning the latch key, but he doesn't need it any longer.

Thursday, September 30.—B. E. can look down on a fellow and also look a fellow down pretty well, but today he could do neither with Paul Foohey, so he said: "Foohey, get a mask on your face." Now Paul is not so bad looking when he is in good humor. C. G.

#### X-RAY NOTES

We wish to inform a prominent member of the Senior class that unless he devotes his energy to doing what he is supposed to do at a certain hour in school, we must acquaint the authorities of the fact that he has wasted—yes, wasted is the word, and we regret we cannot find a stronger one—that he has wasted a whole hour of his class time in writing some foolishness to somebody in skirts who lives outside our city, and we only wish to say this now, that if she didn't live outside the city he wouldn't dare write her.

Yesterday, P. J. and F. F. decided not to go home for dinner. P. had a capital of just fifteen cents. They entered the "Wellington," and when the waiter came towards them F. said to P. "Got your

twenty cents?" P. looked at him in dismay. By this time the waiter was at the table calling out, "Roast beef or stewed veal?" P. was rather hungry, so he said, "Give me all you've got for fifteen cents." After he had paid his fifteen cents he saw this sign on the wall "All Lunches 15c."

It has been reported that Leo Weber was seen on the street at 10 o'clock, Sunday evening in company with Charles Harkenrider. It grieves us very much to hear that our Leo would associate with a notorious police character.

Complaints have been registered concerning the illegal use of the transom on the north side of the Senior room. It is said that immediately after 3:05 P. M. this transom is used for a periscope. It is our opinion that this transom should be used for ventilation only.

#### THINGS BETTER LEFT UNDONE.

Gordon Kelly's belt at meal time.  
Shoe strings—if you have a sore foot.  
Joe Wilkinson's bow tie.  
Teaching penmanship to Bob Beuret.  
Joining the Holy Name Society before dropping Latin.  
Trying to find Foohey before 8:00 a. m.  
Opening a package of cigarettes in a crowd.  
Showing your knowledge to Brother Exupere.  
Accounting for Beck's actions.  
Telling Brother Ephrem you can study better if he lets you chew gum in class.  
Explaining to a "Freshie" that he has no mortgage on the school chairs (Apologies to Bro. D.)  
Telling the Board of Editors your story is original.  
Asking the school engineer to fire up.

#### THE LEAVES ARE FALLING

Summer, with its labors weary,  
Now begins to change its hue  
Into skies both dark and dreary  
From its skies of sun and blue.

Leaves that once were em'rald green,  
Dying at their Maker's calling  
Withered by His hand unseen  
Now are sadly, slowly falling.

C. M. Harkenrider.



## INTRIGUES INVINCIBLE

A. Huguenard, '18.

When David Warren returned to his rooms that morning he was thoroughly dissatisfied. His name was in every newspaper as the greatest detective that ever lived. Everywhere, people talked of his marvelous running down of D'Esparre, the famous—well there is hardly any name particularly fitting him, as he had committed every crime from forgery to murder. But this morning Warren had a sickish feeling—a feeling of one who has done his work by halves. He was not satisfied at the tremendous piece of work he had done because it was not finished. It was all right to arrest D'Esparre—but what had become of the jewels? Where had the robber put those priceless jewels?

D'Esparre had led a dual personality. When crimes were on hand he was an impregnable, fearless crook, otherwise he was a soft-spoken, blue-bespectacled bookkeeper. There was an odd thing about where he roomed. He had taken up his abode with an old couple, who, because he had done what they considered a favor beyond recompense, had given him a small room. At the same time he made them promise that they would never enter again as long as they lived, and to this the old couple faithfully agreed. The room was very plainly furnished, having a white enameled bed, a bureau, washstand and a clock fastened on the wall. The clock was square in structure and made of ebony. In each of the four corners there was a sphynx head engraved. It truly made a most remarkable picture as it hung against the plain white paper of the room. On the (long) night of the arrest, Warren thoroughly searched the room without success. The clock was the first thing to excite Warren's suspicion, but after a series of taps and raps he decided that it was one of the few things that D'Esparre loved.

The trail came off, and because of Warren's invincible proof D'Esparre was sentenced to be hanged. When the death warrant was executed and the doctor had pronounced him dead, Warren noticed that his right hand was tightly clutched. After he had exerted much force to open it he found a single dice in the dead man's palm. The dice was of the ordinary variety, being made of bone with spots or indentations tinted with black. Warren, seeing that it was a clew quickly put it in his pocket to avoid questions and left the

place. On arriving home he began his speculations. How had the dice got there? What had it to do with the theft? Aimlessly he threw it on the table. The only thing odd about it was that it was extra large. Thoughtlessly he picked the middle spot where the five indentations had been made. To his consternation the whole side came off. Incased very finely in the interior of the dice was a piece of tightly rolled paper. With great carefulness he slowly unwrapped it. On the paper was a diagram of a square clock. An exact duplicate of the one in D'Esparre's room. The small hand was pointing to three and the large one to twelve. In the center it said, push after turning, and a little lower "Goes off at 12 A. M. on June 25th."

In a frenzy he put on his hat and coat. It was 10:30 and the said date. Jumping into a taxi he gave the driver all his loose change and D'Esparre's former address. Madly he jumped out before it stopped and uncerimoniously rushed into the house. The door of the mysterious room was locked, it was 11:05. Three vicious swings of an old-fashioned chair brought down the door. There hung the clock exactly as on the diagram. Breathing heavily he broke the glass face. Then his mind settled, settled to the systematic, scientific mind of Warren, the detective of facts. Why had the clock stopped at three? Surely this was some hint made by the originality of D'Esparre's brain. It was 11:55 and again Warren's mind was excited as he remembered the maxim, "Time and tide wait for no man." Again he brought out the diagram and read, "Push after turning." He had already laid his watch on the bureau and a glimpse at it told him ten minutes had passed.

Suddenly a thought came! He grasped the large hand and slowly but surly made three complete revolutions. He put forth the long slim white finger and pressed. The crucial moment was at hand. A sphynx head in one of the upper corners flew open as if a door. It was vacant. The watch registered 11:40. Just then the old man who had been terrified at seeing this intruding stranger, rushed in, and hit him a staggering blow with a chair. He reeled, but succeeding in showing his flashing sign of authority. The old fellow, seeing what he had done, hastened for water. Warren, again made alive by the sudden dash of water, arose. It was 11:50. Staggering, he stood up and worked fiercely. He turned the hand the certified number of times, pressed the other upper door flew open, displaying, alas, only dust-filled

vacancy.

Dampening his forehead with the cool water to keep down the rapid swelling, he again started the revolving. It was 11:55. The third time he pushed it, and another vacant chamber appeared. Using the wall as a support, he turned and pushed the fourth time. The remaining door fled open, and there stood the sack that contained twenty-four first water diamonds.

Bruised, dazed, half crawling, half limping, he left the room. In a coarse voice he called the old couple and ordered them out, himself hurriedly following. He had barely passed the threshold when the house blew up. After the explosion he looked at the sack and read as follows:

"If these are ever found, please give the gold enclosed to the old couple. I acquired it honestly as a bookkeeper.

Yours,

"JACQUES D'ESPARRE."

Warren looked at the terrified old couple and smiled. He was happy, for he no longer felt that his work was but half done.

#### THE DYING CHILD

There a peasant child lay dying  
On a little snow-white cot;  
And the angels round her flying,  
Kept her soul from stain or spot.

And the mother sat there weeping,  
Praying God to spare her child;  
But the hand of death was creeping  
On a victim undefiled.,

Faint and low her heart was beating,,  
As her lips had ceased to speak;  
Then she went to hear the greeting  
Of the one she loved to seek.

—P. F.

#### YOUTH

The young ne'er look upon the past;  
To them the future is the mast  
That bears the flag of sweet desire  
Which they must reach or 'er aspire.

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing the attempt.

—Measure for Measure.

#### THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Who stained the glass in the west window of the Senior Room.

Who nicknamed "Speedy";

How can Bob Beuret swim if marble has a density of 2.65;

How some ever got to be Seniors (we don't mean old men);

When our next free day comes;

Why the school can't get a school football team;

Why a certain individual who yawns, stretches, hums, scratches, sucks his finger nails, etc., is highly insulted when asked if he were born in a barn;

Who are the little playful fellows who simply must amuse themselves by breaking pens, spilling ink (not their own of course), throwing erasers, or upsetting the waste-paper basket;

Why Wiener leaves German Class with a smile, after having spent forty-five minutes with his teacher;

If the Faculty knows about the Seniors' periscope;

How long it would take a mosquito with a wooden leg to kick a hole through the side of Library Hall;

Why white socks cannot be used more than once by K. and H. and C;

How the old folks are at home;

Who tunes the violins for the school orchestra;

What Brother Ephrem thinks of Kelker's stories;

If the Juniors will have to learn a little English this year;

Where Tomkins is;

Why the President of the Senior Class is studying;

Why Beck brought a "Big Ben" to school;

#### LIFE

A sunny day, a dreary night, is life;  
Alternate joy and sorrow, peace and strife.  
No lasting mood e'er stays the hand of Time;  
No freedom from his laws in age or clime.

In steady joy would man forget his end,  
And dark Despair no hope would comprehend.  
But grief and joy in one great cause unite,  
That men may know the Rules infinite.

—P. F.

The mind is its own place and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

—Paradise Lost.

## MY SOUTHERN TRIP.

(By George Hamilton, '19)

It is a very cold morning in February. The snow is falling, and the ice is getting thicker on the ponds. I am on the G. R. & I. train. In spite of the cold our car is very comfortable. At Cincinnati we change cars, boarding the "Southern Express" on the "Queen and Crescent." When we wake up we are in Chattanooga, Tenn. The snow is all gone, but the morning is pretty chilly. We are going to rest to-day and do some sight-seeing. We board an auto-bus called a "Rubber-Neck Wagon" bound for Lookout Mountain. We keep making circles as we go higher and higher. We cross the Incline Railway. The street cars are pulled up a 72-degree grade. At last we reach the top and are taken around by a guard. At a certain place he gets the people on a rock to look around. When they are about ready to get off he says, "We'll get off this rock for there's nothing under it to hold it up." Everybody scrambles to get off the rock, fearing that it might break off.

When we return to the city it is nearly time to take the train for Jacksonville, Florida. We enter a restaurant on which is a sign "Short Orders." We eat in a hurry and then get on the train. We arrive in Jacksonville, but we do not stay there long, as we are anxious to get to Miami. On our way down we stop at Palm Beach for a couple of days and then proceed to our destination. The weather is delightful, and we almost forget that it is winter. We feel sorry when we are told that we must return, but when we arrive at Fort Wayne and see all the faces we know, we cannot help saying, "There's no place like home, after all."

## FUN OR PHYSIC

## Twice Told Tales.

Philo—"Did you say window or widow?"

Sopher—"I said widow; but they're both very much alike."

Philo—"How so?"

Sopher—"Because when I get near either of them I always look out."

Editor—"What did you mean when you said that the statement was semi-official?"

Reporter—"Mrs. Blinks wouldn't talk, so I got the story from her husband."

An Irish priest was rushing to catch the Dublin Express. Turning a corner, he collided with his bishop. The latter was also going to the train and asked the priest to slow down and walk with him, saying that by his watch they had plenty of time. The priest agreed, and they arrived at the station in time to see the train move out. Drawing out his watch again, the bishop said solemnly: "I had great faith in that watch."

"Yes," said the priest, "but what is faith without good works?"

Why is a Ford like a balloon?

Because you can't tell when it's going up.

Visitor—"Bobby, did your doctor say you had any pronounced illness?"

Bobby—"Yessum, but I can't pronounce it."

## TALES MADE-TO-ORDER

Harkenrider to Joe Brennan—Joe, do you know of any joke?

Brennan—"No, tell me one."

English Teacher to the Juniors—"Boys, did you get much home work to do in English last year?"

Juniors, in Chorus—"No, Brother, we just had duties once a week."

English Teacher—"Well, I'm sorry to hear this. If you did so little last year you must make up for it this year."

Physics Instructor—Mr. Foohey, do you know what a vacuum is?

Foohey—"A vacuum is-is-a-Ah shucks! I've got it in my head, but I can't get it out."

## WHEN THE NIGHTS GROW LONG.

There's less cheer in the air  
As the nights grow long,  
For the cold has vanquished  
The birds and their song.

The flowers are withered,  
And all's now spent  
Which kind old Nature  
To the world had lent.

Leo N. Weber.



# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicis delectet.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER 1915

NO. 2

## TO THE "ECHO"

Yes, all things fade away, but leave behind  
 Some echo, how'er faint it be, that tells  
 Us naught is lost. The tiny flow'et bells  
 Vibrating to the music of the wind  
 May in the farthest world their echoes find.  
 The fall of each brown leaf in autumn dells  
 An echo sends, that onward swells.  
 Who knows but God has work for it designed?

So send we forth this "Echo" of the life  
 That breathes and dies within the ancient  
 walls  
 Of our old school. Perhaps in some young  
 heart,  
 Where Right and Wrong contend in ceaseless  
 strife,  
 Its voice, as gentle as the sound when falls  
 The dying leaf, may courage fresh impart.

## OUR SCHOOL

By Leo N. Weber.

The curriculum of studies outlined for the school by Father Lafontaine was by no means light. We shall treat of this later. At present it will suffice to say that the course embraced twenty-two high school units, and none of these was optional, or elective. Art, science, and religion formed the basic triangle of instruction: art, to vivify the intellect; science, to broaden the understanding; and religion, to guide the heart aright. No branch of study which could train the mind or strengthen the moral force of the boys, who were one day to enter the great world of business and endeavor to wage the battle of life successfully, honorably and well, was ignored.

That the course of instruction was well selected subsequent events have proved. The teachers who were placed there as the instructive and governing spirit of the enterprise need no words of praise from me. Theirs was a labor of love in the service of God, and

their own personalities were ever subservient to the end in view. In school and out of school their influence has manifested itself in divers ways, and, not content with being merely the teachers, they have endeared themselves to the students as comrades and friends, taking an active interest in their sports, advising them in their difficulties and aiding them wherever and whenever possible.

During the first year of the Central Catholic High School's existence the regular classes were taught by Brothers Marcellinus (Superior), Exupere, Daniel, Bernard. Christian Doctrine was taught by Rev. George Moorman, and philosophy by Rev. W. C. Miller. Brother Nicholas was added to the teaching staff the following year, and Brother Ephrem came one year later. Father McCarthy replaced Father Moorman as Christian Doctrine Instructor, the latter becoming pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, Kendallville. In the summer of 1912 Brother Bernard was made Superior of Sacred Heart College, Wisconsin, and his place in Fort Wayne was filled by Brother Gabriel, who was transferred from Cincinnati.

Closing exercises were held each year about June 20, and very entertaining programs were given. Brother Marcellinus took charge of the recitation work, and, like everything else he undertook, it was done well and naturally. Brother Nicholas had direction of the musical numbers. Among the vocal stars who have added lustre to the school were Joseph Finan and James Hayes. Leon Baker wrung sweet music from the old school piano; and Bill Brennan made the old Corona talk. We would wish to enumerate all those who have honored the school by their work in entertainments but our limited space will not permit.

At the end of the first scholastic year a gold medal donated by the Hon. W. P. Breen was awarded to J. Stephen Weber for the highest average. Charles Girardot won the Carl J. Weber gold medal for Christian Doc-

(Continued on page 27)

### "NOBODY HOME"

By J. Wilkinson, '16.

"If there's one thing I do hate, it is college," said Austin Stults.

"Now listen, Stults, old chap, don't knock on the school. You are here to stay, so make the best of it. Don't mind it if you flunked in Latin and mathematics last month," said Arthur King, Austin's room-mate.

The first speaker was a short, fat, and good natured boy of about eighteen years, with dark hair and still darker eyes. His one fault was laziness, and his lack of desire for study brought him much trouble from his teachers, and gave still more sorrow to his father. His room-mate was in every particular the opposite. He was tall, but very well proportioned; had light brown hair, blue eyes, and a light complexion. He was very ambitious, and study was his natural trait. He was looked upon by all as the smartest in the school and his popularity was a source of envy to his fellow students.

"Well, Art, I will say that the school is O. K. if that pleases you," said Austin.

"That's the way to talk. Brace up, show 'em you got the right stuff in you."

"Did you hear the latest, Art?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, the faculty gave 'Spud' Wheeler permission to keep that 'one lunger' of his in town. His father shipped it here, and 'Spud' has already gone to the freight house after it, and I expect him to return any minute."

"Bully for 'Spud'!" was Art's only reply.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Austin, as he looked down the driveway. And sure enough, there was the massive 1908 model Auburn slowly approaching the dormitory. The machine was not an object of admiration, but all the same it belonged to the automobile family.

When within fifty feet of the dormitory, the engine stopped dead. "Spud" crawled out with the crank in his hand and fitted it into the side of the machine. After many vigorous turns of the crank, the car moved slowly on, amid great clouds of blue smoke.

"Come on, Art! Let's go down and take a slant at the boat, and if it looks safe we will take a 'stroll' in it," was Austin's remark.

"I'm willing," said Art.

"Hello, 'Spud,' how's the boy?" said Austin as he and Art reached the auto.

"First rate, thanks."

"Let's take a spin," joined in Art.

"Yes, we will run around a bit and stop at the post office. I expect to get a letter," said Austin as he climbed into the back seat beside Art.

But the "one lunger" would not budge, and they started to walk to the post office for the letter.

"I say, Austin," said the inquisitive Art, "what's the idea of going to the post office after the letter? Why not let them deliver it. Are you short of cash? If you are I'll—"

"No, no, Art, nothing like that; it won't be from the governor; I got his yesterday, but thanks all the same," interrupted Austin.

"Well, whom is it from then?"

"It's from Gladys," answered Austin blushing. "I can't wait till tomorrow for her letter. You know, Art, she means so much to me, and she is my sole consolation, and the only girl I ever really admired."

"I sympathize with you, Austin," said Art.

"Thanks, old man. Want to see her picture?"

"Sure thing, let's see it."

Austin pulled out his Elgin and opened the back of the case and showed his "sole consolation" to his companion.

"Would you, judging from the picture," said Austin, "think that she is nineteen years old, blonde, blue eyes, full of fun and merri-ment?"

"Well, that would be my description of her. I admire your taste."

"I compliment myself on that score."

At last they came to the post office, but Art did not go in. In a short time Austin came out, his fat face graced with a good-natured grin, and it is needless to say he had the much coveted letter safely tucked away in his inside coat pocket.

When they got back to their rooms the first thing Austin did was to fix the pillows in the window seat comfortably and sit down to read. He tore open the envelope and read:

Boston, Mass.,  
Nov. 13, 1915.

My dearest Austin:

I received your sweet letter about two days ago and I have been so busy that I didn't have time to answer it, and hope you will pardon

my uncalled for delay. Won't you, Austin  
Dear?

This town is getting to be so lonesome without you that sometimes I think I shouldn't have consented to your going to college, when you asked me; but it shall all turn out for the better; won't it?

There is not much doing in Boston and there won't be for a few months yet. There is no place to go, and even if there were I shouldn't think of going without you.

Last Sunday night I sat in the parlor as if expecting you to call, as was your custom, but I waited in vain.

As I have an appointment with mother to go shopping, I shall close, sending my love.

I am,

Yours devotedly,

GLADYS.

Austin read the letter over several times before putting it back in the envelope; and, after musing for several minutes, brushed up and went down to the dining room, where he found a large number of youths already seated.

That evening Austin threw his Latin, geometry, and algebra books on the bed and started to answer the letter which he had received. He wrote on without halting till he was finished, and several minutes later he sealed the letter which read as follows:

Lancaster, Vt.,

Nov. 15, 1915.

Gladys Dearest:

Your perfectly loving letter was received this P. M., and Honey, I certainly was glad to hear from you. I surely do pardon your delay in answering, as I fully understand the occupation of a live girl in a burg like Boston.

You are not the only one that is lonesome for some one. I miss you more than I would three meals a day if I quit eating. Well, I certainly hope my going to college will turn out for the better, for I am sure laboring some.

Gladys Dear, I certainly miss the good times I used to have with you, and I can't wait till I get out of this place for the holidays. When I get back to the old home town, I surely will celebrate with a big night at the Suburban Garden, and run the governor's new Cole "8" to "Who Tied the Pups?"

Well, dear one, I shall have to turn to my books as I have much to do. I shall say good-bye. With much sorrow, and sending my love,

I remain,

Yours eternally,

AUSTIN.

With a sigh of satisfaction, instead of turning to his books, Austin went to bed; or to use his expression, "hit the hay on all fours."

Things passed along in the same routine at Saskatoon College as they always had passed. The football honors were easily taken, the result of the brilliant playing on the part of Austin and Art. The most exciting topic of conversation was Christmas holidays. The next day the boys were to leave for their respective homes. Austin was overjoyed, having passed the exams in everything.

The afternoon of December 22 found Austin walking through the Union Station of Boston, satchel in hand, and a large smile on his fat face.

Christmas day finally came. It was an ideal Christmas, snow all around, cold air, with a sharp north wind and a dull sky. Austin stayed at home for the Christmas dinner. In the evening he and Gladys went to a dinner party given by the Rotarians. The remainder of the holidays prior to New Year's Eve were uneventful.

It was New Year's Eve, when Mr. Stults' chauffeur drove Austin up to Gladys' house. He rang the bell and Gladys' mother answered the door.

"Come on in, Austin, Gladys will be down in a minute," she said, and they both entered the parlor and Austin took a seat near the fireplace.

As Austin was a comparatively good conversationalist, the talk was very well kept up. One thing followed another, but the chief topic of conversation was Gladys.

Mrs. Dexter put in her best licks: "My, Gladys seems to be getting older every day. She does not seem to be the same girl and more. She takes everything so serious that we no longer think her to be a young girl but a young lady."

"Yes," chimed in Austin, "I have noticed the change myself. I do think the change is admirable, too. Her growing older has no ill effects on her good looks; she seems to be getting prettier every day."

"She is also very much more handy in the kitchen than she used to be, and she is learning to cook very quickly. She seems to have some end in view," said Mrs. Dexter with a



kidding smile on her motherly face.

"She probably has," answered Austin, blushing slightly at the insinuation.

Further conversation was interrupted when Gladys' silvery voice was heard as she came down stairs singing, "There'll be a Jubilee in My Old Kentucky Home. As she stopped singing, she called out, "Come on, Austin Dear, I'm ready."

As they left the house, Mrs. Dexter bade them both good night and added, "Don't be out too late, Gladys."

"No fear, mother, Austin will take good care of me."

Three-quarters of an hour later the young couple were walking up the steps of the Country Club where they were to attend a dance. The evening was progressing rapidly and everyone was having the time of his life. The delightful rag-time music ut all in the highest of spirits.

It was about 11:50 P. M. The orchestra was just coming to the close of the "Pigeon Walk," and all were interested in a lively Fox Trot. The end of the dance found Austin and Gladys at the extreme end of the ball-room, both standing near a pillar. As Austin for the thirteenth time that evening turned that one "central thought" over in his mind, he finally determined to ask Gladys to dance through life with him.

Yes, he was going to propose on that very spot; yes, that very instant. But alas! his courage failed him. Gladys read his mind and fully understood his feelings, so she strove to help him out, by saying: "My Austin, this floor is terribly slippery! it is almost impossible for one to stand alone, don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is," he answered. "Let's sit down."

Gladys was mortified to death and mumbled, "Nobody home."

"What's that, dear?" he said quickly.

"Oh, nothing! I said I was sick and wished to be taken home."

"Certainly, I'll call the taxi."

Gladys arrived once more at her home, and after a short good-night to Austin, hurried to her room. Once inside, she threw herself on the foot of her bed and sighed deeply.

"To think," she said, "that I came so near going through life with such a numskull!"

## CATHOLIC WRITERS

By Paul J. Foohey, '16.

II.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Drogheda is a little seaport town of Ireland. It has had a most exciting history, being the scene of numerous battles between Irish patriots and English oppressors. It is but a short distance from the site of the famous Battle of the Boyne. Its memories and vicissitudes have sunk deep in the hearts of the Irish people; and as the children grow to manhood and learn the story of their grand-sires' struggles for freedom they are fired with indignation. They must wield the pen or sword in Ireland's cause. And so when the Fenian revolutionary spirit reached Drogheda, a young enthusiastic Irishman joined the ranks of the Fenian Brotherhood. Today we honor this "rebel" Fenian as a great American poet.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born June 24 at Douth Castle, Drogheda. At an early age he showed indications of his future greatness. His literary tastes were encouraged by his parents. His father, David O'Reilly, was principal of the National school which his son attended. After young O'Reilly's school days were over he became a printer on the staff of the "Drogheda Argus." Later he became identified with the "Guardian." It was here that he first came to love newspaper work—the work to which he was destined to devote the last twenty years of his life.

But a Fenian, even a literary one, was not relished by the English authorities in those days. O'Reilly had preferred the Fenian Brotherhood to the 10th Hussars, and for such preference he was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude in Australia.

During the days of his confinement he composed some of the most beautiful and touching poems. His temperament was poetic and religious, and misfortune was necessary to inspire him to greater work. His genius could not be restrained by lack of ink and paper. With a rusty nail he wrote his verses on the walls of his cell.

In 1869, under the direction of the Clan-na-Gael, the captain of a whaling vessel from New Bedford, Mass., rescued O'Reilly and brought him to our shores, adding another light to our literary altar. He settled in Boston, and became editor of the "Pilot" in 1870.

Two years later he was married to Miss Mary Murphy of that city. He devoted his entire time to literary work and continued to edit the "Pilot" till his untimely death in 1890. Though he had lived only forty-six years he had nevertheless built himself a lasting place in American literature, particularly in Catholic lines.

His literary efforts, aside from newspaper work, include the realms of poetry, oration, and story. But it is as O'Reilly the poet he will be remembered, for, as he himself has expressed it, "The dreamer lives for ever, but the toiler dies in a day." Yes, poetry was the natural mode of expression for a man of his temperament. He could express thought with greater ease in a single line of poetry than he could in a page of his very creditable prose. His poetry is remarkable for its ease and naturalness, and how could it be otherwise with one who was poetic even in a prison cell?

His poetry is not hidden; it is not the conception of one who feels he is a world within himself. His lines are marked by a thorough knowledge of human nature, particularly the pathetic and sympathetic sides. Indeed, the distinguishing mark of all his poems is their quality of sympathetic appeal. He is at his best when dealing with a patriotic subject. By nature a patriot, liberty-inspired verses sprang from his soul.

Some of O'Reilly's published works are: Songs of the Southern Seas; The Statues in Block and Other Poems; Songs, Legends, and Ballads; America; Lectures and Speeches. His novel, "Moondyne," is very interesting and it seems in some degree to reflect the author's life before he found shelter in America.

#### ALONG THE WATERFRONT

By Frank Rogers, '17.

In a brightly lighted room of the Forty-second Street Detective Agency in New York City, Detective Thomas Brennan sat with his head in his hands, trying to solve a puzzling problem of his profession. He had just come from a rather sharp interview with a superior officer by whom he was appointed and advised to get busy. As he racked his brain trying to think of some way to trap the crooks who were committing wholesale robberies

along the rivers of the city, his eyes fell on an article on the front page of a newspaper with the headlines as follows: "Waterfront Robbers Getting Bolder; Yacht of William Johnstone, the Millionaire, Robbed." It also added a few ironical remarks praising the present police and detective force. Brennan read the editorial and jumping up said to one of his men in the room: "I'll get those scoundrels or know the reason why!" Then picking up his hat he went out into the street.

As Brennan walked along the sidewalk he reasoned that if he wished to catch the thieves his best chance would be by associating with the rivermen and sailors that frequented those saloons near the docks. He knew it would be fatal for him to be recognized, so he stopped in a store and bought a sailor's cap and blouse, and returning to his flat he changed his clothes. Then clad in his sailor's clothes he sauntered along the docks near the Battery. Thinking he might pick up some clue to the identity of the robbers, he obtained a job on a tug plying about New York Bay. A few hours later, as the tug was transporting a scow across the harbor, a slim, dark-colored launch sailed up alongside, and a note was handed up to the captain. He read it and then laid it upon the sill of the pilot-house window, and went out to give some orders to the helmsman. A gust of wind blew the letter from the window almost into Brennan's hands, who was standing near the pilot-house. After securing the note Brennan walked to the stern and read it. It contained but five words: "Come to Casey's at seven." Scenting a clue, Brennan said to himself, "I'll be there at seven, all right," and with these words he let the wind blow the note over the rail. The captain looked for the note, but when he could not find it he readily supposed it had been blown into the water.

About six o'clock Brennan entered Casey's saloon and sat down at one of the tables. He ordered a glass of whiskey, but when no one was looking he dashed its contents into a cuspidor. He ordered three more and the contents of these also found the cuspidor. A few minutes later he allowed his head to sink down on the table as though in a drunken stupor. Soon after, three men entered and sat down at an adjoining table. Before beginning to talk one of them looked sharply at Brennan, and being satisfied that he was a



drunken stranger, turned his attention to his companions. Brennan stole a glance at them and discovered that the captain, the mate of the tug, and a small man with a black mustache comprised the party. The captain addressed the small man as Jackson. He leaned across the table and said: "Say, Jackson, I want my share of that Johnstone affair."

"All right," assented Jackson, handing the captain a roll of bills, "and don't forget to have your tug between 28th and 32d streets at eight o'clock this evening. We're going to rifle Astor's yacht and should we get chased by the cops as we pass by your craft we'll toss the bag of stuff onto the deck. Then if we get caught there will be no evidence as before; but be there on time."

This ended the conversation and the three men left the saloon. When they were gone Brennan staggered out into the street, and walked up to the station, where he requested the use of five men and a police boat for the evening. The chief was only too glad to accommodate him, because he, too, had come in for a share of the criticism.

About seven-thirty Brennan brought the police boat against the side of the "Warrior," Astor's yacht, and having made arrangements with the owner, concealed his men about the deck. Twenty minutes later a launch bumped lightly against the yacht's side and soon a man appeared above the rail. Then climbing over the rail the man descended into the cabin. Soon he appeared again carrying in his hands a black bag bulging with stolen valuables. Pulling out his revolver, Brennan fired at the man's arm. The bullet struck the mark; and dropping the bag, the fellow immediately leaped over the rail into the launch and started down the river. Brennan and his men leaped into their boat and started in pursuit. The crook's launch tried to cut across the bow of a municipal ferry-boat and Brennan again fired his revolver. The bullet clipped off the top of a spark plug, and this stalled the motor. The launch now drifted helplessly. The ferry tried to swing from its course but failed. There was a crash, and man and boat disappeared under the waves.

## CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS

By H. C. Wiener, '16.

### II.—Louis Pasteur.

Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist and founder of bacteriology, was born at Dole, France, December 27, 1822. His father was a poor tanner. When Louis was but two months old his parents moved to Arbois. When young Pasteur was old enough to go to school he was sent to the College Communal, but he cared little for the study of books and devoted most of his time to fishing and sketching. However, as soon as he was admitted to studies in science he became interested and acquired such a love for science that he had no sooner received his degree at the College Communal than he set out for Paris to continue his studies under Dumas, Barlard, and Biot.

A scientist named Mitscherlich, after some experiments in crystallography, aroused Pasteur's curiosity by announcing that two tartaric acids, apparently identical in chemical qualities and crystalline form, acted differently in solution toward polarized light. The young scientist doubted the statement of Mitscherlich and, after performing several experiments on crystals, demonstrated beyond doubt that the said crystals were of different structures.

Shortly after this, a Ferman manufacturer of chemicals discovered that impure tartrates of lime fermented when dissolved and exposed to the sun's rays. This discovery prompted Pasteur to conduct an investigation of fermentation and putrefaction. In explaining his theories on the former he maintained that all fermentations are the result of the presence and growth of micro-organisms which he called the ferment. He also maintained that fermentations are not the result of spontaneous production but that the living organism proceeds from a parent of the same species. Reasoning from this he concluded that fermentation could never take place if the ferment germs be prevented from entering substances which easily ferment.

As a result of his experiments he was asked by the Empress Eugenie if he would devote himself to the establishment of great manufacturing industries for the benefit of France. He replied that he thought it quite beneath the dignity of a scientist to give up his time to commerce, but at the same time he manifested



his willingness to let others profit by his discoveries, while he himself would continue his scientific work.

In 1857 he became director of science at the Ecole Normal, Paris. Some time afterward he was appointed professor of geology, physics and chemistry at the School of Fine Arts.

At this time the silkworm disease was fast spreading over France and the great industry of the country was becoming crippled. Pasteur was called to the rescue, though it is said that he had never seen a silkworm up to this time. However, such real or attributed ignorance did not prevent him from making a complete study of the silkworm disease germs as soon as he undertook the commission. He discovered the disease germs in the bodies of the dead silkworms and also in the moth, the larva, and the egg. He concluded that by carefully segregating the healthy silkworms from the infected the spread of the disease could be prevented. He demonstrated the truth of his theory and manifested his practical ability by taking charge of the silkworm industry at the French "Prince Imperial." At the end of a year he had netted the French government \$5,000,000. So much labor was too much for his strength, and partial paralysis followed in 1868.

But as he was a real scientist he could not be idle. He proceeded to study the diseases of animals. He investigated the chicken cholera which was destroying ten per cent of the French fowls. This he succeeded in curing by cultivating the cholera germs artificially until they were harmless when inoculated into healthy fowl, though at the same time strong enough to call forth such a quantity of the contrary germs that the fowls would be hereafter immune from the disease in question.

In 1880 the Institute of Pasteur was founded. Here he continued his many investigations with renewed energy. He demonstrated the bacterial cause of anthrax, a disease which had destroyed whole herds of cattle in France. He showed that birds were not liable to fall victims to the disease because the temperature of their blood is too high for the prosperity of the germ. He found by investigation that earth worms carried it from the graves of dead animals to the grazing animals in the fields. By the use of heat he gradually lowered

the vitality of the anthrax microbe until its source as a disease was much impaired.

Bacteriology and its relation to human diseases was his next study. He spent much time in the hospitals and made many discoveries regarding those bacteria which cause diseases in man. Among other things he laid before the Institute of Sorbonne, in 1864, a plan for preventing the fatal results of hydrophobia by the same method of cultivation and inoculation of germs which had succeeded in counteracting the chicken cholera. The Russians and the British of India have since used his method with success.

As to the value of Pasteur's experiments, it is estimated that he more than compensated the French nation for the money wrung from her in 1870. His country was not unmindful of his work. The French government granted him a pension of 20,000 francs. Medals of honor and gifts of money came to him from his own and other countries. His scientific work was the wonder of the century, and it is little wonder that societies vied with one another in honoring him.

But Pasteur's faith was even more admirable than his science. "The more I know the more nearly is my faith that of a Breton peasant. Could I but know all I would have the faith of a Breton peasant," said he one day in a public address. He could never understand how anyone could call himself a scientist and at the same time profess to doubt the existence of a Creator, when all nature demonstrated the fact.

In this simple faith he died, September 28, 1895, saying his beads with the same devotion with which he had said it in the days of his strength. By his side was the life of St. Vincent de Paul, a saint who he had striven to imitate by lightening the sufferings of humanity. Above his tomb in the Institute Pasteur are engraved the words which he himself wrote in a letter to a friend: "Happy the man who bears within him a Divinity, an ideal of beauty and obeys it, an ideal of art, an ideal of science, of country, and of the virtues of the Gospel."

### "PARDNERS"

By E. H. Kirkland, '18.

Tin Can Harmer and the Swede were "pardners." Tin Can was a medium-sized man, dark complected, and morose—well, hardly morose, but quiet. He had come to the Alaskan gold fields when they were in their infancy. The Swede was a huge blond giant, with a physique that would have done credit to a Greek god. He had light wavy hair, deep blue eyes, stood six feet five inches, and had a heart that was full of sympathy for everyone who was in trouble. He carried himself like a millionaire without any cares; in fact, he was a millionaire at times, but when he and Tin Can made a strike they always came to town to celebrate. Every six months they made a journey to Portland and there they proceeded to light up the town and incidentally themselves. So when these two men came back they were flat, not a cent between them. But this only seemed to encourage them to further efforts and after they had secured all the supplies they needed, they mushed off for the gold fields once more.

But a break must come between the best of friends and come it did, although it was some time before they came to any forceful arguments with fists or preferably guns. The two men had come from the region of the upper Yukon to the little town called Nugget, named most probably by the saloon-keeper who took in the nuggets, or by some miner who considered the saloon a nugget. When they stamped into the general store and saw behind the counter a woman, both of them almost fell over but evidently thought better of it. They showed their enthusiasm by trying to buy out the whole store. They vied with each other in buying canned goods, crackers, cheese, matches, and even lace, till the clerk almost dropped in her tracks, but this did not hinder them and it was only when they had about half the store piled up in front of them that they realized what they were doing. When they had gathered up all they could carry and walked out to the street, a general air of relief seemed to pervade the whole store. Not a word was spoken between them until supper and then it was only when Tin Can asked his mate to "shove over the bacon."

They stayed in town for two months hanging around the store all the while. During

this time they learned that she was the daughter of old man Wade, the owner of the store. Whenever the Swede entered and found her talking to Tin Can, he left with a grunt, and when Tin Can came in to find the Swede hanging over the counter, he left muttering threats against "that big stiff who didn't know how to mind his own business." Then one night the two men left town, both taking a different route, each refusing to travel with the other. Nothing was heard of them for a month or so until one night, when they both came back to the little mining town. The first place they both went was the store. There they found old man Wade sitting on the counter trying to hit the cuspidor at every shot of tobacco juice, and dangling his feet in perfect contentment, oblivious to time and surroundings. "Where's the clerk?" was the question, shot at him like a bullet.

"Oh, her? Why she left town yisterday with Blackie Morris," answered the unperturbed Wade.

This reply seemed to stun them both for a minute; then Tin Can asked if she had left any word for him.

"Yes, she did. Here it is," said the old man handing him a note and relapsing into his former tranquility.

The note told them that she was going off to marry Blackie Morris and that she hoped they would both have good luck.

"Say, looky here. This writin' seems a bit shaky to me," said Tin Can. "I don't believe its her writin', do you?" and he handed the note over to the storekeeper.

"I should say that ain't her writin'," was the cool reply, "that Blackie must 'a wrote that!"

"It's just as I thought," said Harmer and hurried out to the street followed by the Swede.

They procured the best dogs in that part of the country outside of the team that Blackie had, and started in pursuit. After traveling for two days they came to a river that was just breaking up the ice layer, and the huge cakes of ice were thundering down with a force that would have crushed them both to bits. They procured an old scow from a hunter who lived on the river bank. They offered to pay him for the use of it, but he refused them, saying that it was pay enough to see two fools have their heads broken trying to cross the



river. They stood on the bank day after day, waiting for a jam, until one day an enormous cake caught between two smaller ones, and the jam began to form. But before they were half way across, the jam broke with a great roar and swirled down upon them in all its power and fury. A large block of ice struck the clumsy boat and smashed it to atoms. Tin Can was thrown on the ice and the Swede jumped for it. He landed safely but was not slow to realize that his was a perilous position and that Tin Can must be hurt, for he had seen a little stream of blood flowing down from his temple. He picked up his unconscious "pardner" and started to cover the intervening thirty yards to the bank of the river. It is saying very little to remark that this was a perilous journey, hopping from one cake to another, never knowing when they were going to turn over. But at last he reached the shore and dropped to the frozen ground, exhausted by his great effort.

Three days later, when Harmer was able to sit up, the Swede walked over to him and took up his hand. Tin Can understood that the Swede wanted to bring relations to where they were before the quarrel and heartily responded to his wish. "We'll go up the river this fall. I heered thar be a strike up thar that makes the others look green. An' say, Swede, but it surely is hell to break up a pair of jacks to draw a measly queen."

### BRING A PRIEST, TOO

By Robert Clifford, '17.

"Hurrah!" shouted James Dowley as he hopped from his bed one morning late in the fall. "I wonder if Bob and Hen have found it out yet?"

Bob and Hen were Jim's great college chums. Bob Fisher was a good old scout from Boston and Henry Miller was also an easterner and not hard to get along with. The three were known about the school as "the trio," for the word of one was the word of the three.

Dowley dressed quickly and hurried off to tell the news to Bob and Hen. He knocked at Bob's door, and before long a sleepy head came sticking out with the question, "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter? Go and look out the

window and you won't ask what's the matter," said Jim.

"Bob hastened to the window and as he lifted the blind he exclaimed in a rapture: "Great! I wonder if Hen has found it out yet?"

"I don't know," said Jim, "but we had better go and wake him up, if he's still sawing wood

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, when the door opened and Hen unceremoniously bounced in with the gleeful words: "Say, old sports, have you seen the snow? Its already six inches deep, and it doesn't look like quitting either."

"Bully for the snow! Let's fix up the old firelocks today, for we want no bum guns in the crowd tomorrow," suggested Jim.

As usual "the trio" agreed and got the old guns ready—two shotguns and a rifle.

At six o'clock the next morning a party of six set out for the hunting ground two miles distant. As soon as they got there they divided into pairs, Bob taking Jack Walsh. Perry and Patterson and Jim and Hen formed the other divisions.

As Walsh, who had the rifle, was not used to hunting, Bob gave him a few instructions. All things went well for a while, but the fated hour was at hand. As Walsh and Fisher were walking along, talking about the game they had already shot, a good-sized rabbit ran across their path, about fifty yards ahead of them.

"Whoop! I must get that one!" exclaimed Bob, at the same instant making a dash to where the rabbit crossed the path.

"I, too!" said Jack, also rushing forward; and while still running he leveled the rifle, and as luck would have it, he stumbled and the rifle went off. A shriek of pain answered the report and Bob fell face to the ground, dyeing the glistening snow with his youthful blood.

"Great guns! I've killed him!" exclaimed Jack, as he got up and ran to his fallen comrade.

Jim and Hen were on the scene in a few minutes, and as they saw the blood bubbling forth from a wound over Fisher's ear, Hen cried out, "Run for the doctor quick, Jim!"

"All right! I'll hurry," said Jim as he started off.

"Better bring a priest, too," shouted Walsh after him, "for its hard to tell whether he will live or not."



Hen and Walsh, after they had tied some handkerchiefs around the wound, were hauling Bob toward the college when they met the priest and doctor in a sleigh with Jim. After the priest and doctor had performed their duties, Bob was taken to the hospital. The bullet was removed that evening, and as Walsh and Dowley and the other three were sitting by his bedside that night, Bob became conscious and recognized his schoolmates. Within two weeks he was permitted to leave the hospital, to the great joy of his companions.

\* \* \*

"Watch me get that dare-devil who is leading his men up 'Little Round Top,' said Bob to Hen on the morning of July 2, 1863, as the sun came out to witness the triumph of the Union Army.

And get him he did.

After Lee's men were beaten back from Little Round Top, Bob and Hen went to look at the man that Bob "got" near the top of the hill. The recognized the unconscious form of Walsh. What! Walsh a rebel? Alas! 'twas so.

"I feel sorry for him," said Hen, "and I think I'll try and find a doctor.

"Better bring a priest, too," said Bob.

In a few minutes Hen returned with the priest and said that the doctor would come when he had tended to the Union wounded.

After the priest had given Walsh absolution, the dying man opened his eyes for the last time, and as they fixed themselves on the gray lock of hair above Bob's ear, he moaned aloud, "Better bring a priest, too!"

#### OUR GRADUATES

By R. L. Beuret, '16.

II—Charles Girardot.

In the diocese of Indianapolis there is a quiet little Benedictine abbey called Saint Meinrad's. Connected with the abbey is a college for ecclesiastical students. We are told that it takes about two days to get to this place from Fort Wayne; but even if this be true, you will not regret the time you spend in going there if you inquire for Mr. Charles Girardot as soon as you arrive at the college. Tell him that you are from Fort Wayne and that you know something about the C. C. H. S. No more is necessary. You have found a

friend. From him you will get some idea of what an entertainer is. An hour's visit will seem but a few minutes; but before the hour is up you have seen the best parts of the school, gotten much information on various subjects, and heard no war talk. Indeed, Charlie is too peaceful to talk war, but nevertheless he made a perfect fencing master in the "Upstart" while a Senior at our school. We believe that this was the only time he did not look peaceful, but Frank Biemer's paint is to be blamed for that.

Yes, we feel proud of Charlie for many reasons. A young man of good sense, much talent, and noble character, he was the first of our graduates to aspire to the priesthood. He heard the Master's call, and with all the generosity of a noble soul that sees life at its worth, he determined to accept the invitation to the court of the King of kings. As soon as he was graduated in 1913, he obtained Bishop Alerding's consent to enter Saint Meinrad's Seminary. He has been pursuing his ecclesiastical studies since, but he never fails to pay a visit to our school during the Christmas and summer holidays. He spends his vacations with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Girardot, of Superior Street.

We wish you all success, Charlie, and we hope that your example will be followed by many another of our talented and worthy schoolmates.

#### AUTUMN LEAVES

The verdure of the trees and flowers  
Has heeded Autumn's call.  
And left the trance of summer sun  
To revel in the fall.

The leaf is sapless on the bough,  
But boasts its pride of hue—  
Full short that pride it now can hold,  
For glory's days are few.

—A. Schmidt.

#### A QUESTION

How are the maimed who feel the pain  
Of Europe's awful bloody stain,  
Who from their homes were called to strife  
By ruler's beck and greedy life?

—J. Beuret.

## TAKE A JITNEY.

## A Comedy of Facts.

## CHARACTERS

Robert Clifford, Ex-President of the Bachelor Club.

Joseph Brennan, engineer on the Hong Kong Railroad.

"Buzz" Centlivre, heir to a great estate.

Clarence Getz, glassblower of Akron.

Donald Beck, an advocate of old age pensions.

Edwin DeWald, a dancing master.

Robert Beuret, President of the Fort Wayne Fly-Swatting Club.

"Howdy" Beuret, Undertaker for the Club.

"Gene" Doyle, jitney-Bus Driver.

"Cub" Hart, an advocate of woman suffrage.

"Gene" Lennart, a show-me gentleman from Missouri.

Bill Blee, a retired basket-ball idol.

Jack Brown, owner of Lafayette Place.

"Fodder" Beuret, a bashful gentleman.

Time:—Autumn (October 11, 1913)

Place:—Indiana (Fort Wayne-Lincoln Highway—Notre Dame).

Plot:—None.

Act 1. Scene 1—Calhoun Street—A Buick, a Case and an Overland in motion—all characters aboard—Au revoir.

Scene 2. Churubusco—outside a department store.

Scene 3. Churubusco—inside the store—Sunday gloves 10c.

Scene 4. South Bend—Oliver Hotel—"Let's be seen."

Scene 5.—Notre Dame—"Got your \$ to see the Indians scalped?"

Scene 6. Walsh Hall—Reuss' room—"Put him in the bath tub."

Act 2. Scene 1. South Bend—Sample room—"Let's buy a beer and get a hot lunch."

Scene 2. Oliver Hotel—"We want to sleep here."

Act 3. Scene 1. Notre Dame—Brownson-Sorin game—"It costs nothing."

Scene 2. South Bend—"Get in, unless you want to walk."

Scene 3. Rome City—"Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Scene 4. ? ? ? —Beck, Brennan and "Howdy" missing.

Scene 5. The Cross Road—Forty miles from home—A Buick with two wheels.

Scene 6. Fort Wayne at dawn—"We Walk and Smoke Cigarettes."

Scene 7. After the Battle—All dead..... broke!"

Notice—Movies of the above will be shown in all Fort Wayne theatres on April 1, 1916. Admission free, as each character has already contributed \$3.19 to cover the cost of production.

## SUCH AM I.

Exiled from life from heaven above,  
A mite of humankind  
Fashioned to God's own image of love;  
To see his face designed.

## NEARING HOME.

Now the years are on my shoulders  
And my hair is silvery gray,  
For I've met with many boulders  
As I trod the narrow way.

And my eyes are getting dimmer  
As the night is drawing nigh,  
But I still can see the glimmer  
Of the Melvian Cross on high.

—P. F.

## OUR SCHOOL.

(Continued from page 17)

trine. Among the other medal donors before the first graduation were: Dr. E. J. McOscar, Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Rev. John Quinlan, Hon. Stephen Fleming. The recipients were: Joseph Tompkins, Harold Carr, Don Weber, John Wyss.

During those early years Bishop Alerding came often to see how his boys were doing, and he never went away without having made us happier. Wherever else you meet him you feel that he is the Bishop, but when you see him in school you only think of him as a kindly father.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;  
A fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.  
—The Church Porch.

# The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published monthly by the Students.

Subscription, \$1.00 a year (10 issues) Postage Extra.

JOSEPH BRENNAN, Manager.  
LEO N. WEBER, Secretary

**VOL. I. NOVEMBER NO. 2**

## BOARD OF EDITORS

Joseph Brennan	Leo N. Weber
Leo C. Behler	C. M. Harkenrider
Clarence Getz	Paul J. Foohey
Don A. Beck	Harold Kramer
A. Huguenard	Leslie Logan

We had thought of writing some great and learned editorial, something that would be treasured by the human race until the last man had buried himself; but on second thought we concluded it would be better to write something less far-reaching but, nevertheless, more pertinent for ourselves.

'We need more school spirit at the C. C. H. S. There is nothing like it. Without it a school is but a factory where work is done unwillingly, where each one is anxious to push his own selfish interests, where there is no sympathy of hearts, where there is no responsiveness to those things that engender loyalty and devotedness.

When we make the school cause our cause; when we not only refrain from criticism ourselves, but do our utmost to discourage it in others; when we have convinced ourselves that our school means more to us than any other school, that her ideals are the ideals of Christ the Teacher of men—then, and not until then, can we say we have school spirit.

Let us then, fellow-students, put our shoulders to the wheel; let us push forward those ideals, those principles, those teachings, to which the Central Catholic High School is dedicated. Let us learn in youth to make

sacrifices for a good and necessary cause. Let us realize the honor that is ours in being students of a school that has built such a name for itself in so short a space of time. Let us not be selfish, but let us build up that work which those who have gone before us have thus far so nobly advanced. Let us say in the words of Webster: "She is small, sir, but there are those who love her." Yes, resolve now to be one of those who love her; one of those who proves his love by boosting and strengthening every enterprise undertaken by her; one of those who in future years can look back with pleasure and say of every good thing: "I helped to do that;" not one of those air-domes who boast of the things they "got away with" while at school.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

A portion of the School Library has been transferred to the Senior room. Six valuable reference books have been sent to the school by the Superintendent, Rev. A. E. Lafontaine. Two complete encyclopedias are expected in a few days. These should be a great aid to us as we need books that present disputed events in a fair-minded spirit.

\* \* \*

Some new aluminium cups have just been chained to the wall near the drinking fountain. What are they for anyway?

\* \* \*

Here's the latest Faculty Decree: Whereas many of our students who have been accustomed to remain after school preparing their lessons for the next day have complained concerning the conduct of others who stay over time in order to amuse themselves, the Faculty deems it expedient and beneficial to introduce a study period of one hour after school. All who wish to take advantage of this hour must keep strict silence from 3:30 to 4:30. All who come late in the morning or afternoon will be given special work to do during this period.

\* \* \*

Eugene O'Connell, Class of '13, was held up by Getz and duped into buying an Echo Eugene knows all about echoes for he says that the only place a person can speak to



Dr. J. E. McOscar was the first we know of to subscribe for the Echo.

\* \* \*

Leo Kinstle, a former student, has sent a letter of appreciation to the Board of Editors, and also an order for the Echo. Leo lives far from Fort Wayne.

\* \* \*

Foohy has at last got his wool cut.

\* \* \*

Leo Weber has been out of school sailing a floating rib that broke anchor at the Kendallville game. The absence of our secretary is a great inconvenience to us, but we hope he will again be with us in a few days.

\* \* \*

Leaders Brennan and Beck have lost their smiles since they read the "Anti Tardum" Decree of the Faculty.

\* \* \*

It was learned from an unofficial source that new desks for the Seniors would be here in a few days.

\* \* \*

Paul Foohy objects to being called windy after the record Getz made the other day. Getz says that Foohy never gave his lungs a

\* \* \*

James and Thomas Hayes, of Notre Dame University has written to tell us that the "law" does not forbid them to eat turkey at Fort Wayne, November 25. chance to fill.

\* \* \*

Confidential:—Steve Weber told the "boys" the other day that by the aid of Uncle Sam's Secret Service and a two cent investment he is able to announce the glad tidings that thus far Joseph Tomkins, 13 Class President, whose whereabouts we inquired for last week, has eluded the inviting portals of the Toledo jail. This is all the more surprising for we have just heard from other sources that Joe is keeping company with "Cy" Parrot. Wonder if any of you remember "Cy's" immortal ode to the memory of his dead canary? Here she goes, boys! Step aside!

"It was the wail of a dying fish,  
And the dying fish was a whale;  
And he told the tale of his dying wish  
With a dying swish of his tail."

\* \* \*

We write this for the benefit of science.

In a recent experiment in Physics the members of the Senior Class had an opportunity to test their lung pressure. The average pressure was two pounds, two ounces. Clarence Getz took first prize (We knew he would). He made three trials and each time he held up 15 cm. of mercury. From this we calculate that his lung pressure is three pounds. Some pressure! The pressure exerted by the gas of the Indiana Lighting Company is but 1-18 of this, according to our experiments. Who'd have thought it!

### EDISON HOUR.

On Friday, October 22, the boys of the school were entertained for one hour in the forenoon by Mr. John Delaney of the Edison Phonograph Company. We repaired to the hall upstairs at 10:30 and found Mr. Delaney sorting his records for the entertainment. After making a few appropriate remarks about Edison Week and the Diamond Needle Phonograph, he gave the following selections: Operatic Prologue, Miss Carson's Songs, Band Selection, "Ach Gatt! How dat Voman could Cook!" "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

The pieces were very clear and distinct as the diamond needle reproduces the overtone in a very satisfactory manner. We thank Mr. Delaney for calling on us, and we appreciate the unsophisticated manner in which he conducted the concert.

### X-RAY NOTES.

"What'll you have, boys?"

This was the question put to Joe Brennan, John Dedier and Donald Beck as they sat at the counter of the Summit City restaurant, October 8. It was noon hour and the boys were anxious to get a bite in a hurry in order to be back in time for the afternoon session of school.

"Seeing that it's Friday, I guess we'll have fish," said Brennan.

"Three fish," called out the waiter to the chef.

"No difference," said the chef, "what do they want?"

\* \* \*

A certain gentleman from Hesse Cassel who attends our school made his appearance in the advantage is in the woods or by the sea-shore.

class room shortly before the noon hour on October 23. It is reported that himself and the nag were both found dozing near the end of Calhoun street at 10:30 that morning, by a city detective.

\* \* \*

The most startling discovery we have made concerns an old friend and classmate of ours, Edward Merz. He was never wanting in loyal support while at school, but at the same time it is evident that he carried some doubts of our ability with him.

"Come on, Ed, and subscribe for an Echo," said one of our sellers.

"Nix! there's a dime. I'll buy one every month. How do I know your company will keep going until July?" came the philosophic response.

#### SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

Two months have passed since we entered school as Seniors. During these two months we have worked as we never worked before. Besides our regular class work we have been hustling for "ads" and chasing for subscribers. We are only half through yet, for we've got to go it until the Echo pays for itself. We want the help of the whole student body. Our interests are the interests of the school.

\* \* \*

Our number is thirteen, but we don't mind that, for we have met worse numbers. The greatest harmony exists among us since Joe Brennan became toastmaster. Getz must still have his gun, and Beuret his cigarettes. Foohey is still taking it easy.

\* \* \*

A number of writers for the Echo were sorely disappointed when the printer turned out their stories without paying much attention to the corrections in the proof. Some of our members who are I. W. W. men have determined to dynamite the printing plant. Of course we as a class don't approve of this, but we are powerless to prevent it.—C. G.

#### JUNIOR NOTES.

I am a little fellow, and so it behooves me to be cautious in my remarks concerning my classmates. The only fellow I'm not afraid of is Byanski, but he does nothing that entitles

him to a mention in these columns. O'Brien is a slow gentleman and can never manage to have a story in on time. Brennan caused a sensation in class by discussing the matinee of October 11. Another finds it difficult to sleep in chemistry class. Schmidt has attracted attention by his continued presence at the corner of Berry and Clinton each day at 4:00 p. m. We don't envy him. Poor Schmidt! He was all right when he lived in Decatur.

\* \* \*

Spelling tests are still the range on Wednesday. After many efforts Kinney succeeded in building "reputation," lost "consistency" and balked at "eligible." He succeeded in "erection" and helped Beuret with "dedication." Captain O'Brien blames his last defeat on Wyss for "deficiency." Brennan complimented Franke of O'Brien's team for not getting "conscious."—A. S.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES.

Through the influence of Aaron Huguenard the Board of Editors agreed to allow the Sophomores the space of one-half column each month. O Most Exalted Board, We—Thank—You! But at the same time we wish to let you know that the "Sophies" are not "kids." We resent such appellations. They are slangy and ungentlemanly.

\* \* \*

Now, the Juniors are not the only ones who have spelling contests. We have two teams. The Brushes captained by Huguenard and the Fords captained by Roy. The Brushes are clean sweepers, but the Fords go up any time (See the October Echo). Though the Fords often catch up with the Brushes, they can never get ahead, for the Brushes sweep away again.

\* \* \*

Ed. Sullivan has the brightest head in our class. Gordon Kelly's words are not without weight. "Dutch" Heidrick and "Irish" Kelly have several times tried to start an Irish-German war but the "Kinder" always restores peace. "Arcola" Ryan has often quieted "Dutch" by threatening to reveal some secrets concerning his "grade" days.—A. H.

## FRESHMAN NOTES.

We do not wish to use this column either to complain or to quarrel, but if you have read the last issue of the Echo, you will consider it but just and necessary that we should reply to those who said: "And as for 'Freshies'—who are they anyway?" Yes, who are we? Children? Perhaps; but don't forget we wear pants!

\* \* \*

Do you know Leslie Logan? Well, he's afraid of nobody but the teachers and his parents. Do you know Ek?... Yes, he and Logan were very anxious to watch the score of the last game of the World's Series.

\* \* \*

If you have only a kitchen and a pet dog in the family we would recommend you to become acquainted with our classmate Storch.

\* \* \*

Yes, we've got some Bushmans too, and no matter how much of a grammar shark you are you can never make them Bushmen. At the "request" of Brother Daniel they now come in time for class.

\* \* \*

Have we got the C. C. H. S. spirit? Judge for yourself—we don't knock, we don't loaf, we don't cheat, we don't swear; we all sell the Echo, we all do our work.—J. Z.

## LEST WE FORGET.

Friday, October 1.—Clifford promised to spring a surprise in a few days. Behler swept the Senior room.

\* \* \*

Monday, October 4.—Joe Brennan came on time. The Juniors turned in seventeen stories for the Echo.

\* \* \*

Tuesday, October 5.—Very few knew Clifford today, as he had come out from behind the bush which he had been wearing for a couple of weeks.

\* \* \*

Wednesday, October 6.—Hurrah! The Seniors are going to give a play. Brother Ephrem says it's going to be some play, and if he says so, that ends it.

\* \* \*

Thursday, October 7.—Some have risen to fame in an hour. The Echo Board of Editors

was learned from the proofs today. Things we'd like to know.—How did Joe Brennan get to be manager? Well, we are glad to see a Sophomore and a Junior on the staff, for the Seniors never could do anything alone.

\* \* \*

Friday, October 8.—Brennan, Didier and Beck were taken for fishes today.

\* \* \*

Saturday, October 9.—Yes, school today—for some. Why? Ask the man that crossed the Rubicon, or that other fellow whose head adorned the Rostra.

\* \* \*

Monday, October 11.—"Buzz" Centlivre had a hard time convincing Brother Daniel that he learned more by going to a Notre Dame football game than by going to Sunday school. Beck and Brennan, automobile shovers the day before, were unable to push to school. Bob Beuret showed up. We learned later that it was not all his doing for his father, Mr. Henry Beuret exercised the prerogatives of a father when Bob attempted to over-sleep.

\* \* \*

Tuesday, October 12.—Columbus day, Saloons, Banks and the C. C. H. S. locked the doors and pulled down the blinds.

\* \* \*

Wednesday, October 13.—As there is no "First Offender's Act" in English class, Weber got 400 words. Foohey and Beuret, old soaks, got 700 each.

\* \* \*

Thursday, October 14.—Joe Brennan disclaimed all relationship to Brennan of the Moors who appeared in the "Star" movies today.

\* \* \*

Friday, October 15.—The Seniors spent the afternoon fixing up "ads" for the printer. After school they went down town to collect some more.

\* \* \*

Monday, October 18.—Weber brought some "poetry" to school today. Behler attended a lecture on "Propriety in Story-Writing." After the lecture he asked Wilkinson if he knew the meaning of propriety.

\* \* \*

Tuesday, October 19.—Weber, Kramer, Huguenard were appointed collectors for the Echo. Regulations about commission, etc., were posted up in the study hall.



Wednesday, October 20.—The Senior class "corrected" the proof sheets of the school paper. Donald Beck fainted when he saw his name among the Editors, and some one else said: "Did I write that dope?"

\* \* \*

Thursday, October 21.—The Kendallville High School was promised a football game on Saturday; so some fellows got together and went out to Lawton after school to practice.

\* \* \*

Friday, October 22.—"Tis pleasant sure to see your name in print!" Such was the thought of many this afternoon when they saw their "stories" in the first issue of the Echo. Copies were distributed at 3:30. No one got a copy on credit.

\* \* \*

Monday, October 25.—Every student got so many copies of the Echo, with the instructions, "Now, go and sell, and show your school spirit." Weber and Gordon did not show up as they suffered injuries in Saturday's game. Wyss met himself coming out of Religion class.

\* \* \*

Tuesday, October 26.—Getz reported another page of "ads" for the Echo. O'Brien succeeded in writing a story. Congratulations, Roscoe!

Wednesday, October 27.—Anti-Tardum Decree promulgated. Beck wept.

\* \* \*

Thursday, October 28.—Anti Tardum Decree put in execution. Joe Wilkinson taken for a book agent. Alas, poor Joe! Is it come to that?

\* \* \*

Friday, October 29.—Kelker and Beuret???? Bi-monthly Examinations all day.

### FUN OR PHYSIC.

#### TWICE-TOLD TALES

"Why won't a bicycle stand long?"

"Because it's two-tired."

\* \* \*

"Why is a cigar like a play?"

"If it's bad it won't draw if it's good you want a box."

\* \* \*

"Why are fish so musical?"

"Because they're just covered with scales."

\* \* \*

"Waiter, you had your thumb in this soup?"

"That's all right,—it isn't hot."

\* \* \*

"Why do the nose and chin always quarrel?"

"Because so many words are passed between them."

\* \* \*

"How can you make a pair of trousers last?"

"Make the coat and vest first."

\* \* \*

"How can you keep fish from smelling?"

"Cut off their noses."

### MADE-TO-ORDER TALES.

Brother Anthony.—Yaste, why is your tongue always going?

Yaste.—I can't help it, Brother; we have the active voice in the potential mode now.

\* \* \*

Beck.—Flaharty did you ever hear the joke about the Irishman who bought a pair of shoes and when he tried to put them on exclaimed, "By jingo! I can never put them on until I have worn them a while?"

Flaharty.—Yes, I heard it.

Beck, (surprised).—When?

Flaharty.—Just now.

\* \* \*

O'Brien—Kinney, why has Kramer such red cheeks?

Kinney—I suppose he's fond of "maiden blushes."

\* \* \*

Beuret—Getz, what do you think of the jaw Clifford has since the Kendallville game?

Getz—It's a real swell affair.

### THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Why our Trapp hasn't caught a single rat yet.

\* \* \*

Why Heidrick never learned to swear.

\* \* \*

When Carroll will begin to wear long pants.

\* \* \*

Who the Freshman was that wrote the classical essay on the famous Greek philosopher, Isosceles.

\* \* \*

Who the hard Junior is who gets a whiskey flast full of root beer at Joe's and then staggers round the school.

# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicis delectet.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 1915

NO. 3

## THE NATIVITY

Of old, men looked unto that day  
When Christ would come to save;  
They longed to see the God-man born,  
But not within a cave.

No shelter could the Virgin find.  
For riches she had none;  
And still the Lord of heaven and earth  
Was her Incarnate Son.

Such was His birth, such was His life,—  
Devoid of all men prize,  
That we may live in hope and peace,  
And o'er life's pleasures rise.

P. F.

## OUR SCHOOL

By Leo N. Weber, '16.

At the close of the fourth year came the eventful night, when the first graduates of our school were to receive their diplomas. The Hall was packed with the relatives and friends of the boys. The commencement program consisted of several instrumental and vocal selections, and a debate. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That woman should be given the ballot in Indiana." Eugene O'Connell, Charles Girardot and J. Stephen Weber comprised the negative side; while the affirmative was upheld by Thomas Hayes, Joseph Tompkins, and Jerome Miller. The affirmative side was given the decision. James Hayes delivered the valedictory. After the debate the curtain rose and Bishop Alerding stepped forward and with a gesture that embraced the graduates said: "I present them to you, the boys of our first class of the Central Catholic High School." It was a proud evening for him and for those students whose honor and privilege it was to be members of the class of '13. With great pride and joy he gave each one his

diploma and awarded the medals to the honorary students.

Besides instruction in Christian Doctrine, Church History, Ethics and Logic, the course of studies which the graduates had completed was as follows:

English .....	4 units
Latin .....	4 units
Mathematics .....	3½ units
German or French .....	2 units
History .....	3½ units
Science .....	3 units
Commercial .....	1½ units

This makes a total of 21½ units, while the number required by the State Board of Education is but 16.

The fact that each of our graduates who has gone to college has been allowed full credits in each subject is ample proof in refutation of the argument that schools that give fewer units accomplish more. Two universities in Indiana and one outside have offered advanced standing to our graduates. It does not require much concentration to readily see that our graduates not only receive a sound religious training, but that they also leave the school with a standing of 5½ units ahead of the ordinary graduate.

Among the members of the faculty who were present at the first graduation, two, Brother Marcellinus and Brother Gabriel, were never to return; the former became ill shortly after the closing of the school, and not recovering his health, remained at Notre Dame. Brother Gabriel left for India in the fall of 1913, where after taking up his new labors in the service of God he died a peaceful and holy death. Long may his memory dwell in our hearts!

Let us not forget a last tribute to the memory of that dear old teacher and still dearer friend, Brother Marcellinus. Soon after the completion of his four years of labor in organizing the school and making certain its success, God in His Divine wisdom saw fit to call him unto Himself and bring his long-borne

trials to an end; but to that first graduating class and to us all, his memory will always be a priceless inheritance from the past. Remembrance will sometimes draw us back in thought, and lingering let us feel the spirit of his comradeship and the encouragement of his kindly words.

The year of 1914 was one of marked success for the School. Eleven graduates—Leon Baker, Louis Centlivre, Stephen DeWald, Thomas Huguenard, William Mueller, Gerald Pierre, John Reuss, Emmet Rohyans, Don A. Weber, Frank Wyss, and John Wyss, received their diplomas on the evening of June 19, for the successful completion of the four year course. Three of the out-going class received medals.

With the observance of this second annual commencement of the High School, announcement was made by Father Lafontaine of two signal honors for the institution. His holiness Pope Pius X, when visited by Bishop Alerding, granted the Apostolic Benediction to the prelate, benefactors, and students. The other announcement was that the Central Catholic High School had been commissioned, and was now on a footing with the best high schools in the country. While there never was any doubt as to the work being done by the school, the commission was obtained to entitle the graduate to enter college, which so far had no opportunity of judging the standing of the young men who were leaving our school.

In the scholastic year of 1915 a gratifying increase in the enrollment was noted. Progress was made in all departments, and at the close of the year well trained and capable young men passed from the ranks of the student body. The graduates were as follows: William Brennan, Francis Litot, Leo Munich, Leland Parrott and Emmet Sorg.

In this way three classes have gone from the Central Catholic High School into manhood and the things of life. Their diploma was an "Open Sesame" to any recognized college, and their education was a passport to the business world. So we find them today, the boys who year by year stepped over the portals of their Alma Mater, some in colleges and universities, some in the seminaries of our Holy Mother Church, and still others in professional and business lines.

It is no idle boast that class by class and year by year, the honor roll will grow until some day the school will have a home of its own, a

monument to the man who dreamed a dream—and finds it now fulfilled.

The gold medal awards for excellence each year were as follows:

## 1913.

Donor	Recipient	Subject
Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding.....	Senior Class	
	J. Stephen Weber.	
Notre Dame University.....	Junior Class	
	John Wyss	
Hon. W. P. Breen.....	Sophomore Class	
	Leo Munich	
Dr. E. J. McOscar.....	Freshman Class	
	Leo N. Weber	
Mr. Carl J. Weber.....	Christian Doctrine	
	Joseph Tompkins	
Rev. W. C. Miller.....	Oratory (Senior)	
	Eugene O'Connell	
Rev. John R. Quinlan.....	Elocution (Junior)	
	Don A. Weber	

## 1914.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding.....	Senior Class	
	John Wyss	
Rt. Rev. J. H. Oechtering.....	Junior Class	
	Leo Munich	
Hon. W. P. Breen.....	Sophomore Class	
	Leo N. Weber	
Dr. E. J. McOscar.....	Freshman Class	
	Harold Kramer	
Mr. Carl J. Weber.....	Christian Doctrine 1	
	Leon J. Baker	
Rev. Joseph F. Delaney..	Christian Doctrine II.	
	Frank Rogers	
Rev. John R. Quinlan.....	Elocution (Junior)	
	Emmet J. Sorg	
Rev. W. C. Miller.....	German (Senior)	
	Don A. Weber	
Mr. Timothy Foohey.....	Latin (Freshman)	
	Frederick Kelly	

## 1915

Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding.....	Senior Class	
	Emmet J. Sorg	
Rt. Rev. J. H. Oechtering.....	Junior Class	
	Leo N. Weber	
Hon. W. P. Breen.....	Sophomore Class	
	Harold Kramer	
Dr. E. J. McOscar.....	Freshman Class	
	Aaron Huguenard	
Mr. Carl J. Weber.....	Christian Doctrine 1	
	Francis Litot	
Hon. Stephen Fleming....	Christian Doctrine II.	
	Anthony Trapp	
Rev. August Young.....	Christian Doctrine III.	
	Clarence Wyss	



Rev. W. C. Miller.....	Oratory (Senior)
William Brennan	
Rev. John R. Quinlan.....	Elocution (Junior)
Paul J. Foohey	
Mr. Timothy Foohey.....	Mechanical Drawing
Daniel Haley	
Rev. Charles Thiele.....	Latin (Freshman)
Harvey Conway	
Dr. N. C. Ross.....	German (Senior)
Leo Munich	

### GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

By Donald Beck, '16.

During the first week of November, while looking over the old books that fill the spacious shelves of our classroom, I came across a copy of Wallace A. Brice's "History of Fort Wayne," published in 1868. Among other things of interest in the book is a sketch of the life of General Anthony Wayne. Now that our city is all aglow concerning the proposed monument of this glorious national hero, I felt that "the patriotic glow of the spirit must bestow a tribute to the men that are gone," and set about to present this summary of Mr. Brice's more lengthy "Life of Wayne." Indeed to me it seems fitting that as Wayne's birthday occurs on New Years' day, we of Fort Wayne should one and all make a new-year resolution (what fools laugh at) to work with patriotic zeal till his monument adorns our city.

Like many another of the patriots who fought for freedom, Wayne was of English descent. His grandfather, who also bore the name of Anthony, was born in England but moved to Ireland in 1681. In 1690 he served in the army of William of Orange against the Irish who rallied around the standard of the undeserving King James. Small reward did Wayne get for his efforts in the cause of the usurper, and dearly did England pay for the ungrateful conduct of William, when almost one hundred years later Wayne's grandson, "Mad Anthony," unfurled the banner of freedom and humbled the proud oppressor that broke the treaty of Limerick "ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry."

In 1622, Wayne's discontented grandfather crossed the Atlantic and settled in Pennsylvania. In Chester county of this state his renowned grandson was born, January 1, 1745. Anthony's father's name was Isaac, and Isaac's cross was his son Anthony, if we credit the

little information we have of his boyhood. "A pretty wild boy," is the phrase that has been used to describe him, but we have no reason to draw the phrase beyond its literal meaning.

When Anthony was old enough, he was sent to his uncle Gilbert to be educated. At school he paid very little attention to his studies, but used this time in organizing the boys for military drills and skirmishes. The boys no longer had the appearance of students, but rather looked like a tribe of Indians. Anthony went so far that very little studying was done by any of the boys; so his uncle was forced to report the matter to his father. A severe lecture from his father made him change his ways and pay more attention to his studies. After being eighteen months with his uncle he was sent to Philadelphia to acquire a higher education. Here he learned a great deal about astronomy and mathematics, and remained until he was eighteen years of age, when he took up land surveying.

Wayne had been at his work for a short time, when peace was declared between Great Britain and France. The former wished to colonize Nova Scotia, the newly acquired territory, and companies of prominent men were formed for this purpose. Benjamin Franklin was a member of one of these, and it was through his influence, that Anthony Wayne was chosen as a special agent to visit that country. It was his duty to examine the soil and report on the conditions of the surroundings in general. He was now in his twenty-first year. He remained in charge until 1767, when trouble began to brew between England and the colonies. It was in this year that Wayne was married to the daughter of Benjamin Penrose, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia.

In 1774, when the colonists first revolted against the tyranny of Great Britain, Wayne was among the first to step to the front. That a long and severe struggle was about to be entered upon was very evident. Wayne immediately took it upon himself to form a company of trained men, so as to be in readiness at an instant's call. The military tactics for which he was so severely reprimanded by his father in the days of his youth now became very useful in forming his company. In this he was very successful, and it was only a period of six weeks before a military regiment, which had the appearance of a veteran in every re-

spect, was formed.

Wayne, by his continued successes and indomitable energy, won the title of Colonel, which was conferred upon him by the Continental Congress in 1776. He was also given command of "one of the four regiments required from Pennsylvania, in reinforcement of the Northern Army." He at once started with his regiment for Canada, joining Thompson's brigade, under the command of Major General Sullivan. During the latter part of June they pitched camp at the mouth of the Sorel River. Upon learning that the British were advancing westward, General Thompson with St. Clair's, Wayne's and Irvine's regiments, advanced to check the enemy. The American forces were taken by surprise, and General Thompson and several of his men were captured.

About the same time Col. St. Clair received a severe wound in the leg, and the direction of the remaining troops fell upon Col. Wayne. Although wounded, Wayne directed the forces with such skill that the western side of the river Des Loups was soon reached in safety.

General Sullivan perceiving that the position at the mouth of the Sorel was no longer safe, ordered his troops to retreat to Lake Champlain. This took place about the latter part of June. Wayne with the Pennsylvania troops was ordered to protect the rear in this movement. On this expedition the enemy was so close that the last boat to leave was within musket shot. However they reached Ticonderoga, July 17, without suffering any disaster.

General Gates, who was now in charge of troops at Ticonderoga, hearing of the perilous condition of Washington, marched to the aid of the commander-in-chief, with eight brigades, leaving the remaining 2,500 men under the command of Col. Wayne. It was at this point that Congress conferred the title of Brigadier-General upon our hero. He remained in charge of the troops at Ticonderoga until the following spring, at which time he was ordered to report to the main army, and upon his arrival he was placed at the head of a brigade. Wayne was now connected with the more important movements of the Revolution, and as a leader he continued to be very successful. When the British were forced to retreat from Philadelphia, in June 1778, we find Wayne among the first in pursuit, for which he was highly praised by Washington in his report to Congress. At the battle of Brandywine Wayne was

assigned the post of honor, that of leading the American attack, a service which he performed with a gallantry now become habitual to himself and the division he commanded. Shortly after entering the fortification of the enemy at Stony Point, Wayne was struck in the head by a musket ball. He fell, but immediately rallied and cried out: "March on; carry me into the fort; for, should the wound be mortal, I will die at the head of the column." For his bravery at this battle, Congress tendered him a vote of thanks, and he was also congratulated by many famous and distinguished men, who well understood the great deeds this ardent and fearless young man was accomplishing daily for the good of his country.

That great respect was paid to the judgment of Wayne was proved whenever trouble arose in the camp. It was in the early part of January 1781, a short time after the army had gone into winter quarters, that nearly an entire division revolted. This took place at the close of day. All attempts to quiet the disturbance were in vain; and many were wounded or killed. That only poor and insufficient clothing was provided; that wages were irregularly paid, and that service was greatly prolonged beyond the legal term of enlistment—were the complaints registered. At about half past eleven o'clock, the insurgents being resisted no longer, started for Princeton. Wayne was at this time stationed near Morristown. He at once decided to follow the revolting division, and overtook them at Vealtown. It was not long before his convincing arguments had brought the mutinous band to see how blindly they were acting. That a committee should be appointed to set forth their grievances, was proposed by Wayne. This plan met immediate approval among the soldiers, and a few were accordingly selected to act for all. The march to Princeton was continued, but in a far more orderly manner.

In the year 1777, the British turned their attention to the South. Washington at once sent General Lafayette with an infantry of twelve hundred to Virginia. Not long after, General Wayne with his Pennsylvania company followed. It was in this territory that Wayne, after having advanced to within fifty yards of the British line, found out that the entire army of the enemy was lying in ambush. Wayne did not lose his courage, however, and, by making a bold rush at them and then quickly retreat-



ing, he made the enemy believe that he was trying to draw them into an ambush; and consequently, the American forces were not pursued. Shortly after this daring episode General Wayne was chosen "to reinstate, as far as possible, the authority of the Union within the limits of Georgia." He had with him one hundred regular dragoons, three hundred undisciplined Georgia militia, and about three hundred State cavalry. In the short period of five weeks he had taken all the enemy's interior posts, blocked the Indians going to the aid of the British, and left them only the town of Savannah. The number of the enemy on this occasion was about three times as large as that of Wayne's troops. Savannah was evacuated on July 12, 1782, and soon after, Charleston was given up by the British. A treaty of peace having been signed, Wayne returned to his home in Chester county, Pennsylvania, hailed as "one of the most remarkable men of his day, crowned, as he well deserved, with the blessings of a whole nation of free men and noble women."

However, he was too high in the estimation of the public to be allowed to remain inactive. He became a member of the Council of Censors, and was soon after given a seat in the "Convention called to revise the Constitution of the State." After this, Wayne wished to live a retired life and declined all offices, which Washington desired to bestow upon him. However, in 1792, Washington persuaded Wayne to accept command of the Western Army. For his work in the West he was highly complimented by Congress, and received the thanks of the general public. The year after the treaty of Greenville 1796) was signed, Wayne was appointed receiver of the military posts given up by the British. It was while faithfully fulfilling this duty that he was suddenly attacked by the gout, dying soon afterwards. At his own request he was buried at the foot of the flag-staff of the garrison, with the simple inscription of "A. W." upon the stone that served to remind the people of the burial place of the soldier, the patriot, the hero, General Anthony Wayne. After a period of thirteen years the remains were removed to the cemetery of St. David's church, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, by his son Col. Isaac Wayne. Here a most beautiful monument was erected in his honor by the "Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati." Such was the life and death of the man we

are soon to honor in Fort Wayne by erecting a monument that will keep the memory of his patriotic deeds ever fresh in the hearts of his countrymen, in the hearts of those who owe the blessing of liberty they now enjoy, to the prowess, the bravery, and the valor of such heroes as Wayne.

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### ALL TOGETHER, BOYS

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Forward, boys! Be up and doing;  
Cheer each dull and weary heart;  
Show you've got the fighting spirit;  
Let your red blood strength impart.

Learn to labor all together—  
All for one and one for all;  
Help the lad who toils on upward;  
Great things have beginnings small.

We are sailors of Life's vessel:  
Each one labors at the wheel.  
Therefore, boys, be up and doing;  
Steer your course with steady keel.

Though the foe be hard to conquer,  
Don't give up, boys; never fear.  
Show you've got the Spartan spirit;  
Show you'll sell your red blood dear.

—H. Derck.

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### THE FINAL CALL

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Hark! I hear the bugle calling;  
'Tis the summons of One I love.  
I chose the crooked path of life.  
And feared that I had lost the strife,  
When a voice called me from above.

I saw the dangerous path I trod  
But found that I could pray,  
And now I'm called before my God  
On this my judgment day.

I see the heavens opened wide  
And angels round Thy throne;  
I hear the bugle's final call,  
For Thou hast saved me from my fall.  
And culled me for Thine own.

—Leo Weber.



## WHAT A FOOL WILL DO.

Leo Behler, '16.

The only excitement around Maynard College for the past few days was the discussions and arguments concerning the varsity football team. There was great speculation as to who would make the team, for even the old players were not sure of a regular berth. It was now Thursday; the team was to be picked tomorrow, and the season was to open on Saturday.

On Friday morning, twenty-three students who had been trying out for the team sat, anxiously in the meeting room, awaiting the arrival of the captain and the coach. It was no slight honor to be selected for the Maynard football team, because no one had ever got on that team who was not a student and a gentleman as well as a good player. And so we find each of the twenty-three in a rather pensive mood when the door of the hall opened as the coach and captain made their appearance.

"Good morning, boys," said Charles Stanton, the upright captain of Maynard college.

"Good morning, gentlemen," was the cheerful response from the twenty-three stalwart boys whom Charlie had addressed.

Coach Harper simply nodded, as he had told Charlie to do the talking this morning. As soon as silence prevailed, the captain slowly began: "Boys, you have all shown the Maynard spirit in practice, and I am sorry that the rules of football do not allow the whole twenty-three of you to play. Mr. Harper and myself have discussed your good points and your bad ones, and we are influenced by no personal motives in selecting the players for to-morrow's game. After I have read the names of the lucky ones, I shall expect those who have been less fortunate to show the Maynard spirit still and stick by the team even if they cannot share the laurels that we hope to win.

The boys answered this by "three rahs" for Charlie. Then he read the names of those that had been selected. Jimmy Fitzgerald, concerning whom there had been much speculation, was among them. He could play ball, but his ability in that line was unknown until he placed himself in the hands of Charlie and Coach Harper.

After the signal practice which the coach had put them through in preparation for to-morrow's game was over, Jimmy came up to the

captain and said: "Put her here, old man! I knew you would give me a fair chance."

"That's all right, Jimmy," said Charlie, "I know you'll try to make good. But, by the way, what have you on for to-night?"

"Nothing, unless something turns up."

"Well, let us go to the burlesque at the Empress this evening. What do you say?"

"Nix on war stuff! I'm neutral."

"Oh come on! They say it's the greatest rag that hit the town this season."

"No use! You know how they kidded me about my red hair, last week, and said I ought to part it in the middle. Besides, you know right well that not one of our professors wants us to go to such shows. Yes, I'm done with them."

"Oh don't let that worry you. You're all right, even if your hair is red. Nobody can ever deny that you have a bright head."

"Now, Charlie, if you will be serious for a minute I'll tell you what I want you to do. Come out to the house to-night and forget about the burlesque craze. I'd have asked you before this, but I was waiting to see if I could make the team first, so that nobody could say I was looking for a pull with you and Coach Harper."

"Just as you say, Jimmy. I'm ready to go anywhere once."

"I'll expect you after eight. Don't forget, now."

No fear. So long!"

"Au revoir!"

Promptly at 8:30, Mr. Stanton was standing on the porch of the Fitzgeralds' home. He had rung the door bell and was waiting for someone to open the door.

"Not much burlesque 'round here!" he muttered to himself, as the door opened.

"Hello, Charlie! I was afraid you'd forget to come," said Jimmy. "Let me have your overcoat and hat. I'll put them right here on the rack."

"Well, how is everything this evening, 'Pinkey'?" said Charles as he handed him his overcoat and hat.

"Everything's O. K. Let's go into the parlor; and I'll call Grace. She's my sister, and we live alone here. She likes to hear people talk about football."

Steps were heard in the hall, and Jimmy called out: "Oh, sister, come here a minute; I want you to meet Mr. Stanton, the captain of

the school's eleven."

As she entered, Charles said to himself, "Not much burlesque about that!"

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Stanton; I heard Jimmy speak of you so often."

"The delight is all mine," said Charles, as he clasped the little, wary hand which she had gracefully offered him. He said no more, but remained standing like a statue. He was only conscious that she was beautiful—more beautiful than his fancy's dreams had ever painted.

The telephone bell rang, and Jimmy went to answer the call. Charlie blessed that phone, not because it took away Jimmy, but because it started Grace talking.

"Mr. Stanton," said she, again repeating his name, "I'm just crazy about football, and I want to thank you for giving Jimmy a chance. Since our parents were drowned in the Oceanic disaster, Jimmy and I have been more brother and sister than ever; and although he is older than I by a year and a half, he always looks up to me. This is the first year since the tragedy that he has been cheerful."

Charles did not wish to say anything that would recall the Oceanic to her mind again, so he modestly remarked, "Miss Fitzgerald, I fear you thank me more than I deserve. I like to see everybody get a fair chance. Now, I saw that Jimmy could play football, and that's the reason why I picked him."

At this moment, Jimmy returned, and the three talked football for a considerable time. As the conversation began to wane, Charles said he must be going, and asked Miss Fitzgerald to come and see to-morrow's game. When she offered her hand, he actually had nerve enough to compliment her on her pretty fingers. He received a cute little smile for his pains, and he began to regret that he had stood up to go. But her brother came to his relief by telling Charlie to be sure and call again whenever he had time.

As Charlie left the house he made up his mind to "have time," all right.

\* \* \*

"Jimmy, is your sister at the game to-day?" said Captain Stanton, as he trotted out with the Maynard eleven on the field.

"Sure thing!" said Jimmy.

"Well, she'll see some game to-day. There won't be much of the Lincoln squad left when we get through."

As the whistle blew, Charles looked toward

the grandstand. Sure enough, there was Grace waving the Maynard colors.

Lincoln scarcely had a look in during the whole game. The march of Maynard was irresistible. Fitzgerald and Stanton were the heroes of the game. From every quarter the rooters were yelling, "Go it, Red," and "Right through, Cap!"

For the next six weeks Captain Stanton was a constant and welcome visitor at the Fitzgerald home. The football season was now drawing to a close. Maynard was to play its last game to-morrow. The Cadets, its greatest rival, had been booked as a worthy opponent for the closing game. Stanton was spending the evening at Fitzgerald's.

"Do you think you shall win tomorrow's game?" asked Grace in a rather nervous tone.

"Nothing to it! We have the best team in years. We'll humble the Cadets to the dust," said Charlie in the most serious manner.

"Listen, Charlie! You know I am an odd sort of girl, and I want to ask you to let the Cadets win to-morrow."

"What! Let the Cadets win?"

"Yes, Charlie, I wish you would do it! I can't tell you why now, but I should be so happy if you would do this for me alone."

Charles was puzzled, but he could not refuse. To him Grace was a girl worth any sacrifice.

"Grace," he said with feeling, "I would do anything to please you. Maynard loses to-morrow."

On the following day he led the pride of Maynard on the field. He was cheered to the echo as he doffed his head-gear to the noisy throng. He looked for Miss Fitzgerald in Maynard's Stand, but he failed to see her. Both teams went through a slight practice and then the game was called.

The Cadets were unable to withstand the first onslaught of Maynard eleven. Before five minutes their goal was crossed for a touch-down. Coach Harper danced with joy. Stanton made a bone-head play in the second quarter, and the Cadets scored their first touch-down. At the end of the second quarter the coach asked Charlie if he was going crazy. Charlie told him not to fear, as he was going to press his team for all 'twas worth in the second half. In the third quarter he threw a forward-pass right into the hands of the Cadets' halfback. Coach Harper foamed, but he could not get near Stanton to "paste him one" as the Cadets



made their second touch-down. As luck would have it, there was no one to take Stanton's place, so the coach had to let him stay in for the last quarter. Stanton now saw that he had done enough; so he contented himself by seeing both sides scoreless during this quarter.

The whistle blew. The Cadets had won the game. Maynard fans were wild with fury. Everybody wanted to know what was the matter with Stanton. Few suspected that Captain Stanton would deliberately give away the game. In his heart he felt guilty, but he was not sorry. He had pleased Grace—and to-night he would ask her hand as a compensation. With this resolution, he set out for Fitzgeralds' at 8 o'clock that evening. When he arrived in front of the house he stood still as if riveted to the ground. Through the parlor window he could see Miss Grace Fitzgerald and Brown, the captain of the Cadets, as happy in each other's company as any two could be. He did not enter, but "beat it" home, repeating half aloud to himself, as he walked along the deserted street, "What a fool will do! What a fool will do!"

### CATHOLIC WRITERS

By Paul J. Foohey, '16.

#### III.—John Dryden.

In the history of literature there are many whose vivid imaginations have enabled them to write wonderful poems. There are others whose skill and cleverness have produced thrilling stories or absorbing dramas. There are still others whose patience and scholarly learning have enabled them to translate masterpieces of other languages into their own. But in one man alone, John Dryden, were combined the qualities of the master poet, the foremost storyteller and the leading translator. In each of these widely differing branches of literary endeavor, he has produced works which are among the best in the language.

Dryden was the son of an English justice of the peace, Erasmus Dryden. He was born at Oldwinkle, All Saints, Northamptonshire, England. He received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, and from the time of his graduation until his death he was continually in the public eye. At the beginning of his literary career, Dryden wrote a number of pieces of appreciation of the king and other great men of his time. These pieces contain some hint of the future literary greatness of the

author. They are laudatory in spirit, but not meanly so.

the post-laureateship was conferred upon Dryden in 1670. In 1685, at the accession of James II. Dryden became a Catholic. This gave his enemies an opportunity for which they had long been waiting. They accused him of changing his religion because James II. was a Catholic, and thus trying to continue in the royal favor. He was satirized by several authors. The truth of this matter is, that this step on his part was directly the result of the theological studies which he had lately been pursuing. The state of his mind a short time previous to his conversion is well reflected by his poem 'Religio Laici.' The poem itself is a defense of the Church of England, but in it he clearly shows that this church is not a reliable authority in religious matters, and demonstrates the need of such an authority. The accession of James II. was naturally an incentive to one of his position to change his religion, but the act was premeditated and sincere. This is shown by his perseverance in his new religion, even when England was again under the rule of a non-Catholic sovereign.

In the revolution of 1688 Dryden was deposed as poet-laureate. He lost several other public offices as well. Here we have a striking proof of Dryden's sincerity of character. He could have retained the poet-laureateship, as well as his other lucrative offices by simply taking the oath of allegiance to the new government. He refused because the government stood for principles in which he did not believe. By losing his public offices, Dryden was left dependent upon his writings for a living. He therefore decided to write plays. He wrote a great number of plays of all descriptions, dramas, comedies and tragedies. He has written some very fine plays, but not so many as we could expect. Dryden had all the qualities of a great dramatist, but he wasted his abilities in this direction. He wrote a great number of plays which are absolutely unworthy of him, and it is no loss that they have not come down to us. He might have been the equal of Shakespeare as he shows in his best play, "All for Love," but he chose rather to amuse the public of his own time, and not to write for future generations, as Shakespeare did.

With his remarkable versatility, Dryden now gave his attention to translation. In July, 1697, Virgil's "Pastorals" were published. There



followed several other translations of Latin writers. Dryden did not long survive the publication of these works. He died April 30, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden's poems are so many and cover so wide a range of subjects that it is difficult to choose his masterpiece. However the general opinion is that his masterpiece is his splendid allegorical poem, "The Hind and the Panther." In it he gives his reason for changing his religion, discussing and pointing out the difference between the various religious sects. The poem is divided into three parts. Each religion is represented by an animal, the Catholic church being the Hind. The first part deals with general characters. The second concerns church authority. The third is devoted to satirizing certain nobles and clergymen. The poem is important because it is the first successful attempt to render argument in verse interesting.

As a dramatist, Dryden ranks with the best. His greatest drama is "All for Love," a play based on the story of "Anthony and Cleopatra." In unity of time and motive it surpasses Shakespeare's plays. It was written in 1678. Other plays by Dryden are: "The Wild Gallants," "The Maiden Queen," "Sir Martin Mar-All" and "The Assignation." They are all comedies. In addition to these he has written numerous other plays which possess little dramatic value.

The English language owes some of its most brilliant translations to this same writer. He gave particular attention to the works of the old Latin masters, particularly those of Virgil and Juvenal. Besides these he has translated specimens of Homer, Ovid, Horace and Lucretius. As a translator he ranks very high.

Dryden's prose writings, mostly critical, are rated among the best we have. They are clear in expression and mark him as a great critic. His was the example that paved the way for the future development of English prose.

As a classical writer he has few peers. Even in his own day he was the acknowledged leader of the classical school. His style is not so highly polished as that of some other great writers, but its lack of finish is made up for by its perspicuity. He always took the most painstaking efforts to make himself understood. This faculty, combined with his clear understanding, made him the great reasoner that he was. The influence of his exact mode of expression is still discernible in the prose writings of

our own day.

Dryden was a master of the art of satire. His satire is of the hidden kind; witty, bright and cutting. There was no writer of his own time, and few before or since who could compare with him as a satirist. On account of his satirical writings he made many enemies. The English language is indebted to Dryden for the introduction of the rhymed couplet as a means of satire. He first brought it into use and gave it a brilliancy unequalled from his time to ours. "Absolom and Achitopel" gives us a view of his satirical powers. It is one of the greatest satires in the language. It is directed against the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duke of Monmouth, his two great political enemies. He wrote another excellent satire against Shaftesbury, "The Medal." Being attacked by a certain Thomas Shadwell on account of these satires, he returned his attack by what is perhaps his most vigorous satire, "Mac Flecknoe."

John Dryden was a man who by the nature of his writings made many enemies and drew upon himself a large amount of criticism. His character has been blackened and his works defamed by his enemies. They have laid many charges at his door which time has shown to be false. Their favorite charge was that he changed his religion for his own temporal advantage at the time of the accession of James II. That this charge is not true is proved by his perseverance in his adopted religion, and by the fact that, during the reign of the non-Catholic William III., he even refused to dedicate his translation of Virgil's Aeneid to the king, lest he be suspected of denying his religious principles. Thus his worst enemy cannot point to a single instance where he did not stand true to his principles, religious and political. Naturally he had his faults. It cannot be denied that his action in cheapening his talents by writing unclean plays was not right, but in regard to this we can only ask what man great or humble, has not had his faults? It would be interesting to know just what some of his critics would have done had they been placed in the same situation.

In the "Hind and the Panther," Dryden defends the church of his adoption. To show the excellence of the poem it may be well, in closing, to give a few lines of this beautiful poem:

A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,  
Fed on the laws and in the forest ranged.

Without unspotted, innocent within,  
 She feared no danger for she knew no sin.  
 Yet she had oft been chased with horns and  
     hounds,  
 And Scythian shafts and many-winged wounds,  
 Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly.  
 And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

### A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

By Charles Kinney, '17.

"Well, Bill, I must have been born under an unlucky star. I thought I could spend five dollars for Christmas presents this year, but three out of the five greenbacks I had been saving have turned out to be counterfeit that a gang has been passing off in the city."

"Cheer up, Jack," said Bill Phillips, Jack Davin's closest friend, "and don't think about unlucky stars. Some others must have got soaked in the same way or there wouldn't be a reward of two hundred dollars for the discovery of the 'get-rich-quick' fellows."

"That's so, too, Bill. But I'm in slim circumstances. Three years ago I wouldn't have missed \$3, for my father was then living, and as he had a good job, mother was never without a Christmas present. But, as you know, poor dad was killed on the railroad, and the only compensation we got was a few hundred dollars insurance from the Knights of Columbus. Now, if it hadn't been for this I don't know what we should have done. Even as it was, I had to quit school and go to work in the shops. It takes all I make to support mother and keep my little brother at school. I was figuring on those five dollars to get mother a Christmas present—but I've told you how I got left. However, I may be able to get some yet, for I have a good mind to search the haunted house. People say that there is money hidden somewhere in the old house, but that the devil watches it. Will you come with me, Bill? Of course the money would not tempt you, but the adventure might. What do you think of the proposition?"

"Of course I'm on for the adventure, but you can't make me believe there is any money in the old shack."

"Good for you! When we find the money next Tuesday night, we'll split even."

"No splittin'—you can have all there's in it."

"All right, Bill, I'll call for you at Aurentz's,

Tuesday evening. Don't forget, now?"

"No fear I'll turn yellow. Good-night."

"Good-night, Bill!"

It was close to eleven o'clock Tuesday evening, when the two boys came in sight of the "Haunted House," two miles outside the city.

"Come on, Bill," said Jack; "let's run and see who gets there first."

In a few minutes they were in front of the house. The door was closed, and without much hesitation they entered by the window nearest the door.

"Bill, I guess I'm imagining things, but I think I hear people talking in the cellar."

"Yes, Jack, but since my imagination is working in the same manner, we had better investigate."

They soon found the entrance to the cellar, and started down the steps, Jack leading. When they were half way down, they saw a fire and a number of masked men near it. Suddenly the talking stopped, and as the boys decided to retreat, Jack lost his balance and rolled down the steps. Bill saw the group of men jump up and run toward Jack, who was lying unconscious on the cellar floor. Seeing that they were armed, he knew he could be of no assistance to his companion, so he quickly got out and ran for the police.

The fall had stunned Jack, and when he awoke he saw around him six men, all masked. He was about to call for help, but on second thought he deemed it better to follow a different course. The fact that Bill was not with the men gave him hope, for he felt sure that Bill would inform the police concerning the masked men. Jack began to talk as if he were delirious, saying: "I'm not afraid to go to the Haunted House alone, and I'll stay there all night if you give me fifty cents."

The men searched Jack, and as they found but fifty cents in his pockets, they concluded that he had come alone in order to earn the fifty cents. They moved him away from the fire and continued their secret work. It was not long, however, till one of the men noticed that Jack was as motionless as a statue. He called the leader, who immediately told two of the men to take out the "poor little fool" and leave him at the cross road, saying that if he died in the house a search would surely be made.

A short time after the men had returned to the house, Jack started for the police station,



but before he had gone far he met the patrol wagon with Bill and four policemen. He told the officers that he had discovered the counterfeiters and would lodge his claim for the two hundred dollars. The "cops" made no objection but asked him to come back with them. He went with them and led the way to the cellar of the haunted house. As soon as the thieves saw him they reached for their guns, but before they could get them the police had covered them with their revolvers.

As soon as the men were under arrest a search was made under Jack's direction and all the stamps and dies were found. Jack laughed at the thieves and told them that the "poor little fool" had no intention of dying in the "Haunted House." Bill asked no questions of Jack lest he should spoil his chances for the reward.

The morning paper gave a full account of Jack's adventure and congratulations came thick upon him. He had no sooner appeared in the shop than the manager sent for him.

"Jack," said the smiling manager, "I heard of your adventure, so you can start work after Christmas as foreman, but don't go to any more haunted houses till I tell you I'm going to resign."

Jack and his mother were eating their breakfast on Christmas morning when the door bell rang. Mrs. Davin answered the door. A government agent handed her a check for \$200, made payable to Jack.

"Well, Jack," she said, "that house may be haunted, but it did us a good turn."

"Yes, mother, and since Bill Philips wants no 'splittin,' the two hundred is yours for a Christmas present. The boss made me foreman last Wednesday, and that's more than many a one got for falling into a cellar."

"Yes, Jack," said his mother softly, "but your guardian angel was under you when you fell."

### IS THERE NO JOY?

For those poor boys out in the street,  
With shaggy garments, poor shod feet,  
And hollow cheeks of hunger born,  
Is there no joy on Christmas morn?—  
Just listen to each beating heart  
And learn the joys that baffle art.  
The Infant gave that joy and bliss  
For all the worldly things they miss.

—C. Harkenrider.

### CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS

By H. C. Wiener, '16.

#### III.—Andre Marie Ampere.

In talking about electricity we invariably mention amperes and volts. The ampere is the unit of measure for the amount of electricity that passes through a conductor per second; and the current in a 16-candle power incandescent lamp is about half an ampere. In 1881, a conference of electricians at Paris gave the name ampere to the unit of electric current, in honor of the great physicist and mathematician, Andrew Marie Ampere, concerning whom I am writing this article.

Ampere was born at Lyons, France, January 22, 1775. His father was a well-to-do merchant with a good education. His mother was a virtuous woman noted for her charity. We are told that Andre possessed the traits of both, being remarkable for his knowledge and virtue.

At an early age he showed great mathematical ability by working out long sums in arithmetic by means of pebbles or biscuit crumbs, even before he knew his figures. At the age of ten he had made considerable progress in mathematics, but he had neglected his other studies. At this age his father began to teach him Latin, but Andre made so little progress in that subject that his father decided to take him to the library of Lyons that he may have a chance to satisfy his mathematical desires. The father was not mistaken in judging his son's tendency, for in a short time young Ampere had not only mastered all the books his father had procured him but was in search for more. He asked the librarian for the works of Bernouilli and Euler, and on being informed that these were written in Latin, and that before he could master them he must have a knowledge of calculus and Latin, he resolutely set himself to the task of studying Virgil. After a few weeks he had acquired sufficient Latin and understood enough of calculus to take up these deep and difficult treatises on applied mathematics.

At the age of eighteen he had gone through the whole range of scientific studies, completed his studies in English and German Literature, and had read the encyclopedia of Diderot and D'Alembert so thoroughly that forty years afterwards he was able to repeat whole pages of it.



When Lyons was taken by the Army of the Convention, in 1793, his father, who held the office of Justice of the Peace, opposed the revolutionists, and for such action was thrown into prison and, after a few days, guillotined. The news of his death afflicted Andre so much that his friends feared he would lose his mind, because for a whole year he remained in a state bordering idiocy. His revival was almost as sudden as his dejection. He began to read some letters on botany which happened to fall into his hands, and from botany he turned to the study of the classic poets and to the writing of verse himself. After spending some time at this he began to travel and visited Egypt, Scandinavia, the Levant and America.

In 1796, while giving private lessons at Lyons in mathematics, chemistry and languages, he met Miss Julie Carron, whom he married in 1799. The marriage was performed secretly by a priest because the young couple would not recognize the standing of the "constitutional" clergymen. Their married life was destined to be a short one, for Julie died five years later, leaving an only son who later achieved great merit as a literary artist.

Conditions soon arose which forced Ampere to teach in order to support himself and his son. He at first gave private lessons, but in 1801 he was appointed to the chair of physics at the Ecole Centrale of Bourg. It was while filling this position that he wrote his famous article, "Considerations Upon the Mathematical Theory of Games of Chance," which attracted the attention of Lalande and Delambra. His treatise consisted of demonstrated and bonified theories proving that the chances of a gambler are always against him.

The prestige he had gained by this article secured him a subordinate position at the Paris Polytechnic School in 1804, and five years later he was appointed professor of mathematics. Here he continued his scientific researches and published works on chemistry, light, and zoology.

On September 18, 1821, Ampere appeared before the Academy of Science and demonstrated the remarkable fact of Oersted's discovery concerning the action of the magnetic needle in presence of an electric current. Oersted, professor at Copenhagen, had noticed the deflection of the needle when a wire carrying a current was held near it, but it remained for Ampere to make practical use of it. He studied and

multiplied Oersted's experiment before the learned men of his time until proof was obtained which enabled him to announce his discovery of electro-magnetics. Through his theory of molecular currents he gave a theoretical explanation of the connection between electricity and magnetism, and realized what had been the dream of previous investigators. So clear and plausible were his explanations that the scientific men of his day declared that no advance in the science of electricity could compare in brilliancy and completeness with the work Ampere was accomplishing.

As a reward for the work he had done in science, he was given a government position as Inspector General of the University. In a certain sense the appointment was not for the advantage of science, for Ampere was no longer able to devote his time to experimenting.

He was engaged on his last work, "The Classification of the Sciences," at the time of his death, which took place at Marseilles in 1836.

The fact that he had been a member of the Institute of France, the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and the Academies of Berlin, Brussels and Lisbon, is in itself sufficient to show the esteem in which he was held by centers of learning.

He was a man of genial humor and great simplicity of character. He cared little for the ways of the world and lived a very retired life. He himself tells us that at the age of eighteen, three things had made lasting impressions on him; his First Communion, the reading of Thomas' Eulogy on Decartes, and the taking of the Bastille. At various times he was harassed by doubts concerning matters of faith, but each time he found refuge in the Bible and the Fathers of the Church. "Doubt," he says in a letter to a friend, "is the greatest torment that a man can suffer on earth." However, he was too great a scientist to be foiled by apparent difficulties. He clung to the faith he had received from heaven, the faith which the Vicar of Christ taught, the faith which he himself had strengthened by a noble life. „

#### CHRIST IS COME

Above the cave a star gleams bright  
And softly sends its ray  
Upon a Child, the world's true Light—  
The Light that gave us Day.

## THE LOCK AND KEY.

By Roscoe O'Brien, '17.

Simon Lenten was not a man to attract a train of friends and admirers. He was short and thin, and his face was small and wrinkled. His apparel was that of extreme niggardliness, but he was considered by everyone in Mandeville to be a man of considerable means. He dealt in real estate to a great extent, and either owned or held mortgages on half the houses in town, which, to tell the truth, consisted of no more than fifty dwelling-houses and a few stores. Being one of the first settlers in Mandeville, he managed to acquire a great deal of property when land was cheap.

Notwithstanding Simon Lenten's reputation for riches, he never lost an opportunity of making people believe that he was scarcely able to make ends meet. He either neglected or refused to keep any of his houses in repair, and he paid no attention to those tenants who told him they would move out unless he made necessary improvements, for his motto seemed to be: "Get all you can and spend nothing."

He was indeed a hard landlord, for if his tenants did not have the rent on the day it was due he ordered them out and put up a sign, "For Rent." He was despised by all, but he did not seem to care so long as the money was coming in. He seldom had a visitor and he never had a guest.

One day he was visited by one of his tenants whose rent was due. The gentleman came to ask him to make some repairs. Simon would not listen to him but instantly demanded his rent. The tenant refused to pay it and told him that as he had expected such an answer he had already seen about another house. He gave Lenten the key of the old shack and departed, leaving the old miser to worry over the three vacant houses which were now on his hands. But he didn't worry long. He made up his mind that he wasn't going to pay taxes and insurance for nothing.

One dark night, about a week later, Mandeville was put in a state of great excitement; one of Lenten's houses was going up in smoke; the fire brigade was out for the first time in ten months. The brigade consisted of volunteers, and it took some time before they could be gotten out of bed, and in all probability, had they known whose house was on fire, they would have stayed in bed. Well, when they finally reached the scene of excite-

ment the old house was blazing "for all it was worth," and the fire had already gone beyond control. Old Lenten was looking on, inwardly praying for more wind, but outwardly acting like a woman who had just lost an only son. He raved, he wept, he mourned aloud.

Shortly after the insurance office opened that morning, Lenten entered and put in his claim for the insurance money. He was told that his claim would be paid as soon as a representative of the company had made the investigation customary in all cases of fire to insured property.

That afternoon, the company sent an investigator to the scene of the late fire. As scarcely anything but ashes remained, he inquired from a number of by-standers as to what part of the house the fire had originated in. They told him that the blaze started on the weather side of the house, in the front room. He immediately set a workman to turn over the ashes in this corner, but he found nothing but an old door key. The insurance man put it in his pocket, making no comment. He then left the ruins but returned before an hour had passed and got a man to scrape out the lock of the front door from the debris.

A week later, Mr. Lenten was called to the office of the insurance agent. When he arrived, he found the last tenant of the ruined house talking to the agent. The three entered a private office, where another man was sitting at a desk, apparently writing.

"Mr. Lenten" said the agent, "we have considered your claim but we have found it necessary to delay settlement. As you know, we make a thorough investigation of all claims before settling them, and of course we had to do this in your case, too. I have here the lock and key of the house that was set on fire on April 13. This former tenant of yours has identified the key as the one he delivered to you on April 6. I myself found the key where the fire started. Before settling your claim I must ask you to explain the presence of the key in that corner of the room."

While the agent was still speaking, the man who was writing turned around and looked Lenten full in the face. Lenten changed color and did not even make an attempt to answer the agent's inquiry. The detective, for such was the third gentleman, arrested Simon Lenten. He was tried for arson and convicted, and now he is in Langor jail, mourning for the house that blazed "for less than it was worth."



## OUR GRADUATES

By R. L. Beuret, '16.

III.—Jerome P. Miller.

I have chosen "Jerry" for the December number of the Echo, very probably because I have some vivid recollections of my devouring whole boxes of "He-Mi-La" candies, around Christmas time. Be that as it may, I have no room for further speculation in the small space allowed me for a few remarks of our graduates.

As I do not know how I may end up, I had better tell you right at the start that Jerome is a polished gentleman and a genial companion. While at our school he won the respect of his teachers and the adoration of his companions. And although Brother Marcellinus often heard him say: "Brother, I slept too long this morning," I am told that that venerable Brother frequently remarked to his fellow-teachers, "I can't say anything to Miller; for he is a gentleman and a good-natured rascal."

At present, Jerome is attending Notre Dame University, trying to become a Bachelor of Philosophy. He has a neat little well-furnished room in Sorin Hall, with plenty of books on his desk and many other indications that he will be a "bachelor" after graduation.

It is but fitting that I should mention some of "Joner's" athletic qualities. While a student here we found him deeply interested in football and basketball. As a tackle on the school football team he made many an opponent rue the day he had run into his all-embracing hands. His wonderful height brought him to the center in basketball circles, and his fleet legs gave him a position on "field day." In all things concerning the honor of the school, his heart and hand were never wanting, and even still he has kept up the C. C. H. S. spirit, and glories in the fact that he is a member of our first graduating class.

Quite recently I was up to Notre Dame and I had the pleasure of seeing him in a pretty football suit. There he was, on the side lines, watching the Sorin-Corby game. That is the kind of fellow "Joner" is—if you won't let him play, he will dress up anyway, so that you may have no doubt which team he is rooting for.

Success to you, Jerome! And don't forget to wind up the "Big Ben" that mother sent you.

## SELECTIONS

Those Evening Sessions.

Those evening sessions! those evening sessions!

How many a time they leave impressions,  
Of Latin and German and English lore,  
Before we hear, "It's half past four."

Those doleful hours ne'er pass away,  
Nor take with them, as Juniors say,  
Those evening lines so hard and long—  
That make the "Anti-Tardum Song."

And so 'twill be till seventeen,  
Till each has filled his hollow bean  
And got his pass and bid farewell  
And told these sessions—I won't tell.

—A. Schmidt.

A Senior's Lament.

I knew I couldn't make it  
When they put me in the class,  
And I cannot help but spake it—  
I'm a double-eared jackass.

In my head are many mansions  
Where the beetles hum all day,  
And I dream of great expansions,  
Cause I never mean to pay.

And the teachers never weary  
Calling me a lubber-head;  
But the girls call me "Dearie,"  
For I buy them ginger bread.

There is more that I could tell you,  
But I've got to end my song—  
I have limburger to sell you  
If you're lookin' for the strong.

—Der Bock.

One of 'Em.

One day I walked along the street;  
(I sure was in a pinch.)  
Some generous friend I wished to meet,  
When up came Percy Finch.

Upon his head a hat sat high,  
Swung on wrist a cane;  
He doffed his hat and winked his eye  
To greet a passing Jane.



## THE SCRAP

His lips were set with knowing smile,  
Most dreamy were his eyes;  
His suit was cut to latest style,  
And flashed with many dyes.

He wore the latest sporting shirt,  
And strove to be a wag  
Who squints at ev'ry nifty skirt  
That passes down the "Drag."

I went up to this youthful Priam  
And said, "I'm in a pickle!"  
I thought I sure would get a dime—  
Alas! He'd not a nickel.

—A. Wyss.

## MY RAVEN

Once upon a school book drily,  
While I pondered tired and rily,  
Over many a dry and furious

Volume of old Virgil's lore,  
While I nodded, quietly faring,  
Suddenly there came a tearing,  
As of some one bravely swearing,

Swearing at my knowledge store.  
"Tis the pedagogue," I muttered,  
"Tearing up my knowledge store—  
Only he, but awful sore."

—J. Beuret.

## ESCAPED

Cy Wyss.....  
In bliss.....  
Just a bit confounded.....  
Girl kissed.....  
Jail missed.....  
Though the smack resounded.

—R. C.

## CAUGHT

Apple core.....  
Teacher sore.....  
Said he wouldn't stand it.  
Quick pace.....  
Slapped face.....  
Till the cheeks expanded.

—U. C.

There was a scrap the other day  
In class, (at least that's what they say.)  
It happened just after three o'clock,  
Between Big Kelly and der Bock.

Der Bock saw Kelly set a tack  
Upon the chair, behind his back,  
And thinking little of the harm,  
He swung the chair by tablet arm.

Right soon there came a mighty smash,  
And Brother yelled, "Expense to Cash!"  
And now der Bock and Kelly weep,  
For fifty cents is awful steep.

—M. Parnin.

## IN AFTER DAYS

Listen to the joyous jingles.  
It is Clifford hauling shingles.  
Hart has gone to rush the can  
To refresh poor Bob, old man.

Poor old man is he indeed,  
This old Bob for whom I plead;  
Happy Houligan was he  
Till he wed a bumble-bee.

—R. C.

## WHATS IN A NAME?

It was my first day at school. Full of curiosity, I entered the room, of course expecting to see something great. All I could see was a large crowd of boys, throwing spitballs, arrows, darts, and other implements made out of paper. As soon as they noticed me they all started forward yelling in loud whispers, "What's your name, kid?" Just then the Sister entered, accompanied by a priest. On noticing me the priest came forward and asked me my name. I told him, and then he desired to know how I spelled it. After some consternation I answered very slowly, "BigA—little a—r—o—n." Then pausing a second, I continued very swiftly, "H u g u e n a r d." This was greet by an uproar, and to this day I (not gray yet) am known as "Big A."

# The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under act of March 3, 1879.

**VOL. I.                      DECEMBER                      NO. 3**

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WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The great feast of Christendom is near at hand. New life is found in the school, the home, the workshop, and the store. The school children are looking forward to the joys of Christmas, thinking of the good time they will have when no "naughty" teacher will be present to disturb them. The older boys and girls are thinking of the presents they expect to receive or give, and of the places of amusement they will attend. In the home, the mother is busy putting everything in order so that the house may have an attractive appearance during Christmas-time. The fashionable lady is planning for receptions and parties. In the shop the workman is daily laboring to satisfy those of his household who want something new for Christmas. The stores advertise great sales and special bargains. In almost every newspaper can be seen such reminders as these: Do Your Santa Claus Shopping Now—Ten More Days Till Santa Claus—Best Santa Claus Gifts Here.

All these things may be very well, but is

that all that Christmas should mean to us? Is it a time for wild mirth and extravagant expenses? Is it the feast of the mythical Santa Claus or the real Christ? To those who live for earth it is the feast of Santa Claus, but to us who live for better things it is the great feast of Christ's coming among us; it is a time of special devotion in our churches, a time of special remembrance of the poor and the homeless, a time when gratitude toward God and charity towards man should take new life in our hearts. Bearing these things in mind, we may enjoy the good things of the Christmas season and still be assured of that peace promised to men of good will.

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After the first number of the Echo appeared, so many mistakes were evident and so much room for improvement seen that we set about to improve the November number. Some "suggestions" were given the writers and some "orders" were sent to the printer. On November 10, the second issue of the Echo appeared, and while it showed that "some progress has been made," we are not yet satisfied. We are not discouraged, however, for we feel confident that before many more numbers appear we shall have reached some stage of perfection, because our friendly critic and director is for improvement each time. So far the only proof we could get from the printer was the linotype, but he has now agreed to furnish us with a second galley proof.

Whatever may be said of the quality of the articles handed in from time to time there is no reason to complain about the quantity of signed articles, but we would like to have more of such items as come after the editorial, and we do not care to have old jokes handed in as "original." As our space is limited we hope our schoolmates will not take it ill if their "stories" do not always find a place. If we were in a better financial condition we would be only too glad to make the Echo larger, but the best we can do is to run a few extra pages in this issue, as it is intended for a Christmas number. We hope our schoolmates and outside friends and subscribers will appreciate the little we offer them for the kindly support they have given us, and that, whenever possible, they will patronize those advertisers who have manifested their good-will towards our school by advertising in the Echo.

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—The other day some one said to me, "I don't see why we can't excel in athletics as well as in classes, at the C. C. H. S."

There is a season for it. At the C. C. H. S. we have not enough loyalty. What is a school without loyalty? The students come, recite their lessons, hand in their duties, perhaps stay in after school, and then go home. What care they for the school? How can we expect to excel in everything if we have not the proper school spirit in everything? Right now is the time for us to show school spirit if we have any. Of course we may be "bawled out" in class, or we may be kept in after school, or we may get a number of heavy duties, but after all, this is for our good. The school is still in its infancy, and loyalty now means much for its future welfare. But what is to become of it, if we have a number of happy-go-lucky students who are nothing more than a dead weight lying lazily on everything we try to push upward? If it must be, God send the reapers soon!

—T. Brennan.

\* \* \*

—During the football season we witnessed a splendid example of loyal spirit—the spirit displayed by the Friar Club. In hours filled with foreboding of defeat, the men went forth in unity to cheer the players. With each play there was a cheer, no matter whether the play was good or bad. The players felt the spirit that was behind them, and they played as no Fort Wayne team ever played before. Now, we are not an independent club—we are a school, —but a like spirit should prevail among us. Every undertaking for the good of our school, should be cheered, should be supported by each and every one of us. Our entertainments, our studies, our athletics—in fine, everything that tends to make our school better known and better loved—should never lack our words of praise and hearty support.

—R. Roy.

\* \* \*

—Almost every teacher has the habit of assigning work for the next class. This assignment is called duty. Now, it is always the best plan for the students to get their duties in on time; otherwise the teachers will most likely double the work and mark the students zero anyhow. The

best way to be sure about one's duties is to get them as soon after assignment as possible, for to let a duty drag on until the last minute means that it will not be done. This is the trouble with too many students and the reason that some do not get along as well as others. In addition to this there is another reason why duties should be done on time. Good sense tells us that it is much easier to have duties at the appointed time than to be kept in after school to do double work, when one should be outside enjoying the afternoon sun.

—R. O'Brien.

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—One of the best ways to bring a school to the front consists in the presentation of high class entertainments and spirited contents. In this way the school is brought to the attention of the public, and school admirers cannot help but grow in numbers. For years back, our school has offered numerous entertainments and contests, and every contest and every entertainment brought us new friends. It could not be otherwise, for we have worked together, and we have done our best to perform the tasks assigned us. This year we are to have the usual contest for the Junior Elocution gold medal, the only thing peculiar to the Juniors as a class, and it is up to us to make as good a showing as those who have been Juniors before us. Let us resolve now to do our part well, as well as we can, and when the day for the contest comes we shall place another wreath on the brow of our beloved alma mater.

—F. Rogers.

#### SAINT ANDREW'S DAY

The annual entertainment given by the students in honor of Bishop Alerding's anniversary of consecration is one of the big things of our school. At 2 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, November 30, the Rt. Rev. Bishop accompanied by an invitation committee from the Senior class proceeded to the school auditorium where the students, the faculty, and the several members of the clergy were waiting to greet him.



The following program was then presented:

Greeting Song.....George Hamilton, Alfred Brown, Stewart Zurbuch, Edward Cunningham, Fred Schneider, J. Clement Fox.

Accompanist—C. M. Harkenrider  
Address of Welcome.....Harry C. Wiener  
Minuetto, from "Sixth Grand Symphony"....

.....Mozart  
School Orchestra—Violin: Joe Brennan, Paul Foohey, Edward Bushman, Alphonse Centlivre, Herman Centlivre, Louis Beck, James Huntine, Lawrence Kelly.

Accompanist—C. M. Harkenrider  
Jeanne .....Mohr  
School Orchestra

Ave Maria .....Gounod  
School Orchestra.

Piano Accompanist, H. A. Huguenard.

\* \* \*

#### THE DOCTORS' PATIENT

##### Characters.

Dr. Morpheus Jones, hypnotist....Daniel Haley  
Dr. Edison Jones, nerve specialist.....  
.....Robert Beuret  
Dr. Percy Algernon Jones, a faddist.....  
.....Paul Foohey  
Dr. Muldoon Jones, exercise specialist.....  
.....Frank Flaharty  
Dr. Mary Ellen Jones, surgeon.....  
.....Joseph Wilkinson  
Undertaker Jones .....Clarence Getz  
Mr. O. K. Bluff, the patient .....Leo Weber  
Dina, the cook .....Orlo Kelker

\* \* \*

#### WELCOME ADDRESS

Right Reverend Bishop:

We welcome you to our school today,—or rather, we welcome you to your own school. We welcome you to our midst, to the midst of the boys who are sheltered under your protecting wing, to the midst of those who are here present to greet you.

Fifteen years ago an all-wise Providence chose you to be Bishop of Fort Wayne, though you would not have accepted the honor if God had left the matter in your hands. But he who thinks himself most unworthy is the one whom God knows to be most worthy. And so He has given you to us to be our Bishop, and not only

this but also our solicitous father. To the people of your diocese you are the Bishop. To use you are also the Bishop, but that is not all. In you we behold the spirit that leads as well as governs, the spirit that encourages and improves, the spirit that has known the weight of years but has not forgotten the little ones who are preparing to wade through life's devious changes also.

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it never can efface the work you have done since you became Bishop of Fort Wayne. What your duties as a bishop are, we can only guess. We see you give confirmation, we see you ordain young men to the priesthood, and we see you perform other duties belonging to a bishop, but of your cares, of your solicitudes, of your decisions we know little. These are fully known to God alone. But that they exist we cannot doubt, for how otherwise would we have a Catholic High School in Fort Wayne today, unless your solicitude had prompted it? Yes, you saw our need, and for the good of our souls and God's kingdom of earth you did what only an unselfish heart could do.

At the time when you founded our school, there was little to indicate that it would continue and flourish, but you were not deterred by the possibility of failure, for it made little difference to you whether the world praised you or blamed you. We know you are not concerned whether your name will die with you or whether it will live long after you to be uttered with veneration by succeeding generations. We know you love not praise, for words often hide the thought. But, Rt. Rev. Bishop, we have no other means of showing our gratitude for the favor you have shown us in founding our school. Never were words uttered with more sincerity than the words I utter here today on behalf of the students of the Central Catholic High School. Yes, we are grateful, and we earnestly pray that this gratitude born in our young hearts may be still fresh when we grow to be men and are able to help you in the work you are doing for the Catholic boys of Fort Wayne.

Perhaps we do not fully realize the advantages we have in receiving our education at a Catholic school, in having around us teachers whose sole aim is to devote their best efforts for our spiritual and temporal welfare. There is no need for me to speak about the work

that is being done in our school. You, Right Rev. Bishop, made your mind easy about that when you selected the Brothers of Holy Cross to teach us by word and example what it means to have a Catholic higher education. God only knows what gratitude will be ours when, looking eternity in the face and recalling our varied turnings in life, we reflect that we laid a good foundation for time and eternity while we were being instructed within these time-worn walls that shelter us today.

No sooner had you been consecrated bishop than you showed your love for education. In your first pastoral letter we find the words: "A prosperous school means a prosperous parish, a poor school means a poor parish; no Catholic school means—I will not say—means no parish, but your imagination may picture the dreary condition and unpromising future of such a parish."

Already you have passed the three score and ten years allotted to man, but we still need you to guide, govern and protect us. May Saint Andrew, the patron of your consecration day, plead your cause before the throne of God, that He in charity towards us may long spare you to be our guiding star!

Whatever else, Right Rev. Bishop, may live after you to tell your noble deeds, there are three things that are so much part of you that we cannot but associate them with you and form the sign of Christianity—the Cross. You are the foot, fastened in the rock of Peter; on the left arm is your History of the Diocese of Vincennes; on the right arm, your History of the Diocese of Fort Wayne; and on top—yes, on top—the Central Catholic High School.

May we ever see it thus! And may that cross stand, so that in future years we can say: "I see him still, with arms extended.—the man who founded our school and made it a success. I see him still—The Right Reverend Herman Joseph Alerding, the fourth Bishop of Fort Wayne."

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#### BISHOP LAUDS FACULTY AND STUDENTS

In responding, Bishop Alerding thanked all who had contributed to the pleasure of the occasion, observed in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of his consecration. He paid a glowing tribute of praise to the Brothers of Holy Cross and said that the Faculty of the High School was a gift from God. He then went on to show

that though the school building was not all that it ought to be, the faculty and proved their divine mission by achieving such success under such adverse conditions. "A tree is known by its fruits," said he "and we have been waiting to see the Central Catholic High School show some of its fruits. It has already turned out three graduating classes and the State has recognized its standing by placing it among the commissioned high schools. We are proud of our graduates, and they have proved our theory that a liberal education is not only an advantage in itself but that it better fits a man for commercial pursuits than does an education of a less liberal character. This year is to be a banner year at least in the number of graduates we expect to send out from the Central Catholic High School. And you, my dear students, have done your share in making the school a success. You appreciate the work of the faculty—and the reward is yours."

\* \* \*

#### THE ENTERTAINMENT

We don't know what to say in criticism of the entertainment, for it seemed to please everybody. We ourselves are more than pleased, and we cannot but compliment those who had charge of the different numbers. Never was such a spirit shown in preparing for the entertainment in school. Neither the cold hall in which we practised nor the free time we sacrificed have made us the worse for our endeavors. Well, Orlo Kelker was easily the star of the comedy. His adaptation to circumstances was wonderful and he was never at a loss what to say or do. His interpretation of the "nigga lady" was natural and amusing. Leo Weber gave a good account of himself in acting the sick man, and he was certainly a happy choice for the difficult role of Mr. Bluff. Joe Wilkinson showed some spirit even as a lady. We regret the ladies could not see him. Flaharty was the most natural of all. His athletic disposition made him feel very much at home. Getz, Beuret, Haley and Foohey deserve no less praise, though Haley was rather self-conscious.

Joe Brennan was the pivot of the orchestra and he kept everything evenly balanced.

The chorus boys were the pick of the school and each showed that he deserved a place.

Harry Wiener delivered his welcome address



in a very creditable manner.

In all, we consider the entertainment as very representative of our school, and we hope that all others will be as fortunately planned and as carefully executed.

### CONCERNING THE JUNIORS

Once in a while we hear some promising Sophomores remark that the Juniors are a backward bunch, that they have no progressive spirit. But these same schoolmates of ours are ignorant of the facts, and if they review with me, the years that have passed since we, the Juniors, made our appearance as a class at the C. C. H. S., they will be forced to admit that the Juniors are not lacking in progressive spirit. We entered the freshman year with a total of twenty-four members, a class large enough to do wonders. During that year many of our class took part in all the school entertainments. To show our athletic spirit, since basketball was all the go, we organized a team that did honor to our class and to the school also. The fame of our class reached the surrounding towns, and when we reached the sophomore year representatives from Decatur and Garrett came to join our ranks. The sophomore year passed quickly, but we were represented in all the notable happenings of the school during that year. We took part in the social functions and the athletic games. We braved the sneers of the "classes higher up" and debated the question of "school athletics." At the close of the year, Kinder, Wyss, Hart, Trapp and Beuret had leading parts in the annual play, and no one has yet disputed the fact that Beuret was the "hit" of that "Vacation" play. But now we are Juniors and we got there without any favoritism either. If those above or below us want to criticize us, we invite them to go ahead, for "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

—C. Kinney.

### ABOUT EXCHANGES

We intend to have an exchange column in our next issue, so we are sending out some sample copies this month. We are anxious to exchange with those schools to which we are sending them. Six out of twelve schools that received copies in November have sent exchanges.

### WHO SAID "HARD TIMES"?

Ssh! Ssh! Dontcha tell it to a soul. I got it straight—there'—goin'—to—be—an—Alumni—Banquet—duing the holidays. Yes, James, it will be "some" feed, for regardless of the high cost of living the contributions toward the festal fund are coming in like ladies to a bargain sale. No ads, no publicity man,—just Central Catholic High School Alumni Banquet! Swell? I should say so, Eddie! They'll all be there and "Sherlock" Holmes O'Connell will look wisely on his "pure de chic" and remark to the waiters in a deep pathetic voice: "Go on! I believe this is just the water you washed the chicken in."

Come on in, boys; the water's fine!

### LOCAL AND PERSONAL

—Harold Kramer and Wayne Hart succeeded in getting permission to stay out of school for a couple of days before Thanksgiving. Their absence with permission was a surprise to their classmates, but it was learned later that the Central Grocery had enlisted their services in disposing of eggs, butter and turkeys.

—At last we've got an ambitious boy in school. Bob Clifford is determined to become a wireless operator. His home on Rockhill street looks like a bird cage since he got the wireless bug.

—Hart has just quit playing cards, for Foohey has beaten him in every game for the last three months. The only fellow Hart has prospered with is Eddie Merz, and this due to the fact that Ed has shown his hand to Hart in order to be told what to play. Ed is a good financier but Hart knows how to make the buffalo on the financier's nickels wish he had a thicker hide.

—We have been instructed not to open the windows on the north side of the school, as the school engineer has threatened to shut off the steam (when it's on) if we allow the ancient air to escape from the building. We fear the instruction will not be faithfully followed out, for no steam has often meant no school,—and who does not want a free day?

—Charles Kinney entered the Lyceum Bowling Tournament confident of winning that much talked of \$5. Luck was against him, however, for he bowled only 150. Some day he will try again. Since he lost, he has patronized Hinton's



Restaurant and never fails to call for his plate of beans.

—Our old friend Joe Tompkins writes that he will "blow in" to see the "boys" during the Christmas festivities.

—We don't know if this item will pass censor or not but we're going to risk it. About two weeks ago Brother Ephrem called up a certain lady regarding the absence of her son. He was informed that the poor boy was sick in bed; so he consoled the weeping mother in the following words: "I'm glad to hear that, for I was afraid he was taking a day off." The young lad was in school the next day.

—Bother Daniel has served notice on the Seniors that he will stop the first rag-man that comes along and disposes of the eight or nine overcoats that have been daily used to decorate the typewriter cabinets since the cold weather set in.

—Heretofore the Seniors were permitted to take advantage of the usual study period from 10:15 to 11:00. But now 'tis a thing of the past for them, as Brother Ephrem keeps them busy writing, reading, speaking, debating, etc., during that time. There is so much supplementary work to be done by the Senior class that it has been thought better to devote this period to it than to assign certain tasks for home duties.

—We don't think that it is any harm to go to a wedding, but when Charlie Harkenrider stays out of school to attend a wedding we begin to grow uneasy, for we think so much of Charlie that we wouldn't for the life of us welcome any reports that would indicate matrimonial contemplations on his part.

—Howard Derck and Lewis McLaughlin have been admitted to the regular staff of noisemakers. The other manipulators are: Edwin Kirkland, Joe Zuber, Paul Foohey, Leo Weber, Robert Roy, Anthony Trapp.

—If misfortunes come in triplets, so do fortunate things. In September we got those two tin cups; in October we got a clock for the study-hall; in November the Catholic Encyclopedia appeared in the school library.

—All chances of the Seniors being followed by a jinx this year has been eliminated by the presence of Joe Ryan in that class. Thirteen was the starting number, and it didn't bring us such bad luck after all. Joe told one of the Seniors that he would have come sooner if it had not been for the fact that he wished to

be graduated with a famous class.

—William Lynch, who formerly occupied a desk here has again come under our notice. Do you remember how the boys kidded him one time when he was caught in a beauty parlor having his finger nails manicured? Well, at a recent reception at the Anthony he went one better. Yes, sir, we have been informed that he was found in a full dress suit and etc—as far as you wish.

—Leon Baker, one of our honor graduates in 1913, visited the school the day before Thanksgiving. Leon is a Sophomore at Illinois University, but you would never imagine such a thing, as he isn't a bit "stuck up." He gave us a few piano selections, just like he used to do of yore. His visit cost him \$1.00, but he said he must have a copy of the Echo at any price.

—It is about time that some who have had their names enrolled as students would act like students and not spend the day over at Joe's. If they are not already aware of the fact we wish to inform them that Brother Anthony has been doing a little detective work and is meeting with eminent success.

—Percy Algernon, who very often acts like a genuine nincompoop, shows little sign of improvement, because he was caught at his old tricks again, and thereby brought suspicion upon certain respectable members of the Senior class.

—Gordon J. P. Kelly got leave of absence, November 9, to go to Grand Rapids for a few days. He dashed off in a great hurry, not even delaying to say goodbye to his friend Derck. When he returned we learned that he was visiting his grandsire, a worthy gentleman who had saved Gordon—when he was a mere "Honey Child"—from misinformed kidnappers who were caught in the act of putting said baby in a sack. Gordon is now sixteen years old, weighs 231 lbs., is well-proportioned, good-natured, and not married, as Brother Daniel once supposed, when Gordon and his mother called at the school over a year ago. Gordon has his shoes made to order, and Carl Yaste thinks that a prudent "Blackie" would not touch them for less than 25c. Mr. Kelly (we don't mean either of the other Kellys) put on the "toga virilis" on November 19, according to reports from Brother Ephrem's Latin Class.

Bill Ryan has taken to wearing tan shoes and socks of (?) color—we don't know what descriptive adjective to use, but it is the one

you would use to describe the ankle-wear of the "chickens" that make a business of crossing Calhoun Street on a wet day; but, in the absence of a slit skirt, Bill wears his trousers at half mast. However, this same Ryan has some "manly" qualities, if we are to credit himself, for he has informed us that he has for a long time smoked and chewed tobacco, and that he has lately taken to soft drinks, a fact which he justifies by saying that worms were recently found in the city reservoir.

### LEST WE FORGET

Monday, Nov. 2. All Saints' Day. Bill Fry, Bob Martin, Bill Ryan and Bob Heidrick, accompanied by several Arcola dogs, tried to shoot rabbits. Of course nobody in school believes their hard luck stories.

Tuesday, Nov. 2.—All Soul's Day. The students and faculty attended the Pontifical Requiem Mass. It is hard to say whether it was the organ or the organist that was out of tune, but we have no such doubt regarding the singers.

Wednesday, Nov. 3. The Ananias Club went down in defeat before Brother Daniel today. Several members have tendered their resignation. Brother Exupere still insists on a straight definition for curve. Beck brought a black canine to school and created an uproar. Brother Anthony turned him loose (the dog, not Beck) in a masterly manner, as he is probably of the opinion that we have "pups" enough in school already.

Thursday, Nov. 4. Paul Foohey (the same whose name is on every page) was again in the fray today. We would have no "Lest We Forget" page should we have the misfortune to lose Gordon Kelly or Paul. Of course we could say this every day: J. J. B. and D. B. late as usual.

Friday, Nov. 5. Joe Brennan, supposed to be at Ann Arbor watching the Michigan-Cornell game. Foohey, Beck and Beuret got taken in by a "wonderfully smart Alex" who thinks it a good joke to put some Seniors in hot water and then laugh at them.

Monday, Nov. 8. A Western-Union clock was noticed in the study hall today. We don't know whether he wants us to see how much time we the trouble of looking at our "Ingersols," or whether he wants us to see how much time we lose.

Tuesday, Nov. 9. Joy for the Senior class! Another member in the person of Joseph Ryan has thrown in his lot with the original thirteen. The evil spell has vanished. O you thirteen!

Wednesday, Nov. 10. Our engineer was in doubt whether he should fire-up or not today. It seems to us that he wants to impress us with the importance of his position and show us what it means to be "Regulator of the Atmospheric Condition at the Central Catholic High School."

Thursday, Nov. 11. The Feast of St. Martin. Our engineer celebrated, if the following is any indication: The present pastor of the Cathedral had some work to be done that needed "speedy" attention, but he did not have the work done for he let Martin sleep on.

Friday, Nov. 12. Many long faces in school to-day. Why? Oh, the bi-monthly reports reached head-quarters yesterday. Bob Heidrick spent the afternoon at a feed barn. We wonder if his "dad" heard about it. Some on the Board of Editors got a shaking up after school for inactivity.

Monday, Nov. 15. The Echo Staff looked wise when the Journal man came in to "mug" them for the paper. Beck was fortunate enough to be absent.

Tuesday, Nov. 16. All Freshmen solemnly resolved to keep their shoes shined and their ears washed for the rest of the present term. All but one have discarded the sporting shirts so common at the opening of school.

Wednesday, Nov. 17. Getz promised to pay for the windows broken in the Senior room. You will be good, Clarence! The orchestra seemed to be in tune for the first time. What was the name of the rag?

Thursday, Nov. 18. Alex McDonald says that the jitney business is getting dull. Perhaps it's because O'Brien collects for him no longer.

Friday, Nov. 19. Brother Anthony put a kink in the bliss of those who "played off." It is reported that he is the faculty choice for school detective. Joe's is no longer a safe place, and it's no use to send word that you are sick in bed.

Monday, Nov. 22. Three more days before Thanksgiving! Brother Daniel watched the "fiddlers" today. Beck made a contract to work for the rest of the year. Harvey Conway showed the effects of a first shave. Bashara forgot his face powder.

Tuesday, Nov. 23. Getz volunteered to be undertaken for O. K. Bluff, otherwise known as Leo Weber. Beck stayed after school to tell us about Anthony Wayne. Joe Brennan said he had found only one joke for his page in the Echo. (No, it wasn't himself.)

Wednesday, Nov. 24. Juniors handed in editorials for the December Number. Seniors worked on the comedy for St. Andrew's Day. Boxing gloves were taken from school today.

Thursday, Nov. 25. Free day! Thanksgiving—no doubt!

Friday, Nov. 26. Free day? Yes, we anticipated the Feast of St. Andrew.

Monday, Nov. 29. All recovered from turkey diet. It is reported that Ek and Burns used the boxing gloves. Burns doesn't look so bad. What happened to your eye, George?

Tuesday, Nov. 30. St. Andrew's Day. Classes until 2:00. Entertainment after that. The best afternoon's fun we have ever had. Isn't Kelker some star? Did you see Big A. direct the band? Why didn't Martin turn off the steam? Who was that lady called Mary Eleen? Yes, this was regular question day.

## DEFINITIONS

Family—Long ago a wife with several children; now a wife and canary bird.

Father—The second head of the family

Epitaph—A statement that lies above the one who lies below.

Stockings—Woman's only savings for a rainy day.

Shirt—Man's bosom friend.

Pastry—the first cause of trouble between the newly-weds.

Miracle—A woman who doesn't think her children angels.

Love—A young lady's check for Christmas presents.

Kid—A youth who must be well tanned before he is of any use.

Back Talk—In school, an invitation to the teacher to slap your face.

Latin—A high school luxury.

Echo—The only thing that beats a woman out of the last word. At C. C. H. S. an exhaust for too much gas pressure.

Physics—In medicine, something to relieve sickness; in school, something to make you sick.

Limburger—A bachelor's body-guard.

Face Powder—Man's directory in trailing a woman.

Hand—The young orator's force in reserve

Editor—At C. C. H. S., one who sleeps on the Board.

School—A congregation of fishes that live in hot water.

Street Car—Something that doesn't want to run unless it's full.



## JUNIOR PRIZE STORY

## "Consistently Inconsistent."

As I was one day sitting on the radiator, which was very hot, I had all I could do to keep warm, because it was very cold. Then there was Casey. The chair at the other end of the room was walking around as if drunk. "Clifford, why don't you get your Latin?"—that was all he said. As I said before, Latin is very easy. Then, there was the rent bill to pay. To think that my only son should smoke! Supposin' we should lose, there's plenty more where that came from. Hark! I hear the sleigh bells ringing. Then there was a crash—a scream—and another Dutchman was gone into a barrel of beer.—B. B.

## POLICE NEWS.

The words in quotation marks are taken from the Fort Wayne Sentinel of November 13.

"Fred Kelly was arrested early this morning near the Rescue Mission by Motorcycle Officer Young on a charge of disorderly conduct."

Alas, poor Yorick! We knew the feller well.

## WAR NEWS

Reports from "Over at Joe's" says that on the morning of November 16, General Weber, Secretary of State for the Echo, sent an ultimatum to Commander Benitovitch Kaitzvitch whose Russian Band was on the verge of invading our domains. The Commander was forced to withdraw after he had used up all his high explosives.

\* \* \*

The German and French classes have agreed to a peace compact from now until June. This was mainly brought about by General Getz, leader of the German "novissimum agmen."

## FUN OR PHYSIC.

History Teacher—"John, what is a profane historian?"

John—"A-a-a profane historian is one who cusses his writings."

"Why is dough like a man's wife?"

"Because they're both so hard to get off one's hands."

"When does a chicken fit in an orchestra?"

"When it has its corn ate."

"Why do people tell fish stories?"

"Because they are the only things that come up."

Teacher—"What little boy can tell me where the word 'appetite' comes from?"

Teddy—"Please mum, when we eat we is 'appy' and when we is done we is 'tight'."

"What did he say when they amputated his left arm?"

He said: "I should worry, my right's still left."

Percy—"Honey, I'm going to kiss you when it's time for me to go."

Madeline—"Leave this house at once."

Tom (to little boy who was lame)—"Say, Bill, was your father a brewer?"

Bill—"No! Why do you ask me that?"

Tom—"Oh, I thought he was, and that he died and left you the 'hops.'"

Leo Weber to Undertaker—"What do you think about putting an 'ad' in our Echo?"

Undertaker—"Nothin' doin'! You people don't patronize me."

Weber, making for the door—"Gee Whizz! We're not dead yet."

"Daughter," called the father from his position on top of the stairs, at the well known hour of 11:55 p. m., "doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

"Does he?" echoed the young lady; "well, I should say he does."

How few are the female blacksmiths, yet how numerous the women who are expert wielders of the hammer.

# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicis delectet.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 1916

NO. 4

## HOW TO MAKE A RESOLUTION

When you make a resolution,  
Do not make it for a year;  
Make a solid constitution  
By laying tier by tier.

Remember as you tread your ways,  
To straightly pile the tiers,  
For the year's a tier of days,  
And our life's a tier of years.

—A. Wyss.

## JEAN REVERE

(By M. S.)

Some sixty years ago, there lived in a little village of Alsace, Jean Revere and his family. From his boyhood he had worked as a coal miner, and although always a very careful miner he was sometimes surprised by accidents such as are almost unavoidable in a mine. Whenever he was thus visited by misfortune he would simply sigh and say to his would-be-comforters: "The good God knows and does everything for our good." For this simple faith he was frequently ridiculed by his Godless fellow-miners, who took delight in saying: "Ah, Jean, your fine faith and trust in God did not save you from this, did they?" He did not reply to the taunts of the scoffers, but simply shrugged his shoulders and went about his business.

His wife, too, would recount to him all her mishaps and family grievances, but he remained serenely undisturbed. However, he consoled her as best he could and always ended his heart-to-heart talk by saying: "Ah, the good God directs everything for our good." Indeed Jean was the very opposite of his wife for he never coveted the riches of this world. He was contented with his little home and the few acres of land he had acquired by hard labor.

Jean was liked by many of his fellow-miners on account of his uprightness and his philosophical turn of mind. As in every community, so also in this Alsatian village there were some who cast envious looks on Jean Revere, whom they thought to be stingy and notoriously "tight." It was customary for the miners to meet at the "Mining Company's General Store" after pay-day. Jean, however, carefully avoided these meetings for they appeared to him to be making the miner poorer and the Company richer. In brief, he had no relish for liquor, and this characteristic was the cause of his unpopularity among some of the workmen, who tried to impress upon his mind the subtle conclusion that he who earns money has the right to spend it as he pleases. Jean and a few of his like-minded neighbors did not see it this way, so while the accustomed New Year celebrations were going on at the tavern, they were spending the day at home with their families.

It was the fourth day of January when work was seriously resumed at the coal mines. Early in the morning there was a hurrying of busy steps to the mine. Jean Revere was also astir early and left in such a rush for the mine that he forgot his lamp. When he got into the neighborhood of the Company's Store he was greeted with hearty good wishes for the New Year by many of his co-workers. Others, who were still under the influence of the after effects of a week's carousing, did not wish poor Jean either good or evil. All they wanted was an argument on some religious topic, and as soon as Jean was seen approaching, Antoin Adere made the following remark to some of his mining companions: "Here comes Jeane without a lamp! Let's have some fun!" In a few seconds Jean was in the crowd and Adere continued: "Heh, Jean, do you expect to dig coal by the light of that faith of yours? Now, look here, Jean, don't act foolish at the beginning of the New Year; quit that old stock-in-



trade of yours—Ah, the good God knows best.”

Jean was ready with an answer, but he checked himself, stopped short, took off his cap—sure enough, his lamp was missing. Without saying a word he set his dinner basket near a post and proceeded to buy a miner's lamp at the General Store. This afforded a good opportunity to Jean's funny-minded friend, Antoin Adere, to play a trick on him. Against the remonstrance of his fellow-minors, he took Jean's dinner and pitched it to a tramp dog that was hanging around the coal shaft. To avoid Jean, Antoin made for the cage and got down into the mine before Jean returned from the store. Adere's companions were eager to see how Jean would take such a joke, so they waited until he came out and then one of them said: “Say, Jean, that dog that hangs about the place has eaten your dinner.”

“Poor beast!” said Jean, “I guess he was hungry—and the Lord permits all things for our good.”

Without another word, Jean turned back to the store to get some lunch for the noon hour. His companions could not but wonder at his peaceful and contented state of mind, so they waited in silence until he returned and then all walked towards the shaft. When the cage which they were waiting for came up, they were horror-stricken to see that it brought up a dead man accompanied by some miners who had been on the night shift. The sad tale was soon told. A string of cars had got started somehow or other and had come along at full speed striking the descending cage and killing Antoin Adere, for the dead man was no other than the funny-minded individual who a little while before had fed a stray dog with Jean Revere's dinner.

As soon as Jean had collected his scattered thoughts he said to those who were dumfounded at the sudden death of their gay companion: “I told you so, didn't I? The good God does do everything for our good, for if I had not forgotten my lamp we would all be dead now, and I don't grudge my dinner to that poor dog that made you wait for me.”

Jean's faith was no longer scoffed at, and the miners from that day on thought of the awful fate of Antoin Adere and bowed their heads as often as Jean Revere said: “Ah, the good God does all for our good.”

## CATHOLIC WRITERS

### IV.—Orestes A. Brownson.

The name of Brownson stands prominent in the annals of American patriots and scholars, though many who prefer sentiment to sincerity pass it over in silence. No matter how erroneous may have been his principles while he trusted in the light of reason, there is no disputing his intentions; and once his mighty intellect rested in the Church of Rome he built himself a pedestal in the Hall of Catholic Writers,—a pedestal on which we see him today.

Orestes Augustus Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16, 1803. While very young he was entrusted to the care of his Puritan relatives, who did not permit him to mix with children of his own age. This seclusion led him at an early age to devote himself to books and he himself tells us that while still a child he had the habits of a man. Being brought up under strict discipline, the only books he could find were of a grave and religious nature, and to their influence may be traced the religious unrest that followed him for years.

When Orestes was fourteen years of age, his father being dead, his mother went to live in Saratoga County, New York. Here there was an academy where he managed to acquire the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He now adopted the Presbyterian religion, and upon leaving the academy in 1822 went to work in a printing office. The following year he taught school. In 1824, having become a Universalist, he went west with the purpose of making Detroit his future home. Two years later he was ordained, and for three years he preached and wrote as a Universalist minister. Then, denying all divine revelation, the divinity of Christ, and future judgment, he abandoned the ministry and took up the cause of Robert Owen Dale and Fanny Wright in their war on marriage, property, and religion, carried on in the “Free Inquirer” of New York, of which Brownson was corresponding editor. At the same time he established a journal in western New York devoted to the “Workingmen's Party.” His sympathy was with the laboring class, and he was most assiduous in the task of elevating labor. The end he aimed at was moral and social amelioration and equality rather than



political. Finding that religion was indispensable to procure this condition for the workingman, he embraced the religion of Humanity, severed his connection with the "Workingmen's Party" and "The Free Inquirer," and in 1831 began preaching as an independent minister, at the same time editing and publishing "The Philanthropist."

From reading Dr. Channing's sermons he saw that Unitarians believed no more of Christianity than he did himself, so he became a Unitarian and remained such for twelve years, working in various places. After conducting divers periodicals and contributing much to "The Christian Examiner," he started a publication of his own called "The Boston Quarterly Review." The first number was published in January 1838. He did most of the writing himself. Some articles were contributed by Bancroft, Ripley and others. His political essays in this review attracted wide attention and brought him into close relation with the leaders of the Democratic Party. He denounced pure democracy or the rule of the will of the majority, maintaining that government by the will, whether of a man or of many, was mere arbitrary government, and therefor absolutism. He demanded equality of rights but not of wealth.

In "The Review" for July 1840 he reached the climax of his democratic principles and urged the abolition of Christianity—the Christianity he had tasted. He objected to the hereditary descent of property, having caught the socialistic spirit of European agitators. As he was a Democrat, his essay caused the Democrats to appear in a wrong light, and Van Buren blamed this essay for his defeat. Brownson, however, defended his action in the next "Review" and came more to the front than ever.

At the end of 1842 the "Boston Quarterly Review" was merged into the New York "U. S. Democratic Review," a monthly in which Brownson set forth the principles of "Synthetic Philosophy" and contributed a series of essays on the "Origin and Constitution of Government." These were too much for the Democratic Review, causing Brownson to sever his connection with it and resume his own review, calling it "Brownson's Quarterly Review." As he had now (1844) entered the Catholic Church he found new food for his Review and it continued to appear until 1865. It was again re-

sumed in 1872 and continued for three years.

At this time the Catholic body of this country was largely composed of men and women of the working class and as they were mostly descendants of a race long persecuted for the Faith, they were backward to lift their heads with the fearless independence characteristic of Americans. Some Catholics who were well-to-do feared to make their religion part of their lives, assuming a sort of compromising attitude towards those outside the fold. It was reserved for Brownson to change this. Conviction is conviction; and Brownson had been convinced. He engaged at once in controversy with the leading organs of Protestant sects, on the one hand, and against liberalism and political atheism of Catholics, on the other. He became an intrepid advocate of Catholic principles and merited a letter of encouragement and approbation from the Plenary Council of Baltimore, May, 1849.

So much is a person influenced by environment that not even Brownson was proof against it. After he had moved to New York in 1855 a change became noticeable in his writings. They showed a more conciliatory attitude towards those outside the Catholic fold, but he still retained his ideals of Catholic virility.

Saddened by the loss of much property and by the death of two of his sons in the Civil War, he suspended his Review for some years, in the meantime writing many articles for the "Ave Maria," the "New York Tablet," and the "Catholic World."

His power as a writer lies principally in the exposition of the fundamental principles of faith and reason. "His style was as clear and forcible as the train of thought and reason of which it was the expression," says one of his critics. Simplicity, candor, love of truth and boldness of spirit, give his writings a singular charm and influence. His philosophical writings are easy to understand and are indicative of his sound judgment. The "American Republic" is his most remarkable production. It is a revision of his "Origin and Constitution of Government," and was published in 1865. "The Convert" (1857) gives a detailed account of his religious struggles before he entered the Church. "Liberalism and the church" (1869) is a small volume of conversations, wherein he refutes some false ideas of progress and civilization.

After a life of seventy-three years, forty of which were spent in search of truth, he died at

Detroit, Mich., on Easter Monday, 1876. He was buried in St. Anne's Cemetery, but his remains were removed to Notre Dame University, ten years later, and placed in the Brownson Memorial Chapel.

### THE STORMY WIND

The sky grows dark, the sun grows dim,  
The wind sets the echoes crying;  
Now it's strong and then it's slim,  
Dying, dying, dying.

Again it comes, again it goes,  
And sets the echoes flying  
Amid the rocks, where'er it blows,  
Sighing, sighing, sighing.

It hurls the clouds about the sky;  
Full low the trees are lying;  
The leaves are off and wafted high,  
Flying, flying, flying.

—L. Weber.

### ANOTHER YEAR

Another year has passed, and I,  
Wrapped in my worldly cares,  
Have gained no more as it went by  
Than one who had no shares.

Tonight the bells sing in the new:  
What will it mean to me?—  
Stay in the rut or learn to do  
The things that ought to be?

—P. J. Foohey.

### SUMMER DREAMS

Whene'er I look into the past,—  
Those summer nights of old,—  
The dazzling spectres of the cast  
In ghost-like shapes unfold.

And now a bitter truth I know  
(By reason of my age)—  
The summer dreams of long ago  
Were but a fevered rage.

—F. Flaharty.

### THE ROAD TO LIFE'S LAKE

By Joseph Wilkinson.

Dan Tucker was a very rich and prosperous farmer. His household consisted of himself, his wife Mary, and their two children, Harry and Edith. A long time before, Tucker senior had accumulated enough money to enable him to retire, and instead of working himself he was that sort of man who sees that those under him work. He held the highest public office and social position in the town and was very independent.

Plainly speaking, Mr. Tucker was a very "classy" man, and his children were just as much if not more so. He had always considered the townspeople not good enough to associate with his children, and had more than once reprimanded his children for attempting to keep company with any of the young men or women of the village.

As I have said before, he had money and lots of it. He had also that feeling common to other men of money, to accumulate more. True enough he was making money, but not fast enough to satisfy his avaricious cravings. Accordingly, he broached the subject to his family of moving to Chicago. The vote was unanimous, and with little ceremony it was fully decided that their future home would be the "Windy City."

The following day Mr. Tucker and Harry went to Chicago to locate a suitable residence. As soon as they arrived they hurried to the Palmer House in a taxi. Nothing could be done that evening and Harry's father proposed going to some of the places of amusement. Upon inquiry as to the reputation of the many show houses, they found that the Auditorium was a theatre of good repute. As the boxes were all taken they procured seats in the fifth row, centre aisle. They were not in the least suspected of being from the country for they had much the appearance of society "bears."

A short time after being seated, a very aristocratic old man in evening dress, accompanied by his daughter, a tall, beautiful blonde, took seats next to Mr. Tucker and his son. The latter immediately took an eye full of the young lady's bewitching beauty. It was impossible for him to keep his optics off her, nor did he want to. In the meantime, however, the young lady stole a glance at him.



She was afraid to look up at him, for she was conscious that he was looking intently at her. Finally she summoned up enough courage to turn her head towards him. Their gaze met. She smiled sweetly and blushed slightly. Harry of course gave her one of those coquetish smile that usually precede a flirt.

After the first act, Mr. Tucker and the young lady's father went out into the lobby and incidentally started a conversation.

"Say," said Mr. Sayres, "did you notice the flirtation between your son and my daughter?"

"Did I? Well, I should say I did, Mr. a—ah—"

"I beg your pardon; here is my card."

After Mr. Tucker handed his card he read the inscription on the one presented him: Mr. G. B. Sayres, President, First National Bank, Chicago, Ill."

"Whew!" said Mr. Tucker under his breath, "I guess I'm getting into society sooner than I reckoned on."

While their fathers were talking in the lobby, Harry and the young lady were engrossed in a heart to heart conversation, same being started when the young lady accidentally or on purpose dropped her pocketbook on the floor.

After the performance was over, Harry assisted her in putting on her cape. They exchanged cards and Harry said, "I am at present stopping at the Palmer House."

On her neat little linen card he read: Miss Pelle Sayres, 438 Michigan Ave., Lake Front.

"You have permission to call," said Miss Sayres.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Harry in his most affectionate tone of voice.

The next day Mr. Tucker rented a suite of rooms for his office in the Masonic Temple. They went to look for a house and in very little time found one that suited them. The janitor who showed them around informed them that the place was 436 Michigan Ave., and Harry let out a yell for joy when the janitor said that they had for neighbors the G. B. Sayres, the richest people in that part of the city. The next day they were settled in their new home.

That night, Harry, in evening attire, made his appearance at the home of Miss Sayres, and was ushered into what he deemed the

finest looking parlor imaginable. The time was very pleasantly spent, as Miss Sayres was a very well educated and fluently speaking young woman. In the course of the evening Harry learned that she was to attend Vassar in the fall. He took his leave at a reasonable hour and made a certain resolution on the way home.

Harry's mother and sister were informed about the young lady that had so suddenly come into his life, and congratulated him upon his splendid "catch."

Since Harry had only graduated from high school at Shelbyville, his father desired him to have a business education. As it was only the end of May, he entered business college immediately, in hopes of finishing by the first of September. Mr. Tucker was doing very good business, and one day after an exceptionally good deal was closed, he bought a "Cadillac 4." This machine Harry used in his spare time in driving Miss Sayres around. She often remarked that she would rather ride in his car than in her own "Winton 6." Harry was keeping steady company with Miss Sayres and matters, it seemed, were getting quite personal. He accompanied her to all social functions and called upon her at her house about three nights a week.

September came around very soon and Harry finished his business college course. Mr. Tucker was getting wealthier every day and thought Harry too unpolished for Miss Sayres. So after a little talk with Mrs. Tucker he decided to send him to Yale. As Miss Sayres was going to Vassar they both left by the same train. At the Grand Central there was a sorrowful parting between Harry and Belle.

Things went on in the usual manner at school and also at home during the holidays. Love's bonds were growing stronger every day. It was now three years since Harry and Belle entered college.

Harry, being a well built youth, succeeded in making the football team. There was a big game scheduled for Thanksgiving Day at New York and Harry was to play. Having kept up a steady correspondence with Miss Sayres he informed her he was to play in New York. She promised to be present at the game.

The day of the game came around and



Harry found himself on the large gridiron. It was a closely contested game. The last two minutes of the game the score stood six to six. The last fifty seconds of the game Harry took the ball and made for the enemies' goal. He fumbled. The opponent's right half-back recovered the ball and had a clear field before him for a touchdown. Harry pursued him with all the vim and speed he could summon. Within five yards of the goal Harry pulled a flying tackle and downed him. The referee blew the whistle and the game ended a tie. On the outside he met his fiance-to-be. A short conversation was interrupted when the coach yelled, "Come on, boys; train's comin'."

The twenty third of December, Harry was in Chicago for his Christmas vacation. The following day found Miss Sayres in the same place. Christmas, the Sayres were invited to dine with the Tuckers. In the afternoon Harry went skating with Miss Sayres on Lake Michigan. After skating around for some time they found themselves alone.

Suddenly Harry said, in a trembling voice: "Belle, if you think me the right kind of partner, how about you and me skating down Life's Lake together?"

"You have my consent, Harry, and let's hope that the ice will always be as smooth as it has been in the past."

#### WRITING VERSE

My ink is pale, my thoughts are weak,  
When verse I start to write;  
And with each stroke my chair does squeak—  
Most pitiful the sight!

The sweat starts trickling down my back,  
My feet have gone to sleep,  
But poet's thoughts I still do lack,  
The scene would make you weep.

When English class comes 'gain next day,  
And duty I have none,  
The teacher says I'm in the way,  
And should be in grade one.

Who is to blame? Now tell me that;  
For I have tried to write,  
But such is my confounded luck,  
It's always something light.

—A. Huguenard.

#### CATHOLIC SCIENTISTS

By H. C. Wiener.

##### IV.—Alessandro Volta.

The volt is probably the most frequently used term in electricity; it is connected with everything electrical. There are many scientific definitions for volt but these cannot be very well understood from the wording of the definitions; some explanation is necessary. The resistance offered by electric conductors is measured in ohms. Nine feet eight inches of number thirty copper wire has a resistance of one ohm. The electric force necessary to send a current of one ampere through this length of wire is called a volt. The volt is then the unit of electro-motive force or the unit of potential difference between the terminals, that is, the measure of the force that pushes the current through the resisting conductor.

The name volt was given the unit of electro-motive force in honor of Alessandro Volta, a distinguished Italian physicist, the first among philosophers whose career lay solely in the study of electricity.

Volta was born of a noble family at Como, a city in northern Italy, on February 18, 1745. Owing to the financial condition of his parents, his education was somewhat neglected for a time, but by the good graces of ecclesiastical relatives he was able to finish his classical studies at the age of seventeen. His scientific bent of mind was encouraged, and at the age of twenty-four he published his first article on electricity, "The Attractive Force of Electric Fire." This attracted considerable attention and together with his description of a new electrical machine in 1771, laid the foundation of his fame and aided him in securing his first appointment in 1774, which consisted of a professorship of physics in the Liceo of Como. The year following he constructed the first practical electrophorus, and though the principle of this machine was known to a few scientists before him, it is very probable that he had borrowed the idea from none of them, so that we may practically give him credit for the invention of the electrophorus. Our modern machines are but a modification of the one he invented. The electrophorus is the simplest type of an electrical generator. It consists of a metal plate and a vulcanite or rubber disk. The disk is

charged by rubbing with flannel. When the metal plate is placed on the rubbed vulcanite the former receives an electrical charge by induction. By the "grounding method" the metal disk can induce an equal charge on another plate without losing any of its own charge. By this means mechanical energy can be transformed into electrical energy. These machines are now in common use, and many varieties are used in high schools and colleges to demonstrate static electricity.

The electroscope is also the invention of Volta, and the modern electrostatic voltmeter is but a development of his original electroscope. The voltmeter is used for measuring potential difference or the number of volts. The primary electroscope is used for testing the sign of static electricity. In conjunction with the electroscope, Volta also invented the electrical condenser, an instrument which greatly aids in the collection or retention of electricity. The Leyden jar is a good example of a demonstrative condenser.

His fame as a scientist was increasing, and in 1779 he was elected to the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Pavia. He still continued his work in electricity, and in 1780 he went on a travel tour through France, Holland, Germany, and England, and met many representative men of science.

Of Volta's other inventions and experiments I shall only refer to his greatest invention, the "pile." It will be noted that his inventions so far were instruments for measuring or detecting electricity; but his invention of the electric "pile" or primary voltaic cell opened the way for many other forms of current-producing cells, and today almost every school-boy interested in electricity has made voltaic cells by using zinc and copper plates in a very dilute solution of sulphuric acid. Volta, however, did not use the cell in this form but got several small discs of copper, zinc, and cloth or thick paper which he soaked in brine. These he arranged in a rouleau or pile by placing the moistened paper between the alternate discs of copper and zinc. When the ends of the pile were connected by a wire, a steady flow of electricity resulted. Other metals arranged under the same principle also produce an electric current; and indeed it is Volta's principle that is used in making the dry cells batteries so common today. Most of us are

aware of the fact that dry cells do not give good results when too cold, but Volta also knew this for he stated that warm solutions give better results than cold ones. The truth is that what we term dry cells are not dry cells at all for the electrolyte is simply a paste.

The strangest thing about Volta's discovery of the "pile" is his non-development of it. To others, notably Carlisle, Davy, Nicholson, and Oersted, belong the development of the "pile" for practical purposes. Volta never did seem to hurry about his inventions, for though he had formed the idea of the "pile" in 1796, he did not write about it until 1800. And no sooner had he made his invention known than he left its practical application to be taken up by others. For the remainder of his life he took things easy, so to say, and save for some other few notes on electricity and gases he quietly awaited the honors that were coming thick upon him.

In 1801 Napoleon invited Volta to demonstrate his "pile" before the Institute of France and as a reward for his scientific work had him awarded a gold medal. The following year Napoleon made him Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, and later Count, and the Institute of France admitted him to membership. In 1815 the Emperor of Austria appointed him director of the philosophical faculty of Padua, a position which he held for four years. He then retired to private life and lived contentedly till his death, March 5, 1827.

Volta was a scientist, for he possessed that degree of tenacity and patience that makes the life of the experimenter possible and successful. He was frank, candid and free from pretense both in his person and in his writings. He was not, however, an expert reasoner, for he seldom changed an abstract notion to the concrete. In short, he was an unpretentious inventor who never tried to be a learned expositor.

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### CHEER UP!

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Why should you feel disheartened, boys,  
Or trouble 'bout the morrow?  
You'll find there are a dozen joys,  
For every little sorrow.

—W. Ryan.



## THE TERRIFYING TWELVE

By A. Huguenard.

Anybody that lived in Wyoming in the early eighties can tell you about Mike Carson and his gang. Mike was a great burly fellow who had given up his occupation as a cow-puncher for that of an outlaw. It was not difficult to find others of the same suit so in a short time he had a gang organized. "The Terrifying Twelve," as he called the union, was truly a most appropriate name. Their raids were as common as oysters in Baltimore, and they thought no more of murder than an Italian would of eating spaghetti.

After a short time they even became so bold as to have their clubrooms next to the sheriff's dingy office in the little neighboring town. There they would hold "meetin's," as they called them, but a more adequate name would have been brawls. To cap it off, they hired a fat fellow from the East to serve the drinks.

One evening while holding one of their "meetin's," the chef (They called him "Speedy" because of his slowness) announced that a traveling man, Bill Rossmore by name, desired admittance. The chef also said that the agent wished to join in a little poker game with the boys. The "Twelve," who by this time were well soaked with whiskey and looking for a little fun, told "Speedy" to show the "half-broiled lobster" in. The game started and the outlaws began losing their ill-gotten gold. In three hours Rossmore had so much gold piled up in front of him that an outsider would have thought the table one of those in a mint. The losers, without cause, looked very sullen. A pat-hand was called. The agent dealt and looked and looked at his "hand." He laughed so heartily that his cards dropped to the floor. The three aces and two kings revealed were seen by all the "Twelve."

Mike, who had lost the heaviest, seized this as an excuse to accuse the salesman of cheating.

"Min, wat do the 'Terfyin' Twelve' do when a dub plays double with 'em?"

"Give 'im a little mark he won't fergit," came the response.

"Wal, I guess the 'Express' orter be comin' pritty soon. 'Spose we let 'er have one of his legs as we did Jim Parker's t'other night?"

"We're on!" chimed in the toadies.

"But fellers—"

"Shut up, you blubberin' cook; we ain't got no time for weepin's now," jeered the former cowboys.

"But fellers, Bill has-as—"

"Shut up, or we'll brand ya!" was the rejoinder.

"Boys, we'll haft ter tie 'im up till it's did," said Mike with a sneer.

So poor "Speedy" was bound and put in the only closet the rooms boasted of.

The agent, who by this time was thoroughly frightened, made all sorts of entreaties and even offered them all his gold. It was in vain, however, and the march to the track was begun. On the way, a dispute arose as to which leg should be taken off. Mike patiently waited till the hubbub settled down and then said:

"I have it, fellers! Don't it seem that his right leg is kinder wobbly? Well, let's be kind fer once and take it off so he won't be bothered any more with limpin'."

hat's it!" yelled one, and the rest assented.

"And, fellers, if he ever comes back again we'll git rid ov the other one fer 'im," continued Mike.

Presently they arrived at the tracks. A stake was driven in between the ties, and Bill's leg tied so that his knee lay on the rail. Through some motive they did not wait to see their misdeed finished but returned, yelling hilariously and jingling their restolen gold. Not thinking of the tied-up cook in the closet they shambled off to bed.

The next morning the fellows met again to hear the report of Mike, who had gone to see how their captive had fared. After some time spent in restless waiting the cowboys awoke to the fact that the chef was still in the closet. "Speedy" was unconscious and it took much vigorous rubbing to bring him to. While this was going on, Mike breathlessly rushed in.

"Fellers," thundered he, "the consarned boob is gone and all I can find is this rotten cork leg!"

The snowflakes fast descend from sky

And in the air they dance;

Then on the ground they calmly lie,

And sleep as in a trance.

—H. K.



## OUR GRADUATES

## IV.—Thomas A. Hayes

Tom is another of our 1913 graduates that can talk for himself,—a task which he is well qualified to do. Nor is this all; he can also talk for others, as was shown when he made his appearance in Library Hall and put in "his best licks" for woman suffrage, winning the decision for his team by his forceful and witty rebuttals. Do you wonder then that he is such a favorite among those whose cause he boldly championed? To show that he was a real school-boy once we shall simply mention the fact that he recited Rienzi's Address; but he didn't do it like the rest of men,—he was complimented by the judges. As his ability was well known, he was always given a prominent part in the entertainments given by the school. A fellow who could sing, dance, play the piano, debate and orate, could not very well be kept out of them. His interest in school work did not stop here. He was the choice for manager of the famous basketball team on which "Jerry" Miller played center. He did more than manage the team; he was the main factor in collecting the funds that made Library Hall possible for basketball. He is still interested in our work, and no sooner had the first member of our school paper appeared than himself and "Jimmie" sent us their congratulations.

Tom is now a senior in the law class at Notre Dame, and reports indicate that he is doing something more than "reading law." Notre Dame will soon have another judicious lawyer added to her long list in the Indiana Bar. We expect that he will enter the law office of his brother, C. Byron Hayes, here in Fort Wayne as soon as he gets his "sheepskin," and that both of them will be ready the following year for the third member of the Hayes family. What refuge will there then be for the fellow who loosens the lid on Fort Wayne? Who will be so foolhardy as to pit himself against their eloquence and manhood?

## WRITING VERSE

When we for English class must write  
Some verse that will not cause a fight,  
We rave and search and often curse,  
But never do we get that verse.

—R. O'B.

## THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

The year has drawn unto its close  
And marked down days of fame;  
It now no longer holds that pose  
Assumed when first it came.

Through days of love, of strife, and hate  
It battled with a tender care  
And sent to the eternal gate  
The good and bad for judgment there.

—L. N. Weber.

## FOR JACKS AND AN ACE

It's great to see a pessimist,  
Who always lives in gloom,  
Forever pointing at a list  
Of flowers that will not bloom.

It's fun to hear a knocker tell  
Of ev'rything that's wrong;  
A thing can never be done well  
Unless you heed his song.

It's joy to hear the Ego's word;  
He talks of naught but I;  
His boasting always seems absurd,  
And would Job's patience try.

It's sport to watch an idler dream  
Of castles in the air;  
But when he's told to write a theme,  
His face begins to flare.

The trump of all is optimist,  
Who finds no fault with things.  
He never talks of goods he missed,  
Nor envies wealth or kings.

—H. Conway.

## THE SHINER

Oh, say, can't you see,  
By the dawn's early light,  
This black and blue eye,  
That was painted last night?

The painter's a pug,  
And one long at the game,  
Arcola's his home,  
And "Biff" Ryan is his name.

—H. Derck.

# The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under Act of March 3, 1879.

**VOL. I. JANUARY NO. 4**

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## STANDARDS AND LEADERS

We are living in an age of intellectual conquest, in an age when man listens to man, when reason conquers reason. Day by day new movements and new theories spring up, and there is no ensign without its supporters. We see the standards of faith and infidelity, of justice and injustice, of love and hatred, of patriotism and treason, and we see our fellow men everywhere banded together to support their chosen standard. No matter in what direction we look we are confronted by the motto, "In Union There Is Strength." Yes, in union there is strength,—strength for good or evil,—but this strength is strongest in the cause of right, in the cause of faith,

love, justice, and patriotism. He who loves his country must needs love his neighbor; he who loves his neighbor must be just; and he who is just must render homage where homage is due, must admit the justice of God's dominion over man,—must be a man of faith. On the other hand, infidelity begets injustice, injustice hatred, and hatred treason.

The champion of faith, justice, love and patriotism is the Church founded by Christ—the Church that renders to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. Today the mission of that Church is what it was from its foundation—to teach man to love God and his neighbors. But in this age the influence of the Church's ministers is hampered by unjust laws in foreign countries and by prejudice in our own land. Nor is this all; their sphere of action is circumscribed everywhere; their association with the bulk of humanity is limited, and consequently they are unable to cope with much that needs redress. Not so, however, with the sphere of the Catholic layman. He is in daily contact with the apostles of seduction and ignorance, of prejudice and malice, of free thought and free love, of utopianism and rebellion. His sphere of action is unlimited. A great field is open to him, and his influence for good was never so necessary. Not only can he dissipate the prejudice of the evil-minded but he can influence all to trust in those principles which enable men to live in peace on earth and to strive for the better things in the land of retribution. But before the Catholic layman is qualified to lead the general public by word and example he must be trained in the apostolate work of his own parish. A leader he should be, fearless in the cause of right, determined in the cause of justice and energetic in every uplifting movement. The parish club and the parish hall should be to him the basis for his beneficial influence in the shop and on the street. The meanest of men honor an upright man; the basest of men admire a man of principle; and the man of principle and sincerity walks with the steady step engendered by the courage of conviction, because it is only the hypocrite who fears the ground he treads upon.

Such is the field and the apostolate waiting for the Catholic high school graduate. To him is offered the leadership among the people

of his parish; to him the lesser educated will look for initiative and example. In him the unprejudiced will seek for the fruits of Catholic higher education. At him, the bigot and the infidel, the socialist and the anarchist will hurl their fiendish darts of prejudice and godlessness, of rapine and destruction; but if he be true to those God-given principles inculcated in his daily life at school, there is no fear but he will walk among men, another Arthur, bearing the mighty sword Excalibur.

—“How do you do this?” and “How do you answer that?” are common questions among schoolboys. There is more harm in these than is really supposed. In every school students can be found who drag along at the foot of their class, unmindful of everything except how to do their work in the easiest way possible. Instead of trying to do their work they take it for granted they cannot do it. And so, they do the “helping hand” stunt. But the fault does not wholly lie with the parasite, for the helper is as much to blame. It is through him the other fakes his lessons each day, playing the wise act and bluffing it out. Alas! this does not last forever; his little scheme explodes on examination day, and his dream of ease is shattered. Then he wonders how it happened. “I always handed in my duty and had my work,” he will say, “and I don’t see why they ‘flunked’ me.” But if he is not prejudiced he will see the fault and will resolve never to depend upon ill-directed charity.

—R. Roy.

—As it takes all kinds of men to make up the world, so it takes all kinds of students to make up the school. If all of us were ultra brilliant, what good would it do to have school? It is the share of some of us to be dull. Everything that we gain must be “plugged for.” If we stood with open mouths waiting for Dame Knowledge to drop in on us, I am afraid that the fox that jumped after the sour grapes would even laugh at us. If we need aid, we should go to those who have little trouble in conquering their studies. Those of us who

possess that faculty should put pride far distant from our minds. We should be happy that Almighty God has given us this attribute and be only too glad to aid those of our classmates who have to ascend the ladder of Knowledge inch by inch, for what we are we are not of ourselves.

—A. Huguenard.

—No matter what kind of gathering we may be in we shall always find those who are trying to find fault with some-  
**KNOCKERS** thing. Such characters are designated “knockers.” They are found in school as well as elsewhere. They kick about everything—teachers, classmates, books, classes, furniture. They always have something to knock on, but if they could only see themselves as others see them and judge themselves as others judge them they would make a desperate effort to change their tactics.

—L. McLaughlin.

#### LOCALS AND PERSONALS

—The High School wishes to thank Rev. John R. Quinlan for the use of Library Hall for basket-ball.

—It is reported that Joe Brennan is taking a course in domestic science with a view of writing “Household Hints” for the school paper.

—There are seven or eight umbrellas locked up in the school book store. The owners are requested to call for them.

—Reports that “Birdie” Parrot has recently taken up art have come to our notice.

—Leo Munich, another member of last year’s class, is making quite a stir in town since he began sporting Christmas jewelry.

—John Wyss, ’13 Class, tells us by letter that he is much interested in the Echo, and gave proof of it by rolling out the “dough” for his own and other subscriptions which called for back numbers.

—The Athletic Association wishes to thank Mrs. William Noll for a \$10 check received through Brother Ephrem. While tending to her Santa Claus gifts for children, one day in the Hall, she became interested in our efforts to decorate the place for basket-ball.



—The Annual (?) Alumni Banquet was held at the Wayne Hotel, Thursday evening, December 30. Several were unable to attend, but those who did, enjoyed themselves under the toasts and roasts of Eugene D. O'Connell.

—Joe Tompkins, a member of our first graduating class, was seen at church in the city during the holidays. We are glad that he is as good a church-goer as ever, but we think that his main object in coming to Fort Wayne was to be present at the Alumni banquet.

—Emmet Sorg, 1915 Class, is still on the job at the Bursley Wholesale Grocery Store. It has transpired that "Sorgy" had a dozen invitations for New Year's. We think you ought to be careful, Emmet, as 1916 is a very dangerous year.

—Wanted to know, the whereabouts of Frank Litot, who ran away with the Senior Medal for Christian Doctrine last June. Any tidings will be welcomed by the Board of Editors.

—The curse of non-co-education is on our school. Just think—not one of us was sufficiently acquainted with the happy lasses who were anxious to arrange sleigh parties during the holidays. Isn't this a fact, Harkenrider?

—Trouble upon trouble. Basket-ball was to be in full swing during the holidays, but Coach Flaharty thought it better to get sick for a week and stay in bed. Coaches are subject to colds, too.

—Fleming McKinnie was the first of "the-away-at-school" fellows to report to the Editors during the holidays. Fleming is at Notre Dame University and he has already made a reputation as a football star on the Walsh Hall team.

—The school engineer says that if the new boiler blows up, our education will be finished. We wish he hadn't told us that it is a five hundred pound pressure boiler.

—Al Wyss, a popular and prominent Junior, who hails from a suburb somewhat south of the city, finds that he is able, without exerting himself unduly, to keep up his tardy record. That old horse he drives just won't hustle along regardless of the time of day.

—Why don't the Juniors do something socially? Why don't the Seniors do something

socially? Why don't either of the higher classes give a dance? When was the last commencement dance given by any class? These questions are asked time and again by the live ones of the school. Who can answer them?

—Have you noticed that the Seniors have been "flush" lately? Have you noticed that they haven't been without money in their pockets for the last few months? Hist! The secret: Behler has quit smoking.

—We wonder what Beck hung up Christmas Eve, a stocking or a stein?

—A few additions to the Seniors' art gallery have been received during the past week. However, Ryan did not seem greatly flattered upon seeing his picture, although it was perfectly natural. A fine ink drawing of "Speedy" comfortably seated in his "Mercer" was also received.

—The Board of Editors and some others of good will worked during the Christmas holidays getting out this number of the Echo. Brother Ephrem conducted regular classes in the work each forenoon at the faculty residence. Four typists were on the job each day and the other workers kept them busy, although all the Editors did not show up as expected. However, the ranks were strengthened by the addition of some "peppery" ones.

—Just before school closed, Messrs. Behler and Wilkinson read something that sent them home rejoicing. It was an anonymous letter addressed to the Editors from some feminine "admirers and boosters of the Echo," anent the hard knocks given the weaker sex by the stories of these worthy gentlemen who lack the advantage of co-education. Of course, the letter did not put it this way, for its face value simply conveyed the information that these authors should read a book and see how a story should end. The offenders, however, insist on taking the criticism as are complimentary to their originality and would like to return thanks in person. We still hope that the "admirers and boosters" will so continue and make us feel the result by methods that talk for themselves. Should things show up in this light, we could probably persuade Mr. Wilkinson to write another story with the "happy-ever-afterwards" ending which he has chosen for his story this month.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

Let's go to it, boys! Too long we've lagged behind in athletics, or at least only sprinted out spasmodically. What's the reason? There are three reasons: lack of push, lack of contests, and lack of material. We should have scarcely said lack of material for we've got it in an undeveloped state. An example of what can be done by systematic work was placed before us two years ago, when the 1913-14 basket-ball team of our school downed all comers and played a brand of basket-ball that sent our admirers wild with enthusiasm. Was the picture of that invincible team hung up in our study hall for nothing? A thousand times—no! It is there for our emulation, and this year we should be able to hang another of players as brave and as loyal. Under the direction of Coach Flaharty, one of those who made that team of two years ago a success, we should be able to turn out a team that will do honor to the school. Manager Harkenrider will spare no pains in arranging games with the best teams, for it's the best we want. It is true that we started rather late to put up a team, but unless other clubs are afraid to play us we should have many games before the season is over. The very fact that the basket-ball court is right in the school building should add new zest to our efforts to bring athletics to the front. Not only is the auditorium open to the school team, but it is also open to every class in school, and there should be no lack of inter-class contests. Not only do we need a team for this year, but we also need one for future years. We ought to feel ashamed that our football team was disbanded after playing one game. Let us wipe out this disgrace by working for a successful basket-ball team. None of our fame as students will be lost by our interest in athletics. On the contrary, the life and energy infused into our minds and hearts will put us in a better condition to acquire knowledge.

None of us would like to have it said that Father Quinlan's generosity in letting us have the use of the auditorium was to no purpose; that the trouble and expense we have gone to in making the place look attractive was only waste of time and money; and, finally, that we are slow-coaches at the C. C. H. S.

A final word: Don't wait for "the other fellows" to start something; start it yourself; other will follow.

## EXCHANGE ITEMS

In commenting on exchanges we shall be guided by the policy of "give and take." We are ever ready to follow a practical hint or to take advantage of a well-meant criticism as we still lack experience, though we may have some ideas of our own regarding school papers. We have selected the following for a few remarks in this number:

"The X-Ray," Columbus, Ohio: Your paper gives a good account of your school life and is very frank about school spirit. However, we would like to see more space devoted to literary work. We like the idea of your "Honor Society." (Nov.)

"The X-Ray," Anderson, Ind.: An attractive school paper, well balanced in instructive and entertaining reading. (Dec.)

"The Comenian," Bethlehem, Pa.: Small, sane, solid, and conservative. We like your editorial on Emotion and Emotionalism. (Dec.)

"The Review," John Marshall H. S., Chicago: We have reviewed the November and December copies and find that this school paper is very local and personal, devoting only a few of its pages to literary work. However, it fulfills its mission as a good "Review" of school life, for this is evidently its purpose.

"The Courier," Boise, Idaho: A very practical paper, devoting much space to literary work. Your Joke Columns are also good. We hope to benefit by your systematic arrangement. (Dec.)

"The Crimson," Goshen, Ind.: We are interested in Miss Heefner's "O'Maras Elope," and we anxiously await the next chapter. Your Exchange Notes show sincerity. Your comment on "The Pennant" regarding the arrangement is a valuable hint for any school paper. Your own arrangement is good, but we would like to see every page filled.

"The Lilliputian," Canton, N. Y.: Your Editorial in the November issue should appeal to every one who has been accustomed to "let others do things." Your story, "The Mystery," would have been better if the last sentence were omitted.

"The Columbiad," Portland, Oregon: We like the spirit of your paper and are glad to see so many stories. The author of the "Spug" has a rather extraordinary way of arranging conversation in paragraphs.



## JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

On Wednesday morning, December 15, Brother Ephrem entered the Junior classroom, and incidentally asked if the Juniors had a class president. The Juniors shamefully answered in the negative. Brother Ephrem said, "Elect one." So the Juniors went to work. The first ballot resulted in the election of Clifford as president. Gordon disturbed the order by saying that the popular party triumphed over the wise ones. This remark somewhat shook the president's pride. Hart was elected secretary—another victory for the popular party. But the worst was yet to come. Brennan was given charge of the cash-register. He said he intended giving a banquet at Hinton's soon. With the election of Brennan the meeting was adjourned.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The Sophomore Notes missed the "Echo" train last month and consequently none of our happenings were recorded on the "Echo's" pages. We are glad to see that the Juniors are setting a good example but we think they are doing a little too much trumpeting. Perhaps no one noticed that we are showing our school spirit by wearing the school colors in the form of toques. Well, it is our earnest opinion that the cause was not that they didn't see them. Science is the ruling study in our class. Nassenstein is a professor of perpetual motion. Parnin is planning a chemical which will destroy boiler scales. Welch is a socialist and treats every one alike. Ryan, now-a-days, is figuring what odds to bet on Willard when Jess meets Moran.

## FRESHMAN NOTES

I suppose the very name of "Freshman Notes" will make many a reader turn to the next page as quickly as possible, but I am of opinion that those who do so have reason to turn over a new leaf, to use an old saying in a new way.

Well, we are going to have a basket-ball team. Here are some of the loom-ups: Doriot, Ek, Burns, Rohyans, Gassert, Suelzer, Kramer, Curran, Zurbuch, McLaughlin, Logan and the

two Bushmans. No doubt a few of these will be on the school team before the season is over, but this fact will only make us more proud of our class.

We also have a renowned pugilist in class. (Who is he? Oh, I must not tell you that.)

Why do we never have headaches? Ask "Bromo" Suelzer.

Why do we sit on the floor now and again? Oh, well—we wouldn't if we didn't have a couple of "kids" who are amused by "low" jokes.

We wish to warn the villain who has been calking the drawers of the desks in the back row that the class sleuth is on his trail.

When a freshman is absent he can be immediately located by calling phone 7240. 2757 is the number for the other classes.

—L. Logan.

## LEST WE FORGET

Wednesday, Dec. 1—Five prominent Juniors sauntered into English class without their duties today. They immediately left.—Statements for stationery were given out by Anthony Trapp, the clerk of the bookstore.

\* \* \*

Thursday, Dec. 2—We noticed on the bulletin board this morning a "Want Ad." So far all who have applied have been unable to meet the demands of the Joke Column.

\* \* \*

Friday, Dec. 3—The Seniors have been noticing the marked and lengthy translations of Virgil by Behler for some time. Now the questions are pouring forth: Has Mr. Behler a pony? Where did he get it?

\* \* \*

Monday, Dec. 6—The garb worn by Mr. Foohey today would remind one of the logging times in the lakes and rivers of Michigan.—Hart came to school with every duty yet to get.

\* \* \*

Tuesday, Dec. 7—The Juniors were given a lecture on manners this morning, but they are at a loss as to whom it was meant for.—Beck, Brennan and Beuret named the 'Bachelor Triplets.'

\* \* \*

Wednesday, Dec. 8—Free day. Feast of the Immaculate Conception.



Thursday, Dec. 9—Getz, Weber, Beuret and Harkenrider announced their intention of starting a "Booster Club." Brother Ephrem told many of the students that they should not join the "Booster Club" as he wants them for the "Knocker Club," soon to be organized.

\* \* \*

Friday, Dec. 10—Snowballs flew thick and fast today. Say, fellows, don't you think high-school students should drop this baby play?

\* \* \*

Monday, Dec. 13—Bernard Byanski had an awful scare in Latin class today. They say he didn't have his duty.—Hart and Wyss did their Christmas shopping today. Hart says, "Shop early and avoid the rush."

\* \* \*

Tuesday, Dec. 14—Automobile owners of the school have stored their machines. We wonder what they will talk about now.—Hart's fame as a bowler has been eclipsed by Kinney. Our friend Charlie bowled a game of 259.

\* \* \*

Wednesday, Dec. 15—Juniors begin to show school spirit by electing class officers. The Seniors are wondering if the Juniors are preparing to give them a dance after Commencement.

\* \* \*

Thursday, Dec. 16—Kinney and Schmidt worked overtime in Chemistry today. Why? Ask Brother Anthony.—Sophomores wearing school colors in the form of toques. Keep it up, Sophs, you'll lead the school yet.

\* \* \*

Friday, Dec. 17.—The absence of Wayne Hart was questioned today. Now, Wayne, don't set a bad example.—The editors of the "Echo" receive da letter from readers of the magazine who are not satisfied with the endings of our stories.

\* \* \*

Monday, Dec. 20—At the first sound of basket-ball a crowd of students gathered in the Senior room. With the hint of work all quietly left.

\* \* \*

Tuesday, Dec. 21—Those who ate their dinner in school today during the noon hour must have had some target practice with sour apples. When Brother Ephrem arrived at 12:30 he took in the situation, and when he began

to confer the third degree the guilty ones fessed up. He then gave each one of the twirlers a broom and told him he had better learn to sweep, as the days of equal suffrage were near at hand.

\* \* \*

Wednesday, Dec. 23—Exams! Exams! But, 'tis the last school day of 1915. We learned from the faculty that our Christmas vacation would not be spoiled by the arrival of our bi monthly reports before Christmas.

## DEFINITIONS

Ink—A liquid that has crowned kings, destroyed nations, ruined countries.

Ring—A binding band, after which no man can be free.

Department Store—A place where notions in skirts exist.

—A cubistic idea of variety, chaos of floor-walkers, peek-a-boo clerks, and out-of-breath cash-boys.

Heil—A place of everlasting blisters.

Senior—One who knows everything but can express nothing.

Radiator—An instrument much thought of in winter on account of its warm and pleasant airs.

Baseball Player—A coward who hits and then runs.

Star—An ice-skater's ability in making his mark when he is a beginner.

Automobile—A bunch of expense fastened together with bolts and screws.

Confectionery Store—A sweet place to sour a single man's pocketbook.

Porch Swing—A suspended holdup that swings with four feet added to it at night, and yet there is room on both sides.

Tennis—First a court, second a racket, third a bawl, and the game is over.

Science—The instinct a wife has around pay day.

Artist—Anyone who is a member of the "Painters' and Paper Hangers' Union."

Professor—A barber's apprentice.

Jitney-bus—A good place to get a close shave.

Foot—Something that often lets the offender know where the shoe hurts.

Cemetery—A place where the nuts get close to nature.

Oscar II—A cage full of squirrel food.

## FUN OR PHYSIC

Harkenrider—Give me a local for the Echo, Joe.

Joe Erennan—Go down to the interurban station; there's one due there in five minutes.

\* \* \*

"I'll bet you a dollar, Mike, that you can't drink a gallon of beer without stopping."

Mike thought it over a little while and then said he would be back in a few minutes. He returned, made the bet, and won it.

"Where did you go, after the money?" asked Pat.

"No," said Mike, "I was just over to Flannery's saloon and tried the stunt to see if it could be done."

\* \* \*

Hokus—"Who was it that first discovered, two's company, three's a crowd?"

Pokus—"I think it must have been the first father of triplets."

\* \* \*

Weiner—"What are the Pyramids?"

Wilkinson—"The Pyramids are a chain of mountains between France and Spain."

\* \* \*

Beck—"What is liberty of conscience?"

Kelker—"Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying afterwards."

\* \* \*

Fr. McCarthy (in Christian Doctrine class)—"Pinchon, why did the Lord make the seventh day?"

Pinchon—"Mother'd never get through if He hadn't."

\* \* \*

The driver of a Ford stopped in front of a hotel and put the blanket over the radiator. Suddenly a newsboy shouted, "Say, there, fellow, don't try to hide it; we know what you've got."

\* \* \*

Slim—"They say that the codfish lays five thousand eggs a year."

Jim—"That's nothing."

Slim—"Nothing, eh! I'd like to see you do it."

\* \* \*

Charlie—"I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me."

Joe—"I'm from Elgin, you've got to watch me."

\* \* \*

"Say, Jones, where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been in the country for about seven days to regain my strength."

"Why, I should think seven days in the country would make one week."

\* \* \*

Joe—"You know that Electric you own."

Buzz—"Why, sure I know it."

Joe—"I heard it wouldn't take anybody's dust."

Buzz—"Well, I tell you it has taken a lot of mine."

\* \* \*

Physics Prof.—"O'Connell, give me an example of liquid friction."

Eugene—"A ship passing through water."

Physics Prof.—"Give another example."

Eugene—"Another ship passing through water."

## THREE OF A KIND

A guarded secret I'll reveal,  
Because there's no use lyin';  
A movie fiend is in our midst  
Whose name is R. O'Brien.

We also have an orator  
Whose name is J. Beuret,  
And when he starts a-ravin',  
The boys all shout, "To Let!"

And we've got a splendid bowler,  
A chubby we call "Sid";  
But Lyceum fame gave him the name—  
"The Central Wonder Kid."

—B. Byanskie.

## ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

On New Year's Day we all do swear  
That we will stop our drinking;  
But soon, alas, we're on a tear  
And feel ourselves a-sinking.

Beuret and Beck and Brennan, too,  
Have often said these things,  
But still they love the "Mountain Dew,"  
These little men with wings.

—O. Kelker.

# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicos delectet.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1916

NO. 5

## Washington.

We hail thee, noble-natured son;  
Foundation of our land;  
We hail thee, Father Washington,  
And bless thy righteous hand.

We honor thee, our country's gem,  
Enshrined in liberty;  
We honor thee, the diadem  
That crowns a nation free.

We bless thy good and trusty sword,  
That carved the way for freedom;  
We bless the tongue that said the word—  
"The patriots—I'll lead 'em!"

We laud thee, noble-natured son,  
Inspirer of our race;  
We laud thee, Father Washington,  
Our country's Great Stone Face.

—P. F.

## Washington: His Parentage and Boyhood.

BY DONALD BECK.

The ancestors of George Washington can be directly traced back to the reign of Henry VIII. The Washington family, however, dates back almost to the time of the Norman Conquest. William de Hertburn was the progenitor of the illustrious family. He was of Norman descent, his surname being taken from Hertburn, a village which he held. In 1183, according to the "Bolden Book," a record of all the lands of the diocese, he exchanged his land for that of Wessyngton, and also assumed the name of De Wessyngton. Seventy years later we find Bondo Wessyngton and his son William in possession of this Wessyngton land. In the battle of Lewes (1264) the name of William Weshington of Weshington appears

in the list of loyal knights. In 1334, the name of Sir Stephen de Wessyngton is among a list of knights who were to tilt at a tournament at Dunstable. In 1350 William de Wessyngton was in charge of the manor of Wessyngton. He died in 1367, and his son and heir is mentioned as Sir William de Weshington, who sat in the privy council of the country during the episcopate of Bishop John Fordham. It seems that he had no male heirs for the Wessyngton estate passed to Sir William Temple of Studley who had married his daughter.

Before this time the De Wessyngtons must have separated into many branches, for we find the names Wessyngton, Wassington, and Washington still among the nobility, and in 1416 the prior of a Benedictine monastery bore the name of John de Wessyngton.

During the next century we note that many families in various ranks bear the Wessyngton name in one form or another, and to one of these families we trace the direct descent of George Washington, though we are unable to find the relation of that family to the first holder of the Wessyngton estate.

In 1538, the confiscated property of St. Andrew's monastery and the manor of Sulgrave were granted to Lawrence Washington, mayor of North Hampton, and son of John Washington of Lancashire.

One of the direct descendants of these Sulgrave Washingtons was Sir William Washington. In 1446, his son, Sir Henry Washington, was commander of the garrison of Worcester and held that city until the king ordered him to surrender it. Whilst holding out against the enemy he displayed "the same magnanimous constancy of purpose which bore our Washington triumphantly through the darkest days of our Revolution."

During the days of the Protectorate, England became an uncomfortable land for those who adhered to the House of Stuart, and it is



probable that the two brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, left England on this account in 1657. John and Lawrence were descendants of the Sulgrave Washingtons, and until recently had been considered uncles of Sir Henry and, therefore, brothers of Sir William. This account has now been discounted by historians who have good reason to believe that Sir William was their uncle and Sir Henry their cousin. These brothers, the name of whose father is unknown, settled in Virginia and purchased a large tract of land on the western bank of the Potomac.

John married a Miss Anna Pope, and several children were born of the marriage. One of these, Lawrence Washington, married Mildred Warner, daughter of Colonel Warner. Their son, Augustine, born 1694, was the father of George Washington. Augustine married Jane Butler in 1715. She died thirteen years later having been the mother of four children, two of whom died in childhood. In 1731, three years after the death of his wife, Augustine married Mary Ball, "a beautiful young lady, of good education, cheerful disposition, and a devout Christian."

On the twenty-second of February, 1732, their first child was born, to whom the name George was given. Little did they know that the name of this son would be remembered and honored for all ages to come; that it would be he who would decide the destinies of our country; that he by his bravery and valor would merit the title of "Father of our Country."

The influence of both the father and mother of George Washington helped to build up the manly character which he possessed from his earliest days. He was very happy in his youth, and the surroundings were the best, since his home was situated on one of the most beautiful sites on the Potomac.

Soon after the birth of George, his father moved from the banks of the Potomac to the Rappahanock. Here the Washingtons lived until the death of the father, which occurred April 12, 1743, when the estate was divided.

Mr. Washington had frequently gone to England, and brought back with him convicts to work in the colonies. It was one of these convicts who became George's first schoolmaster. George, in order to attend this "field school," as it was called, rode two miles every day. Hobby (for this was the nick-name given to

the teacher) was a short man with one eye. He was very good-humored and timid, and consequently George learned very little at Hobby's school.

In those days all the world was at war, and outbreaks of the Indians kept the thought of war constantly in the minds of the colonists. At Hobby's school the boys played war. A lad named William Bustle was chosen commander of the Indians. Fights were carried on between the "red men" and the "frontier farmers" by throwing stones at each other and dodging from one tree to another. Scalping was done by pulling the hair of the captured boy. In the winter time snowballs were thrown instead of stones. One day George was hit in the eye with a snowball in which there was a stone. Mrs. Washington wished Bustle, who happened to be the culprit, punished. However, Mr. Washington said that George would have to take care of his own quarrels. Accordingly, when George went back to school, Bustle was given a good beating. At this time George was ten years old.

It was the following year that George's father died. Lawrence and Austin, the two older brothers married and moved to their respective estates. George now enjoyed unlimited freedom, and his pleasure for danger became evident. He was continually up to some prank, and wished to embark upon forbidden enterprises on land and water. He was growing physically stronger every day. His fondness for horses also led him to take many risks.

Having no longer the benefit of his father's instructions at home, and the tuition given by Hobby being too limited for the growing wants of the stalwart youth, Mrs. Washington sent George to live with his half-brother, Augustine, at Bridges Creek. Here he attended a school kept by a Mr. Williams. Many of the books which he used while he attended this school are still preserved, and they are models of neatness and method, those qualities which remained with him through life. We are also informed that he was given to athletic exercises, such as running, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. As a proof of his muscular power, a place is still pointed out at Fredericksburg, near the lower ferry, where, when a boy, he threw a stone across the Rappahanock. He was a leader among his school mates, and was generally referred to as an

umpire in their disputes.

His school education ended when he was sixteen, but he had laid the foundation of his life work—character. Bancroft closes the third volume of his History with this reference to the youth of Washington:

"At the very time of the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful Washington, the son of a widow . . . . No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college had crowned him with its honors: to read, to write, to cipher—these had been his degrees in knowledge. And now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, 'Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day and sometimes six pistoles;' himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip; roaming over spurs of the Alleghenies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature, and sometimes spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land; among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncoth emigrants, that would never speak English; rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting place for the night on a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forest, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury;—this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the congress of Aix la Chapelle. And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg, nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son."

Let us be content in work to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.—Henry Taylor.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

—Pope.

## Boyhood of Lincoln.

BY ORLO KELKER.

We often hear the expression, "Such a one was a great man," and if we are still in our teens, we like to learn something about "such a one," when he was a lad like ourselves.

There is scarcely an American boy who is not interested in the life of Abraham Lincoln. But there are not many who can tell you much about his youth, for little has been recorded concerning the boyhood of this hidden light. However, the few facts we do know about his youth are worthy of remembrance.

Abraham Lincoln was born Feb. 12, 1809, in a floorless log-hut, little better than a mere hovel, which stood near the banks of a creek in what is now La Rue County, Kentucky. His grandfather, also named Abraham, was one of the pioneers of Virginia who followed Daniel Boone, his friend and neighbor, into Kentucky. Lincoln settled on Licking Creek, and it was here that he was killed by an Indian, who had stolen upon him unawares, while clearing a patch of ground in front of his cabin. The Indian who fired the shot seized the youngest boy, Thomas, the father of the future president, and started off, when suddenly he fell dead shot by the boy's older brother, Mordecai.

When Thomas grew to manhood, he married Nancy Hanks, and to them were born three children, one daughter and two sons. The family was very poor and began life in humble circumstances. The first home of these humble people was a small hut at Elizabethtown. In a few years, 1809, Thomas Lincoln secured a greater section of land at Nolen's Creek, where he built a small one-room house.

Nancy Lincoln was both mother and teacher. On Sunday all would gather around her and listen to her read from the Bible. These stories not only interested Abraham but they molded his character and gave him a desire to read, a desire which later developed into a great thirst for knowledge. In the evenings Thomas Lincoln would tell his family stories about Daniel Boone and other pioneers of Kentucky. To Abe the most interesting were stories of his grandfather's migration to Kentucky.

Traveling preachers occasionally visited the log cabin meeting-house erected about three



miles from the Lincoln home. After attending a meeting, Abe would come home, get on a chair and go through the motions of the preacher.

Little Abe first attended school when about five years old. It was kept by a Catholic priest, named Rev. Jachariah Riney. The only text-book was a speller with easy reading lessons. By careful work at home and in school, little five-year-old Abe was soon at the head of his class.

But he was not to continue here long, for in 1814, Thomas Lincoln, being unable to pay for his land, moved to Knob Creek, a few miles away. Here Abe attended a school taught by George Hazel, whose only text-book was also a "Speller."

The Lincolns moved to Indiana in November of the same year. Their only shelter was a shed or three-faced house. In this they lived during the winter, while the father hewed logs for the new home. Shortly after moving into the new home, an epidemic known as "milk sickness" broke out. Nancy Lincoln was stricken and after a brief illness died. That there could be no religious ceremony weighed on Abe's heart. He wrote a letter, little as he was, to Rev. Daniel Elkin and asked him to come. An appointment was made and settlers came from all parts to participate in the last rites for Nancy Lincoln.

The death of his mother was the first great sorrow in Lincoln's life. His tenderness of heart was also manifested in other ways. Once he shot a wild turkey, but he shot through a crevice in the cabin, so that he might not see the turkey fall after he had hit it.

Not long after his mother's death, his father gave him a copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." When he placed it in his hands the boy was so delighted he could neither sleep nor eat. Soon after he was presented with a copy of Aesop's Fables. He read and re-read until he knew them by heart. It was from this book that he learned the value of the story as a teacher.

In 1882, Lincoln attended a school taught by Azel Dorsey. It soon became known that he was the best speller in the school. He also studied arithmetic, and in the absence of a slate worked his problems on the back of a wooden shovel, the top of the table, or on stumps of trees. He loved his books, but even they were not too good to be defaced. In his

arithmetic he wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln,  
His hand and his pen;  
He will be good—  
But God knows when."

Young Lincoln read "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and "Robinson Crusoe." He had borrowed the "Life of Washington," and as some of the pages got wet during a storm, he paid for the damage by working three days in the owner's field pulling corn.

Among Lincoln's teachers was a certain Andrew Crawford, who is said to have taught his pupils "manners" and elocution. When Abe would come home from this school of elocution he would mount a stump and make speeches to anyone willing to listen. Counting Lincoln's days at all these schools they would not amount to one regular school year, but application to study at home during the time he could spare from farm work his mind developed with his body. And so, though still unknown, we find him at nineteen years of age, an unpruned genius, sincere, honest, and just; full of ambition and energy; soon to leave his father's home, little dreaming of the great though sad career before him.

### Washington.

"The Father of our Country"—  
Thus do our voices ring  
To him who brought us victory  
O'er England's greedy king.

George Washington, we honor you,  
The first in war and peace,  
Who made our country what it is,  
And made oppression cease.

—H. Kramer.

### The Monitor.

A sudden thought that finds its way  
When life's yet new and pleasure's gay,  
In heat or cold comes up to say:  
"The safest is the narrow way."

We try to drive that thought away  
And take the pleasure-laden way,  
But selfsame thought comes up to say:  
"Before thee is the Judgment Day."

—A. Schmidt.



## Willy Walker.

BY A. SCHMIDT.

"Mama, can't I please go to-morrow? Just let me go this time; I have promised the rest of the boys and girls that I was going for sure, and I don't want to disappoint them at the meeting at Florence's house to-night; it probably might burst up the whole affair."

"No! Irene; you cannot go; you must stay home once with your mother on the fourth of July, and besides, I don't care to have you mingle too much with that crowd of giddy boys and girls, whom you seem to take more pride in than in anything else."

"Why, there is nothing the matter with them, is there, mother?" returned Irene, rather humbled.

"Irene, I don't know what kind of tastes you have; you certainly have not got them honest from your mother's side. One of these days I am going to write to Mr. Walker, and ask him to come and bring Willy, and spend a couple of weeks with us. My, what a fine fellow Willy is—so polished, so refined! Why, he is as handsome as his dear old father. If you would meet somebody like this instead of that Tom Gordon and some of the rest of those simple book-keepers, how proud you would make your mother feel!"

"Willy Walker? Bosh! It's fifteen years since mother was in Boston. But I guess there is no use arguing with her, I may just as well tell the rest about it, and smooth it over as best I can. Oh, shoot! that's all I can plan on is disappointment, anyway," murmured Irene to herself; and with a shrug of her shoulders picked herself up from the davenport and walked poutingly into the library.

A very happy crowd of boys and girls was in the parlor of a nice home on Claison Avenue, enjoying one another's proposals for a good time for the picnic on the fourth, when suddenly the door bell rang.

"Who isn't here?" came two or three voices together.

"Everybody's here, I guess," replied three or four of the happy circle.

"No, Irene Evans isn't here yet," replied Florence Greyson, the hostess of the crowd, looking eagerly, but in vain, among the joyful group to find her friend.

Sure enough, it was Irene. She was ushered into the parlor to join the happy force.

"I am sorry," began Irene, taking a chair, "to disappoint you, but I can't go to the picnic."

"Can't go!" replied the voices of all, blending into one distressed outburst.

"No; mother won't allow me," continued Irene very sorrowful.

"Doesn't she want you to go with us?" quickly put in Florence, rather reproachingly.

"Well, not just that," returned Irene all abashed. "Mother seems to have some peculiar imagination about us. She is kind of funny that way; but you all know how much I would like to go. Mother has a boy on the brain whose name is Willy Walker. He lives in Boston. She thinks he is the only pebble on the beach. She must have seen him when he was a little baby, because she always talks about his rosy cheeks, and how handsome he is. Whenever I mention party or picnic or anything of the sort, she immediately refers to him; if she could ever forget him, things might come a little more my way."

"That spoils it all!" "Oh, shucks!" "That's tuff luck!" and other similar expressions came from all around the disappointed group.

"One minute, please, for change of pictures," came the voice of Tom Gordon. "Let a master mind use it's skill in such matters. All of you be at Brown's grove, and leave it to me, you will see Irene and me there, not long after you arrive."

About eight o'clock on the morning of the Fourth a very handsomely dressed young man was seen ringing the door bell at the Evans home.

"Step in, please," said Mrs. Evans.

The gentleman was ushered into the parlor and given a seat.

"Madam, I suppose you would like to renew your subscription for the Delineator?"

"Yes, I think I should," replied Mrs. Evans, with a note of superiority.

"How do you like the Delineator, madam?"

"Quite well, sir."

"In the East," returned the eager gentleman, "people think there is no other magazine, especially in the city of Boston, where I live; why, it is surprising the number of subscriptions I obtained there last month."

"Are you well acquainted in Boston?" asked Mrs. Evans, now a little more natural.

"Quite well, madam."

"Did you ever hear of Newton Avenue?" she inquired with interest.

"Why, I live on that very street," just as eagerly returned the solicitor.

"Probably, then, you know a family named Walker?" quickly questioned Mrs. Evans.

"Why, that is my name, Willy Walker."

"Willy Walker! Willy Walker! Why, you dear boy, you're just the picture of your dear papa!" exclaimed Mrs. Evans throwing her arms about him and kissing him on one side of the face, then on the other, until he was almost as tired as she.

"What are you doing out here, Willy?" asked Mrs. Evans curiously.

"I have been going to Yale, but I collect subscriptions for the Delineator during my vacation months," answered the accosted.

"Why, my dear boy, I bet you didn't have your breakfast yet," came the voice of Mrs. Evans, real motherly.

"I had a slight repast, ma'am, thank you, but if you insist, it will be a pleasure to me to feel your hospitality."

"Irene dear, come here and meet my dear little friend I have so often spoken to you about. Irene, this is Mr. Willy Walker; Willy, this is my daughter, Irene."

"Why, he isn't or he doesn't look like squirrel food, after all," thought Irene; "if he could only get that mountainous scenery off his upper lip, he might make an impression on somebody."

"Is breakfast ready, Irene?"

"Yes, mama."

"Come, Willy, and we will have our breakfast."

"How is you papa, Willy?" asked Mrs. Evans, when walking with Willy and Irene in the yard after breakfast.

"He feels quite well, thank you. I have often heard him say recently that he may take his vacation out here this summer."

"Out here, out here!" thought Mrs. Evans the second time. "Why, Willy, you got the grandest papa," she continued, putting her thoughts into words this time.

Willy was amusing himself a short distance ahead of them when Mrs. Evans said to her daughter: "Irene, you may take Willy to your picnic, and introduce him to your friends, and try to show him as good a time as possible."

"Mr. Walker, would you like to accompany me to a party a group of my friends are having?" said Irene.

"I should enjoy it very much," shyly and uneasily answered Willy.

"I just wonder what became of that goose, Tom Gordon; I suppose he will be offended," thought Irene as she and her companion were in view of the picnic grounds.

"Oh, here comes Irene, and, I bet, that guy she has been talking about, that Willy Walker, I believe his name is," exclaimed Florence to the rest of the interested girls, as she noticed the two coming in the distance; "I wonder what became of that dunce, Tom Gordon, who was going to do so much?"

The attention of the boys had now been drawn, and they fell for the mustache. Everybody was quite silent when Irene with her friend stood among them.

"I want you all to meet my friend—"

"Tom Gordon!" broke in Tom, removing his mustache; "but O you Willy Walker!"

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### School Years.

The years we spend in school  
Seem the longest years of life,  
The strictest years of rule  
And the hardest years of strife.

But when life is near its close,  
After pleasure, strife and care,  
Memory turns again to those  
As the days most bright and fair.

—A. Wyss.

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### Troubles.

Read of primrose or of stubble,  
Everybody's got his trouble:  
Some are longing for a sip,  
Some have gout, and some have grippe,

Some are hot, and some are cold,  
Some have thoughts they can't unfold,  
Some are gloomy, some are sad,  
Some are crazy, some are mad.

—H. Kramer.



## Shooting a Burglar.

BY HAROLD KRAMER.

I was awakened one night about a month ago by a noise downstairs. I had read in the papers about numerous robberies committed the night before, and my first thought was burglars. I slipped on a little clothing, grabbed my revolver and descended the stairs. When half way down, I slipped, and bump! bump! bump! down the stairs I fell.

"Gee! I wonder if he heard that?" I muttered as I arose, twisting and feeling to see if I had broken any bones. I was about to go back to bed, thinking my man was far from here by this time, when a bright thought struck me.

"No," I thought, "I'll look around. Perhaps he is hiding somewhere thinking I will give up the search after the racket I made. Ha! I'll fool him. That fellow may be wise, but he isn't dealing with a greenhorn this time."

It was early morning, just light enough to distinguish objects faintly. As I cautiously went from room to room, I laid out my plan of campaign. As soon as I saw him I was to say in a loud, firm voice: "Hands up!" He would raise his hands, for they say burglars are cowards; then I would search him and probably get another revolver. After searching him I was to tie him to something strong and call for the police. How I caught the burglar would be in tomorrow's paper in big headlines. Maybe they would publish my picture with the story.

These thoughts were interrupted by seeing my man before me. I stopped, my hair stood on end, and I could hear my knees knocking together in fright. There before me I saw the shoulders and upper part of a man. Although I now wished I had gone to bed, as I started to before, I managed to murmur, "Hands up!" The words were uttered in a trembling voice that was scarcely above a whisper. The man before me did not move. I thought perhaps he did not hear me, so I repeated the words, this time louder than before. The man's arms moved; my heart jumped to my throat. I thought he was going to pull a revolver, so I fired. The report followed by a crash, and my man disappeared. Thinking that I had killed him and that the

crash was caused by the breaking of cut-glass ware he had stolen, I left the room terror-stricken. I went to the living room where I breathed easier, for I was away from the dreaded burglar. How I feared him and the room he was in. In the living room I phoned for the police. While waiting for them I walked around the living room to the kitchen and back again I marched. When in the kitchen on one of my trips I noticed that my large black cat was covered with milk. I wondered where the cat got the milk. "Kind of extravagant giving a cat a milk bath," I mused. The old cat wouldn't have had that chance had I known it." Then I happened to think of the pan of milk on the pantry shelf, so I went to the pantry to look. There on the floor was the pan and milk. Part of the milk seemed to be wiped up, and on the floor were prints of the cat's feet. "Well," I thought, "Kitty's been taking a midnight walk and spilled the milk on the floor and over herself. She's been having a meal, too, from the looks of things. Well, no use crying over spilled milk."

Thinking about the cat and the milk caused me to forget my fears and before I knew it I was in the room where I had shot the man. Once there, I determined to look at him. Although it took some courage, I looked. He was gone. I looked for bloodstains on the carpet, but there were none. I was sure I could not have missed him,—but how did he escape? As I got up from examining the floor I noticed that the mirror of the sideboard was smashed to pieces. As I was examining the mirror, the door-bell rang. I went to the door. Two policemen entered.

"Sorry to bother you," I said, "the burglar is gone."

"Fine joke!" said one. "How did that mirror get smashed? Who stuck that bullet in the wall behind it? Let's see that revolver? Sure—I thought so—one of your own bullets. Shot your own shadow, eh?"

I had to own up—and my name got into the paper but not in the manner I had planned.

That very law that molds a tear,

And bids it trickle from its source,

That law preserves the earth a sphere,

And guides the planets in their course.

—Rogers.



## Only a Newsboy.

BY R. GORDON.

"News, mister? News?"

Those were the words with which Tommy McClure greeted every person passing Third and Division Streets in Harlan. As Harlan was a small town, the number of newsboys was small, but, nevertheless, our friend Tommy was the most prominent among them. He was good natured, exceptionally alert, and possessed a physique which was far above that of the average boy of his age.

On this particular evening, the streets were quite vacant, so Tommy sat down on the curb and began counting his money. He had just reached fifteen when the noisy clatter of a wildly running horse brought him to his feet. Unconsciously he put the money in his pocket and started after the horse,—not only the horse, but the carriage it was dragging after it. The horse was a good one, for it lengthened the distance between Tommy and itself at every step.

After a run of about half a mile, Tommy came to a sudden stop. He knew the horse was by this time too far ahead for him to catch, so he began to think what was best to do. As the horse turned on Belt Avenue, he knew he could head it off at the Belt and Franklin Street crossing, because Belt Avenue circled about the town. After about a seven block run, Tommy arrived at the crossing. The horse was just coming up the avenue, so he took his position in the center of the street and prepared to stop the horse. At sight of the boy, the horse quickened its speed, but Tommy stood firm. It looked like slaughter to the bystanders, but as the horse sped by Tommy caught the lines which were dangling along the ground and with all his strength gave them a jerk. The horse's legs became entangled and the animal fell to the ground. Tommy's next move was to sit on the horse's head, and hold it down, while a few men assisted the occupants of the damaged carriage. When the people were free from the wreckage, a crowd gathered around, as is usual in all such cases. When Tommy came forward to see whom he had saved, he beheld a young woman and a small boy, who bore the appearance of well-to-do people. The lady, on hear-

ing of Tommy's bravery, immediately opened her purse, which was very well filled, and drew out a neat, white handkerchief. At this, a young gentleman in the crowd passed a hat, which was generously filled by the bystanders.

In the meantime the young boy stood looking at Tommy and showed great discomfort at his presence. At last he said to his mother, "Let's go, mother; that boy is not in our class; he's nothing but a poor newsboy."

"Oh, well," replied his mother, "I shall have to give him at least something before going."

"No," broke in Tommy, "you'd better keep your money and get the kid an education; it'll take all you've got, and maybe more, for he sure needs it."

After saying this Tommy returned to Third and Division Streets, yelling: "News, mister? News?"

## A Portrait.

On the wall in ancient state  
Hangs my angel mother's 'trait,  
All the dust that's gathered there  
Brings to memory mother's care.

And that face to me so dear,  
Through my secrets seems to peer,  
Gently chiding youthful madness,  
By its look of patient sadness.

'Twas my father hung it there,  
When she left me to his care,  
On that dreary winter day  
When her angel led the way.

—A. Schmidt.

## No Sliding More.

Many a man through all the tide  
Of life and nature's woes may slide,  
But when he nears the valley steep—  
No sliding more—he then must leap.

And once upon th' eternal shore  
His fate is sealed for evermore.  
In heaven above or hell below  
His good or bad transactions show.

—R. Franke.

# The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under Act of March 3, 1879.

**VOL. I.                      FEBRUARY                      NO. 5**

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—System is the watchword of business. It  
must be learned in school if it is to be learned  
at the most advantageous time.

**Punctuality.** The first step in system at  
school is punctuality. The stu-  
dent who comes ten or fifteen minutes late  
each morning or afternoon is not only injuring  
himself but also the school. He disturbs the  
class by attracting the attention of his teacher  
and classmates, and usually delays the work of  
the classroom. When examination comes and  
low marks fall to his lot, he is the first to  
grumble about "lessons not being explained."  
—L. B.

—The greatest demand in the business world  
of the twentieth century is for people that are  
efficient. It wants people who  
**Efficiency.** can use their energy, people  
who can make things go, peo-  
ple with "pep." The days of "holding down a  
job" are past. Men who "fill vacancies" are  
no longer wanted. To hold a job today you  
must be able to do the work required; to do  
the work better than anybody else who will  
work for the same wage. When you get a  
new job, you must show what you can do,—  
and show it quick. Efficiency is the test.—  
J. F. W.

—One cannot take more water from the well  
than the bucket will hold. Neither can a boy  
take more happiness out of his  
**Dissenters.** schooldays than he bargains  
for. To enjoy school life one  
must become part of the school, must display  
that good will which is more valuable than  
money, must avoid intercourse with the dis-  
contented fellow who is always looking for  
somebody to listen to him. The fellow who  
through pride, malice, or revenge, agitates  
opposition to school welfare should be frozen  
out without delay.—C. M. H.

## Locals and Personals.

—Bob Clifford is happy since the Athletic  
Club found a basket-ball suit large enough for  
him. Nothing less than a No. 42 would do him.

—Rudolph Gordon made the school team and  
so secured the \$2.50 shoes that his father had  
promised him if he succeeded. Good for you,  
"Mick."

—A 17 box of typewriting paper for the  
Echo hitters has just arrived. A quantity of  
envelopes and other requisites for greater per-  
fection has also been purchased.

—Louis and Frank Centlivre, of Notre Dame,  
were visitors at the school on January 4.

—Joe Zuber broke his arm during the Christ-  
mas holidays, cranking an auto. However, he  
has been in school every day, and still wears  
his number ten smile.

—In the basket-ball games at Library Hall,  
Ferland, our center, must be quite a drawing  
card, as the admirers on the north side of the  
hall show a world of spirit when glory comes  
to him.



—A. Trapp, one of the foreign students attending the C. C. H. S. this year, is aggrieved to know that school closes in about five months. He has been so indiscreet as to tell us that it is great fun to be away from home in a large city. We fear that he has been making himself conspicuous in our fair city.

—Leo Behler was seen to buy a package of cigarettes at Riegel's, the other day. His action was immediately carded as one of the great events of 1916.

—About the middle of the month, Kinney, marched into Latin class without his duty. When Brother Daniel approached Charles, we all closed our eyes that we might not witness the next act. When we opened them again we were greatly surprised to see Charlie still there wearing a smile. Information, Charlie—how did it happen?

—The Juniors had a howling good time in the chemistry room on January 19, as they recited their divers pieces for elocution together. Some Esperanto!

—Not in the history of the school has there been so much absence due to sickness as was the case during the first and second weeks of January.

—The schoolrooms got a thorough going over during the holidays. The floor was oiled and every piece of furniture shined up. The manual labor division constructed substantial tables for the Senior class. The tables were painted with coal tar varnish to remind the class of the dark days ahead of them.

—The school literary club is in the embryo stage. The cloak-room has been transformed into a reading room where the "Echo" exchanges and other periodicals are placed for the use of the literary-inclined.

—The first class pilgrimage was made to the public library on January 12. The fourteen members of the Senior class and their English teacher spent the afternoon at the library looking up debate material. Many of the boys are anxious for more visits, as they found the librarians most obliging and entertaining. Flaharty and Haley represented the class at the library a week later.

—A certain Junior, known to all in school, must be taking morning baths in cheap perfume. We hope that some day he may have the good luck to read the words of the famous Roman: I would that you smell of garlic.

—Leo N. Weber is almost completely recovered from the injuries received in a basketball game early in January. He suffered severe internal injuries and was operated on by Dr. McOscar at St. Joseph Hospital. During his stay at the hospital he has been visited frequently by the faculty and students and a host of outside friends. We hope to see him back in school in a few days, none the worse for the operation.

—The Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, inspected all the classes on January 27. He spent part of a recitation period in each class observing the methods of the teachers and the standing of the pupils. After school he gave a short but pregnant talk to all the boys in the study hall regarding the work of the school, the solicitude of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and the pleasure he himself felt in noting the splendid work being done by a zealous faculty and an appreciative student-body. In concluding he encouraged the boys to take advantage of the excellent opportunities afforded them, telling them that the ambitious boy will find poverty no obstacle in securing a college education. His sincere and kindly words brought spontaneous applause from the eager crowd.

### Basket Ball.

A great change has come over the life of the school since Christmas. Now, everything is humming with basketball talk and practice. About eight school teams sprang up during the first week of January, and the dust hasn't had time to settle in Library Hall since, so spirited and enthusiastic are the healthy ones who feel the truth of "A sound mind in a sound body." The greatest rivalry exists among the different classes, and class spirit is fast developing. No longer can it be said that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Plenty of exercise is needed to keep the body in a healthy condition during the long, dreary winter days, when weaklings hug the radiator.

Cwing to the number of games that have been reported, we can only make a few comments on some of them.

The Tod Hatters opened the season with us on January 11. Contrary to expectation and endeavor they beat us to the tune of 33 to 20. Kirkland played a good game at center,



but he was unable to get the jump on Kelly. We played a faster game than the Hatters, and had more chances for baskets, but our shooting under cover was poor. It was different with the Hatters. Their forwards could shoot to count in every circumstance. In the second half we played them to a tie, each side scoring 12 points. Our forwards got the ball more under control, and Weber seemed to be more effective at guard than Beuret, who was handicapped by the size of his opponent.

The goodly crowd that witnessed the game could not but note the clean playing on both sides, and we compliment the Hatters for helping us to civilize this sport in Fort Wayne, and bring it to what it was two years ago, before professionalism and force entered into it.

Coach Flaharty was referee.

On January 17 we collided with the Independents at Smart School. It was a collision in every sense of the word. The trick of hurling the ball against the sides of the small gym was more than we were prepared for; neither did the rough wall treat us kindly when we happened to run headlong against it. Not only did we lose the game, but we also lost our efficient guard, Leo Weber, who, because of injuries received in the game had to undergo a serious operation three hours later. The game did not show much skill on either side. Dannecker was high point winner.

Three days later a budding team of old students going by the name of "Masked Marvels" afforded a good evening's fun to an interested crowd of spectators at Library Hall. We had little difficulty in showing that "we don't smoke." Martin, who has been trying for Weber's place, played guard and did fairly well, though he does not get into the spirit of the game like Weber or Beuret.

The Iroquois quintet was booked for the evening of January 25, and we felt sure of victory this time, as the boys were no heavier than ours, but we lost again. The visitors were better able to locate the basket. The game was entirely free from "rough stuff," though there was a holding tendency displayed by our team. Kirkland was in unusual form and covered the floor at ease. Martin seemed unable to get in line, and Captain Beck indulged in too much passing, giving the visitors a chance to cover up. Clifford deserves much

praise for his guarding. Every man on the Iroquois team knew how to play his position, and consequently the team work was good.

The "Masked Marvels" showed up again on January 27. Although they were defeated without difficulty, they showed great improvement since their first game at the hall. Martin played an excellent game for the school, keeping up full steam from start to finish, more anxious to aid others to make baskets than have attention drawn to himself. Rudolph Gordon has proved himself an expert dodger, but he plays the floor too much before he tries for the basket. Burns did creditable work at guard. Kirkland, who was playing forward for a change, got his knee badly hurt trying to get past Finan.

Such is the work of the team for January. Defeat does not discourage them. They are in the game for the sport and not for glory except the glory of representing the school. When the time comes to write about the team again, we are sure that we shall be able to speak of more victories than have fallen to our lot so far. We feel that our team can come back and turn the tables on those who have taken our scalps.

\* \* \*

The Seniors are the only group that have not yet organized a class team. Captain Kinney has a Junior squad playing under the name of C. C. H. S. Braves. His team is doing good work as school seconds, and we hope to be able to say more about them in our next Echo. Gordon and Clifford of the Junior class are playing on the regular team. Captain McDonald is leader of the Sophomore Firsts. Since Kirkland and Martin got on the school team, only lightweights are left on the fast Soph. team. Captain Doriot has a spirited bunch of Freshies, and he may yet take the title of Seconds from the Juniors. Captain Louis Beck has a fighting team of "Preps," and events prove he is no slow leader.

\* \* \*

Of the School and interclass games played the following have been reported to the Athletic Editors:

C. C. H. S. (20)	Tod Hatters (33)
Beck	Huber
Gordon	Casso
Kirkland	Kelly, Kaiser
Clifford	Borkenstein, Lee
Bueret, Weber	Steinbacher

Field Goals: Huber 5, Casso 6, Borkenstein 2, Beck 6, Gordon 3, Kirkland 1.

Free Goals: Casso 1.

\* \* \*

C. C. H. S. (46) "Masked Marvels" (13)

D. Beck .....F..... P. Beck  
R. Gordon .....F..... Parrot  
Martin .....C.....McDarby, Finan  
Clifford .....G.....C. Gordon  
Kirkland .....G..... Pierre

Field Goals: D. Beck 7, R. Gordon 4, Martin 3, Kirkland 7, P. Beck 4, C. Gordon 1, Finan 1.

Free Goals: Kirkland 4, Finan 1.

\* \* \*

C. C. H. S. (9) Independents (13)

Beck .....F..... Stahl  
Gordon .....F..... Moellering  
Kirkland .....C..... Dannecker  
Clifford .....G..... Fiegel  
Weber, Beuret .....G..... Wehrenberg

Field Goals: Beck 2, Gordon 2, Stall 2, Dannecker 4.

Free Goals: Kirkland 1, Dannecker 1.

\* \* \*

C. C. H. S. (18)) Iroquois (20)

Beck .....F..... Weber  
Gordon .....F..... App  
Kirkland .....C..... Woenker  
Beuret, Martin .....G..... Herber  
Clifford .....G..... Oferle

Field Goals: Beck 2, Gordon 3, Kirkland 3, Weber 2, App 1, Woenker 3, Oferle 1.

Free Goals: Beck 2, Woenker 6.

\* \* \*

C. C. H. S. (38) Masked Marvels (18)

R. Gordon .....F..... P. Beck  
Kirkland .....F..... Parrot  
Martin .....C..... Finan  
Burns .....G..... Pierre  
Clifford .....G..... C. Gordon

Field Goals: R. Gordon 8, Kirkland 5, Martin 1, Clifford 3, P. Beck 2, Parrot 2, Finan 4.

Free Goals: Kirkland 2, Martin 2, Finan 1, C. Gordon 1.

\* \* \*

Freshmen (10) Juniors (14)

Zurbuch, Logan .....F..... Kinney  
R. Kramer, Doriot...F..... Hart  
Rohyans .....C..... H. Kramer  
Burns .....G..... Schmidt  
E. Bushman .....G..... A. Wyss

Field Goals: Schmidt 3, Doriot 2, Kinney 1, Hart 1, H. Kramer 1, Logan 1, R. Kramer 1.

Free Goals: Doriot 3, Logan 1, Hart 1, Kinney 1.

\* \* \*

Juniors 26

D. I. I. K. (12)

Kinney .....F..... Stahl  
Hart .....F..... Morton  
H. Kramer .....C..... Stahl  
Wyss .....G..... Moellering  
Schmidt .....G..... Seibt

Field Goals: Kinney 7, Hart 3, Schmidt 1, Seibt 2, Stahl 1, Morton 2.

Foul Goals: Kinney 1, Hart 2, Kramer 1, Stahl 1, Seibt 1.

\* \* \*

Sophomores (19)

Freshmen (10)

McDonald .....F..... B. Loughlin  
L. McLoughlin .....F..... E. Bushman  
Kelly .....C..... Rohyans  
Reilly .....G..... Burns  
O'Brien .....G..... R. Kramer

Field Goals: McDonald 4, Kelly 1, O'Brien 1, Reilly 1, Bushman 1, Rohyans 1, Kramer 1, B. Loughlin 1.

Foul Goals: Kelly 5, B. Loughlin 1, Burns 1.

\* \* \*

Sophomores (9)

Freshmen (34)

McDonald .....F..... Doriot  
L. McLoughlin .....F..... Logan  
Kelly .....C..... Suelzer, Rohyans  
Reilly .....G..... Burns  
O'Brien .....G..... E. Bushman

Field Goals: McDonald 3, Reilly 1, Logan 9, Doriot 6, Rohyans 2.

Foul Goals: Kelly 1, Logan 1, Doriot 1.

\* \* \*

Sophomores (25)

Freshmen (21)

Kirkland .....F..... Doriot  
Kelly .....F..... Logan  
Martin .....C..... Rohyans  
McDonald .....G..... Burns  
L. McLaughlin .....G..... R. Kramer

Field Goals: Martin 7, Kirkland 2, McDonald 1, Logan 4, Doriot 4, Rohyans.

Foul Goals: Kirkland 5, Doriot 3.

\* \* \*

Freshmen (21)

Juniors (14)

Logan .....F..... Hart  
Doriot .....F..... Kinney  
Rohyans .....C..... H. Kramer  
Burns .....G..... Getz (Senior)  
Ek .....G..... Foohey (Senior)



Field Goals : Kinney 2, Logan 4, Doriot 4,  
Burns 1, Ek 1, Hart 2, Getz 1, Foohey 2.

Foul Goals: Logan 1.  
\* \* \*

Juniors (12)	Seniors (11)
Kinney .....F.....	Beck
Hart .....F.....	Getz
H. Kramer .....C.....	Weber
A. Wyss .....G.....	Harkenrider
Schmidt .....G.....	Foohy

Field Goals: Kinney 2, Schmidt 2, Hart 1,  
Kramer 1, Beck 2, Weber 2, Getz 1.  
Foul Goals: Weber 1.  
\* \* \*

"Preps" (9)	"Rounders" (7)
H. Centlivre .....F.....	Alder
Costello .....F.....	Blake
L. Beck .....C.....	Keller
Boland .....G.....	F. Ankenbruck
N. Bobay .....G.....	A. Ankenbruck

Field Goals: Beck 3, Keller 2, Blake 1.  
Free Goals: Beck 3, Keller 1.  
\* \* \*

Juniors (12)	T. O. P.'s (25)
Kinney .....F.....	Granger
Schmidt .....F.....	Brower
H. Kramer .....C.....	Buick
Hart .....G.....	Miller
C. Kinder .....G.....	Seibt

Field Goals: Kinney 3, Schmidt 1, Granger  
5, Browers 3, Miller 2, Buick 1, Seibt 1.  
Free Goals: Kinney 4, Seibt 1.  
\* \* \*

Sophomores II (7)	"Preps" (12)
Carroll .....F.....	Costello
G. Kinder .....F.H.	Centlivre, Schneider
D. O'Brien .....C.....	L. Beck
Reilly .....G.....	Boland
L. McLaughlin .....G.....	N. Bobay, H. Bobay

Field Goals: Beck 3, Carroll 1, Reilly 1,  
Centlivre 1, Costello 1.  
Free Goals: Beck 2, Carroll 1, Kinder 1,  
O'Brien 1.

### Exchanges.

"Crimson and White," Albany, N. Y.—Your short stories are very good, but they are short stories in the literal sense, too. The "sense and humor" column deserves the name, though

a few of the jokes have already acquired fame. You have more originality than the majority of our exchanges. You seem to keep well in touch with your alumni.

"The Budget," Berne, Ind.—Your paper is interesting in many ways. The written matter is good, and the proportionate space allowed to each department shows good judgment. The scores in the separate halves of the first basketball game with Geneva indicate that something was wrong in the first half and justifies your sharp criticism about roughness.

"The Manual," Peoria, Ill.—Your little news items are as carefully written as the longer articles, showing that you believe in doing little things well. The grade of your literary department deserves more space. "Wrangles in the Forum" shows that your school is a live one. "Manulets" has some good local humor.

"The Quill," Staten Island Academy, New Brighton, N. Y.—Your paper is well arranged and has an attractive appearance. The Class Reports are somewhat below the level of the book, but they are evidently put in to give each class representation. "My Life in Switzerland" is a very interesting article by a sixth grade boy. Your Alumni Department is very complete, even though you remark in Exchanges that Alumni Notes are hard to get.

"The Oriole," Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.—Your Literary Department is good. The "Ginger Jar" is interesting, and "Club Notes" speaks well for the life of your school. Your editorials lack the "punch" of other papers. In all, you have reason to be proud of your school paper.

"Tech Monthly," Scranton, Pa.—Your cuts and cartoons cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Fotte is a cartoonist with personality. Your stories have fairly good plots. Your Exchange Editor is free from that spirit of rash criticism which the "let-me-show-them" editors think so essential.

"C. H. S. Monthly," Canton, Ohio—The January edition speaks well for the talented girls of C. H. S. The articles are well written. No department is neglected. Austin Rose contributed a thoughtful article to the "Symposium on Girls," and every girl should benefit by this "Mirror of Womanhood."



### Reflections.

#### Seniors.

The days roll on, the weeks end fast,  
As on we struggle to the last,  
And oft reflect on such hard fate—  
That we might fail to graduate.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! how short the year!  
Its very brevity we fear.  
What fierce high jumps we've got to face  
Before we win the dreadful race!

#### Juniors.

Excelsior, our motto true;  
Our class well known, great work we do.  
In all the years no better caste  
From Sophomore to Junior passed.

On to the end we'll keep in step,  
For there's no class has such a "rep."  
And Virgil's "lore," that Seniors fear,  
Shall be our great delight next year.

#### Sophies.

Our hearts are gay, we keep no score  
Of deeds that make our teachers sore.  
Our crew most brave; we have the spunk  
Nor do we fear that we shall flunk.

We know and see how those who dare  
Enrich their days with toilsome care.  
We dodge or stay when baneful things  
Nip many a feather in our wings.

#### Freshies.

You cannot help admire our gall;  
We are the gents who know it all.  
We never stop with one good trick,  
We play our game just like "Old Nick."

Let other boys o'er worry swear,  
O'er useless work scratch out their hair.  
We care not if our work's undone,—  
We like to live; we want some fun.

### Our Beloved Janitor.

Gaudeamus igitur! Antequam frigescemur,  
Venit "Speedy" velociter,  
Rapit palam ferociter,  
Carbonibus non paracetur, carbonibus non  
paracetur.

### Forty Dollars in Prizes to be Given for Essays on Beautifying School Grounds.

The State Board of Forestry is trying to get every one interested in the preservation of our beautiful natural scenes and the beautifying of our schools, churches and homes, and offers forty dollars in prizes as follows:

For essays on "A Plan for Beautifying the Grounds of..... School by Planting Trees and Shrubs," \$12.50 is to be given for the best essay and \$7.50 for the second best essay by pupils in the high schools of the State. Also \$12.50 is to be given for the best essay and \$7.50 for the second best essay by pupils in the grades and country schools.

The essay must be written in ink and is not to exceed 2,000 words. It must be mailed to Elijah A. Gladden, Secretary of the State Board of Forestry, Indianapolis, Ind., not later than May 1, 1916.

Those desiring to enter the contest are advised to write for rules governing the contest.

### Lest We Forget.

Monday, Jan. 3—All back again; none dropped from the ranks during the holidays.—Several said they got "Hail Columbia" when the "dads" saw their last report cards.—The wise ones are telling everyone the New Year resolutions they made.

Tuesday, Jan. 4—Twenty-one cents was invested in basket-ball whistles.—The S. O. S. for players brought many willing hands together, and a real good practice followed.—Beck came in time for the first morning class.

Wednesday, Jan. 5—Leo Weber was again in the study hall trying to collect some "Echo dimes" from delinquent Freshies.—"Babe" Gordon's eyes showed a sleepless night.—Brother Ephrem showed Foohey and Roy how to patch up a veteran Oliver.

Thursday, Jan. 6—The Freshman "Broom Brigade" began this morning to sweep up the cigar butts so plentifully scattered over the school the previous evening by the members of the Cathedral Athletic Association.

Friday, Jan. 7—Basket-ball "pep" went a hundred above par when all classes were told they would have a chance to exercise, and no

one stayed in the study hall after 3:30.—The Bachelor Seniors looked blue today.

Monday, Jan. 10—The Seniors condemned the action of a classmate in allowing auburn hairs to stream from his coat collar.—The Juniors howled in the chemistry room.—Coach Flaharty gave the basket-ball team a drilling in signals.

Tuesday, Jan. 11—The fair ones of St. Augustine's Academy asked Harkenrider to teach them our school yells. (He'll do it.)—Wiener, Wilkinson and Haley were absent. La grippe has gripped the trio.

Wednesday, Jan. 12—Foohey decided to have la grippe today. Brother Ephrem knows all about the decision, as he always knows when Paul is going to feel unwell.

Thursday, Jan. 13—The new staff appearing in the Echo was a surprise to a few. However, the selection is a drive for efficiency and school spirit.—Logan kept silence during study period today.—Beck had no chance to take his afternoon nap.

Friday, Jan. 14—Getz and Beuret entertained the Seniors by giving short talks on Prohibition. The former also swung from a cross-bar to show that he had a pulling force equal to his own weight. He swallowed his chewing gum in the exertion.

Monday, Jan. 17—Kirkland showed his new wisdom tooth to his class today.—"Fritz" Kelly was again put on the Junior Honor List because he treated the whole class to mince pie.

Tuesday, Jan. 18—Brother Daniel asked prayers for Leo Weber and Daniel Haley, who were dangerously ill.—O'Brien completed a beautiful drawing of a gear wheel and then asked someone to have a look at the buzz saw he had drawn so well.

Wednesday, Jan. 19—"Mike" Kinder has returned to school after a few days' vacation. It is reported that he froze his ears and stayed at home to thaw them out.

Thursday, Jan. 20—10 below zero outside school and ? below inside.—St. Augustine's Academy report they have learned the yells for to-morrow's game with the Cathedral Masked Marvels.—Kinney heads the C. C. H. S. Braves and challenges the Seniors to mortal combat. Seniors accept the challenge and decide to use only one forward.

Friday, Jan. 21—Martin selected to fill the vacancy on the team to-night.—Beck elected captain.—Each member of the Senior class

gave a five-minute oration to a limited audience.

Monday, Jan. 24—Haley returned, thinking it better to be in school than in bed sick.—Anthony Trapp admitted that his celebration on the previous night necessitated a long sleep this morning.

Tuesday, Jan. 25—The school was locked during the noon hour today as a warning to those who take advantage of this period to smash up chairs. The better minded resolved to make note of future disturbers.

Wednesday, Jan. 26—Seniors challenged the Juniors to a class basket-ball game. Juniors took the matter under discussion.—Lawrence threatened to leave the Soph. team, owing to the popularity of Alex.

Thursday, Jan. 27—Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., addressed the students, giving a short talk on education.—Paul Foohey lost his reputation as a Latin shark.—Fritz Kelly says he doesn't mind being called Senator.

Friday, Jan. 28—The Senior plot for an afternoon off to go to see the "Birth of a Nation" was revealed when Bro. Daniel said that only those who had tickets could go. No tickets were produced.

Monday, Jan. 31—George Hamilton's smile was not so prominent today. Only Gruber knows the reason.—The Freshmen remind the Sophs. that they have something to learn about basket-ball.

### X-Ray Notes.

"Fritz" Kelly has lost his white-haired reputation. On January 3 he came late for school, and so tried to sneak in quietly. As he was not used to tiptoe walking, one of his feet wouldn't move out of the way for the other, consequently he stumbled headlong into the study hall. But the worst was yet to come. An uproar and some klfrt?????dpdpdp followed.

\* \* \*

Our shorthand reporter had the good luck (or bad luck) to fall on the following:

Gordon Kelly (Chiropractic Man) to Bill Ryan (brother of Arcola's veterinary surgeon)—Say Bill, my nose is giving me considerable trouble; just look at this red pimple on it again,—isn't it a fright?

Ryan—Yep. it makes you look like an old soak.



Felly—Tell you right here, Bill, I don't like it. Do you think ice would cool it down a bit?

Ryan, after a careful examination of the beauty blotch—Nope, it won't do; the only thing that'll fetch off that carbuncle is a spavin blister.

\* \* \*

On January 5 the "X-Ray Man" put his ear to the keyhole of the German classroom door and handed in this to the Editors next morning:

Teacher—Was fuer ein Wort ist schmutzig?

Kinney—Schmutzig is ein Eigenschaftswort.

Teacher—Richtig. Und was fuer ein Wort ist Esel?

Kinney—Esel ist ein Zeitwort.

Teacher—Warum?

Kinney—Weil man sagen kann, ich bin ein Esel, du bist ein Esel, er ist ein Esel.

\* \* \*

The following was found in one of the undersigners' desks:

Whereas organizations are the life of the school, be it resolved that we, the undersigned Freshmen, start a "Flopper Society" for the purpose of proving how much backbone we've got. Prospective members must fall from their chairs each day during English class for a week. We are willing to admit Kleinrichert, Suelzer, and Moulin to membership after one more performance each.

Signed, E. BUSHMAN, President,

J. ROHYANS, Drill Master.

R. KRAMER, Signal Master.

### Fun or Physic.

An old sea captain used to say that he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him," and that he didn't care how he dressed when at home, "because everybody knew him."

\* \* \*

"I never had such an audience in my life," said a conceited young preacher; "my sermon was not understood at all by the congregation of donkeys—yes, donkeys is the word."

"Then," said the older man, "why did you call them beloved brethren?"

\* \* \*

Senior—Behold in me the flower of manhood!

Freshie—Yes, you're a bloomin' idiot.—Ex.

\* \* \*

An elderly German and his wife were much given to quarreling. One day, after a particularly unpleasant scene, the old woman remarked with a sigh: "Vell, I vish I vos in heafen!"

"I vish I vas in a beer garden!" shouted her husband.

"Ach, ja!" cried the old wife; "always you try to pick out the best for yourself!"

\* \* \*

Here's to the faculty—

Long may they live;

Even as long

As the lessons they give.—Ex.

\* \* \*

"Papa, what do you call a man who runs an auto?"

"My son, that depends upon how near he comes to hitting me.—Ex.

\* \* \*

One day recently an elderly farmer drove into town and hitched his team to a telegraph post.

"Here!" yelled a policeman, "you can't hitch there!"

"Cant hitch! Why not?" shouted the farmer. "Why have you got that sign up then, 'Fine for hitching'?"

\* \* \*

No. 1—Do you know that the Germans have renamed all their battleships?

No. 2—No, what did they name them?

No. 1—Why, they named them after jokes.

No. 2—What's the idea?

No. 1—So the English couldn't see them.—Ex.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Casey—"The doctor says ye have appendicitis, Tim!"

Mr. Casey—Ock, Norah, Norah! Why wor ye so foolish as to show him yer bank book?"—Ex.

\* \* \*

Life is so full of precipices that it is a fortunate student who never falls over his own bluff.—Ex.

\* \* \*

"Now, in case anything should go wrong with this experiment," said the professor of chemistry, "we and the laboratory with us will be blown sky-high. Now come a little closer, gentlemen, in order that you may follow me."



# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicos delectet.

VOL. I.

MARCH 1916

NO. 6

## St. Patrick's Prayer.

A herdsboy on an Antrim mountain-side  
Kept vigil, like the Jewish shepherds long  
Ago one wintry night, when heavenly song  
Filled Bethlehem's vales in one ecstatic tide.  
"O God," he prayed, "in this dark land abide,  
And from her shore drive all her demon  
throng,  
Let Faith's white light illumine the land.  
How long  
Shall Satan reign o'er Eirinn in his pride?"

And lo! in vision's glory Victor stood.  
"Behold, I bring thee tidings of great joy  
Which shall to all of Eirinn's children be,"  
He said. "From mountain, valley, plain and  
wood  
Shall Satan flee, nor more this land annoy;  
And Faith's white sun shall light this land  
thru thee."

## Saint Joseph.

A million blazing stars their glimmer shower  
Upon our earth; though in the sun's near  
light  
Their beams are hid. 'Tis only when they flower  
The lawns of heaven that our corporeal  
sight  
Draws in the mellow rays. From far off fields  
Their beauty comes, and man admires the  
glow;  
And to the distant source of light he yields  
The homage that when near he failed to  
show.

Thus when on earth Saint Joseph's virtue shone,  
Each act a star to angel eyes revealed;  
And kindred man, wrapped in his narrow zone,  
Unheeded passed the star-flower here con-  
cealed.

This flower transplanted on another shore  
Our homes, our lives, illumines till time is o'er.

## Catholic Scientists.

BY H. C. WIENER

V.—Galvani.

In science as well as in other lines there are certain positions assigned to the heroes or founders. In considering Galvani either as a physicist and anatomist or as a founder of a new science, it is very difficult to assign him a correct position. As a man his merit was overlooked and his discoveries ascribed to accident. Although he was rather old and somewhat worn out in constitution when he made his observations on muscular contractions, nevertheless it is rather unfair for the eulogists of Volta to exalt his unquestionable claims by depreciating those of a less fortunate and a less widely known countryman, Galvani. It is probable that they considered him in such a light because he was what was then known as a professional physicist and anatomist, while his contemporary, Volta, was a physicist in the pure sense of the word, his whole career being bound up in the science which he loved, namely, electricity. Another reason which in all probability affected his reputation, was the fact that he never traveled outside the province in which he lived, and consequently was little known to society or to influential friends. On the other hand, Volta's reputation was established in Paris and London and he was not disheartened by political disgrace as in the case of Galvani, but lived in the best of health to a ripe old age, and had the enjoyment of seeing his discoveries perfected and the honor of receiving recognition from such great men as Napoleon, who conferred upon him a gold medal, and the Emperor of Austria, from whom he received a directorship.

Luigi Galvani was born September 9, 1737. In youth he devoted much of his time to the study of theology, with the idea of becoming a priest, but as he grew older, finding that it was not his vocation, he gave up the idea.

Seventeen-sixty finds him married to Lucia Galeazzi, daughter of Professor Galeazzi of the Institute of Sciences. She was known in society as a woman of superior intelligence and foresight, and it is due to her instigative ability that Galvani came to the front as much as he did, and showed the results of his experiments and discoveries to the world.

In the course of the next year he took up the study of medicine and the natural sciences and is said to have made such splendid progress that he was graduated in medicine in 1762 at the University of his native city. That same year he succeeded Galeazzi, a professor of anatomy at the Institute of Sciences. In the science of anatomy he made some very important observations on the nature of birds and the formation of their bones, and as a sort of compensation for his labors he was appointed public lecturer at the University of Bologna. In this capacity he served very well; his lectures enjoyed much popularity, and his writings, though few in number, contain much scientific matter, and are characterized by a precision and minuteness of detail that is considered remarkable. His two treatises "Considerations on the Genito-Urinary Tract in Birds" and "On the Organs of Hearing in Birds" attracted much attention and added greatly to his reputation. But his real claim to fame lies in his discoveries in animal electricity, which dates from 1786, and his experiments on "the electrical forces in muscular movements," leading up to his theory of animal electricity.

There are several conflicting stories about this theory. The most probable one is that it began in 1780 with the accidental observation of the contraction of the muscles in the legs of a dissected frog when the knife which was being used in preparing the frog legs for soup was accidentally brought in contact with sparks which were passing from an electric machine nearby. He instituted a prolonged series of experiments on frogs in particular and came to the erroneous conclusion that the source of the electricity lay in the nerves and muscles of the frog and that the metals used served only as conductors.

He worked faithfully on his new theory and perceiving the difficulties and the importance of the subject he is said to have waited eleven years before publishing the result of his labors, which he felt would have so much to do with the establishment of his reputation.

This theory of an electric fluid secreted by the brain, conducted by the nerves and stored in the muscles has been abandoned, but Galvani was led up to it in a very logical manner and defended it by experiments which were taken up and repeated throughout the scientific world. At another time while experimenting along this line he discovered that contraction of the muscles of a frog takes place when nerve and muscle are brought in contact with two dissimilar metals that are touching each other. This little discovery caused a discussion between Volta and Galvani, and led to the discovery of the Voltaic "pile".

In the year 1790 the death of his wife served to cast over him a pessimistic view of life and it was with some exertion that he summed up courage to publish in the following year his "Commentary on the Electrical Forces in Muscular Motion," which contained his views on patiently conducted experiments. In 1786 he was aided in his work by his nephew Camillo, with whom he studied the effect of thunder storms in occasioning muscular contractions in the frog.

The name Galvanism is given to that particular branch of the science of electricity which is produced by chemical action. It is now chiefly used in medicine for relieving pain, especially in diseases of the brain, nervous system and spinal chord. Regarding its use, it may be abused and used to excess like everything else; for which reason, only competent men with an understanding of electricity are allowed to administer it.

Because he would not take the civil oath demanded by the Cisalpine Republic, on account of religious and political convictions, he was forced to resign his chair at the University, April 20, 1798. Deprived of the means of making a living, he retired to the house of his brother, Giaconio, where he soon fell into a feverish decline. The government hearing of his condition and in consideration of his labors for science allowed him to resume his chair unconditionally, but he died before the decree went into effect, December 4, 1798. In Rome a medal was struck bearing his effigy.

Whatever may be Galvani's position in science, he must at least be given credit for his devotion to research work; and no matter how deficient or erroneous may have been his theory about animal electricity, it must be remembered that he built his theory on carefully



performed experiments and had some otherwise unaccounted-for facts to back it up. His explanations in his Commentary were so clear in discription and discussion that it is not to be wondered at that he had many believers and enthusiastic followers, even if he did lack royal favors and academic honors. It was Galvani's theory that led to the Voltaic "pile." Indeed it is a known fact that Galvani discovered that there is a chemical method for producing a continuous electrical current. Even in our day the name "galvanic cell" is used as often as is the name "voltaic cell," both names designating the zinc, copper, and acid cell. Regarding the character of Galvani, we are told that he was both courageous and religious, and that all his instructions were ended "by exhorting his hearers and leading him back to the ideas of that eternal Providence which develops, conserves and circulates life among so many diverse beings."

### Advice

Thus did a father speak one day:  
 "Now harken, son, to what I say.  
 There is an adage in wisdom sound—  
 Who takes a penny takes a pound."  
 If from the straight and narrow way  
 In coming years you're led astray,  
 Your conscience is a friend most dear,  
 Abide its ways despite your fear;  
 And if sometimes the clouds of night  
 Bedim your path, shut out the light,  
 Take courage, boy, the day will break,  
 And light the road you wish to take."

—H. Derck

### Childhood Chums

The days of our youth are the sweetest of all;  
 And the friends of our childhood we love to  
 recall,  
 As we turn from toil and from care and from  
 woe  
 To live once again in the long long ago.

But the wand of time that brought old age  
 Has struck out many from life's page,  
 Consigning them to earth and clay  
 To sleep the years till Judgment Day.

R. O'Brien.

### Local No. 10.

BY A. SCHMIDT.

"All this western wheat keeps you a-humping a little in the yards, doesn't it, Jim?" said Mr. Bell, the superintendent of the Erie lines from Chicago to Huntington, to Jim Thomps, one of the extra yardmasters, who at present was holding that supervision.

"Oh, not so much," returned the yardmaster hurriedly, as he heard someone open the door behind him.

"Hello, Tom Hawkins," said Mr. Bell, who was usually in the habit of teasing him, "what seems to be the trouble now?"

"A little more serious than you imagine, I believe," answered the trainmaster. "I have here a few bills of lading to show you, concerning which, when the goods arrived, a part disappeared rather mysteriously. This is not the first time it happened, but there have been several similar occurrences of this kind of work going on during the last month or so. It can't be the fault of the shippers, because they sent me bills on different requests, when the goods were packed, and every thing was all right. I imagine that the whereabouts of these goods lies in the knowledge of the yardman. I also believe it is another bunch like the one yardmaster Campbell was at the head of."

"Hawkins, I believe you are mistaken," put in Thomps, eyeing him with interest and resting his effects of "Atlas on draught" face against his right hand, which he had leaning on the railing of the superintendent's office. "It is not the yard men playing dirty with the goods, but it is the fault of these two-faced shippers. You know yourself, Mr. Bell, when you made an investigation about that furniture, when Dick Campbell was yardmaster, you found that they sent the bill ahead a couple of weeks before they even thought about sending the goods; then, of course, Dick was blamed for it, and for several occurrences of this kind you fired him."

"My," said Mr. Bell, "but you seem to be well versed in this Campbell affair, which didn't concern you much. I believe I will look into this affair and see where the trouble lies."

Then turning to Tom he continued: "The high grade furniture comes in on Local No. 10, at 9:10 to-night. You leave the switching to Lang's crew, or a better plan, I believe, would



be to let Jim here have it, for I want this carried out without further trouble."

"That will feather my nest good and warm," thought Jim, as he picked his huge wing off the railing, and put his improporitions into action towards the door.

"Now, Hawkins," said Mr. Bell, "if you will join me this evening, I shall try to show you a good time."

"I'm on," said Hawkins suspiciously.

After leaving the office, Thomps looked at his watch and found that it was already past seven o'clock. "No time to lose," he said, "I shall go to the restaurant, get my supper, and then hustle over to the yards and tell the other fellows my intentions, before going to work, so the whole crew won't get suspicious about something. Yes, but first, I must think about getting a couple of more fellows, for this is not like tackling an open box-car at the freight house. I can pick up a bum or two and get rid of them on the next freight, or I might persuade a couple of the second crew on whom I have a clamp; and before it slips my mind, I must see my old customer and get him lined up somewhere."

At half past eight o'clock Thomps was talking with a man in front of a second-hand store, who from all appearance looked to be the proprietor. The fellow, whose name was Skeets, looked quite scared at Jim Thomps' proposal, but at last nodded his head and re-entered the store.

Thomps then retraced his steps towards the yards, and reached the water tower just as freight No. 8 was pulling out. "I'll bet this is a good place to get a couple of guys," thought he. And the thought had hardly left his mind, when two men with the appearance of regular "hard guys" jumped off the freight, almost directly in front of him.

"Say Jack, are you the king of the hive around here? Well, I have been buzzing around and I am going to sting you for a job," spoke the biggest one, whose mustache acting in harmony with the curl in his lip, almost touched his akimbo-shaped eyebrows.

"What you got to say for yourself?" questioned Thomps of the smaller fellow.

"I ain't got no horn; my partner barks for the company," snapped the hobo in return.

"I'll give you both a good job, and you'll have a tin vest when you get through, if you'll stick with me," continued Jim.

"Oh, your work is dirty, eh? Well, you can easily tell by our looks that it's in our line of "get away"; only this is is pretty small piece-work; but, if you give us enough to take the friction off our paws we'll fall for your job," said the official barker.

"You see," returned Jim, "the bill is lost for some of the freight on Local No. 10, and I will have the crew switch her to the north part of the yards, which is right up the tracks to the right."

"Look here, boss," said the larger hobo, "if you want any service from us, you've got to make your plans a little less foggy, because we don't know nothing about these here yards, and we are liable to find ourselves at New Haven when we get through. Take us down and show us a little of what we are up against."

"All right, come on then, and I'll show you the car providing the train itself is in," returned Jim angrily.

In ten minutes or more, Jim with his two hoboos reached the train, and he pointed out the car to them.

"Now, you fellows wait around here, and I shall be back in about three quarters of an hour," said Jim.

"We wouldn't do this small job," snapped the leader, "if we weren't so stony broke, that a dime would look like a full moon; but see that you're not air tight or we'll rip open your seams with a can opener."

"I told you that you would get good pay for your work," answered Jim excitedly, half thinking, half speaking.

"Gee, it's almost half past nine now! I will have to hurry and get those cars switched in the east yard. Then, I'll take my two men and go after the local, while I give three other men No. 9 to switch in the south yard, and no one will be the wiser."

At half past ten we find Thomps and his two men hastening towards the local. Upon reaching the place where she stood, he gave his men his orders and went about the place, looking for the tramps, whom he found without much trouble.

"Now fellows, you and I will go after the car," said Thomps. "The two yard men are over with Skeets and his wagon, and they will come here and help me in the car whenever I signal them, and you two will carry the stuff over to Skeets."

Up stepped Jim Thomps and reached for the seal to break it, but he had scarcely laid his fingers on it when it fell to the ground.

"Somebody has broken this seal already," muttered Thomps very excited. "I wonder how it happened?"

"Oh! you are nervous; you don't think you can perform on it, do you?" sang out the little fellow with a sarcastic whang of voice.

Jim Thomps wasn't going to back out now; he stepped up, opened the car, and gave a leap to enter it.

"Probably you had better stay right where you are, and make preparations to accompany me a short distance," came a voice from the interior.

Thomps with one hand in the edge of the car door, and with one foot on the car floor, was almost dumfounded when he saw two revolvers thrust into his face. This was not the first pinch he had ever been in, and so he soon got next to himself.

"I believe you are mistaken in your identity. I am Jim Thomps, the yardmaster, and noticing the seal on this car broken, I thought I would go in and see if anything was wrong."

"I don't know who you are, and don't care, and furthermore, I don't like your line; so you and your friends will come over with me to the superintendent's office," returned one of the detectives.

"Oh! all right, just as you wish," answered Thomps quietly.

"Is Mr. Bell in?" asked Jim's captor of an office boy.

"No, he has invited Tom Hawkins out to enjoy the evening with him, but the general superintendent happens to be in; would you like to see him?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Did you want to see me, sir?" came the voice of the general superintendent.

"Mr. Eberle, I and my companions are the detectives hired by the company yesterday, to run down those freight thieves. This man," pointing to Jim, "claims to be the yardmaster. I caught him in the very act of thieving."

"Mr. Eberle, I don't suppose I need any introduction, as almost everybody around here knows Yardmaster Thomps. I, with these two fellows, came down to the west yards to switch No. 10, and inspecting the cars, I noticed that a certain one had its seal broken, and on open-

ing the door to see if anything was stolen, I was confronted by these two detectives. That is all I know about it, and if you ask my help here, you will get about the same thing," put in Jim as he waved his hand awkwardly towards the hoboos.

"I believe Mr. Hawkins and I may be able to tell a little different tale," replied Mr. Bell, who with Hawkins stepped up to Jim and removed their hobo make-up.

### Back Again.

The doors were locked,  
The windows broke;,  
The old man knocked,  
No word he spoke,

He 'knocked once more,  
Then turned away,  
In words forlore  
I heard him say:

"Who smeared the wall?  
Who broke the glass?  
Where are they all?  
It's time for class."

—D. Haley.

### The Lottery Ended.

BY E. H. KIRKLAND.

Philip Livesley sat in his great armchair, staring into the red embers on the grate. For two years he had been feted and dined by many a hopeful and watchful mother,—hopeful that he would marry her daughter; and, watchful that he would marry no one else's.

He raised the card he held in his long, supple fingers, that had never done a day's work, and gazed at it contemptuously.

"Well," he said, "this is the tenth party since January. I hope they will forget to send me an invitation to the next one, or that the note will get lost on the way."

The little card that was the cause of this discontented soliloquy bore the inscription: Mrs. J. T. Hunter requests the pleasure of Mr. Philip Livesley's presence at a ball to be given at her home, January nineteenth, at nine o'clock.

"There is another hopeful," laughed Philip. But the laugh soon faded from his lips and they became hard and set as he continued: "I'll be hanged if I marry one of these debutantes. Helen Hunter isn't so bad, but I would sooner be a bachelor."

The large reception hall had swallowed all of its guests but one, and this was Philip Livesley. Suddenly the sedate butler at the entrance was terrified and stunned at the apparition of a hatless and disheveled man, looking as if he had been frightened nearly to death.

"Why, Mr. Livesley, what on earth is the matter? You look as if you had received a great scare?" said his hostess.

"I have! I have! I just saw a ghost!"

"A ghost?" chorused the whole assembly. "Why, that is nonsense. There are no ghosts."

"Well, I know better. I've just seen and heard one."

All wrapt in silence for about a minute.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he continued, "I'll bet anyone here three thousand dollars against my marrying, that I did see a ghost."

"Done!" cried Mr. Hunter. "I'll certainly see this thing through."

Livesley led the way to the scene of the ghost.

The moon shone over the tree-tops, bathing the world below in a silvery light. The shrubs and bushes glistened as the snow reflected the mild rays. The trees cast long shadows over the virgin waste. In the midst of the scene stood the haunted house, more terrifying in the quiet beauty of the night.

"How did you happen to come this way?" queried the surprised Hunter, amazed at the route his friend had taken.

"Well, this way is a little longer, but I wanted to get the night air, it is so reviving; and my car is at the factory."

"Oh, I see. Now for the ghost."

After half an hour's patient waiting, Hunter broke the solitude with a guttural grunt.

"Say, how long is this thing going to keep us waiting in the cold? My feet and hands are like chunks of ice."

"Livesley, you may as well marry; I've done for you this time,"—and Hunter laughed until he shook.

"So I marry, huh? Well, just look over at that window and see if I lose."

"Great Scott! what in the devil is that?"

Why, I believe it is the devil. Say, let's get out of this mess."

"So you own that you lose?"

"Yes, anything," wailed Hunter; "but let's get out of this hole."

The horned apparition which they had seen at the window had now disappeared and a few seconds later a long baa-a-a-a broke in on the stillness of the night.

"Well, I'm blowed; it was only a goat. You lose, Phil. Now tell me who the lucky girl is."

"Since you took my freedom from me, I guess I will take your heiress from you, that is, if she will have me. Helen is the lucky girl, and the lottery for Philip Livesley is over."

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### Labor.

Do the little that you can;  
Do it gladly like a man.  
Labor done without a will  
Stands upon foundation ill.

—S. P.

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### Encouragement.

A little praise, a kindly word,  
Will spur to greater deeds.  
Too oft we trample underfoot  
The germinating seeds. —S.P.

---

### Americks

Bum joke,  
Boys croak,  
Cop takes it in store.  
No success,  
All a mess,  
Hear of it no more.

—A.

Robert Roy,  
Just a boy,  
My, how he loves Latin!  
And some day,  
Far away,  
Something great will happen.

—G. K.

Hubert Knapp,  
Shooting crapp,  
Lost his jingling kale;  
Steals it back,  
Cops on track,—  
Now he lives in jail. —A.



### Welcome Dawn.

---

Every night at our back door  
Gather tomcats by the score  
This is where they all hang out  
For their revelry and rout.

Then a signal for a meet  
All the cats in town does greet;  
Strains of music soft and low  
Gently thru the alleys flow.

Young Tom first a solo tries;  
Then a duo by old guys.  
Well assisted swells their ring,  
As they all in chorus sing.

But the music by that band  
Is the thing no man can stand;  
Every uproar, every fray,  
Brings new longing for the day.

—M. S.

### The Weather Man.

---

"Get out your winter overcoat;  
It's going to snow tonight,"—  
Thus says the weather man to us,  
And puts us in a plight.

The day breaks clear, no snow has come,  
The weather's very warm,  
The weather man sits up and frets  
Because it didn't storm.

—T. Brennan.

### Cicero

---

O Cicero, could you come back  
Just for a day to see  
How you have caused my brain to rack,  
I know you'd pity me.

I've worked whole days your stuff to get  
But cannot make it out;  
I've stayed up nights to work and fret—  
My flagging wits to flout.

Too late you'd see the harm you've done  
By your great classic rage,  
Eclipsing moon and stars and sun  
By your long sentence page.

—P. J. Foohey.

### Our Graduates.

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BY R. L. BEURET.

V.—James D. Hayes.

The first thought that comes to my mind about Jimmy is that he is a singer of no mean ability. Everyone in Fort Wayne knows this. How did they find it out? Here is the story in a few words. When Brother Nicholas was music director at our school he found only two boys who could sing whatever he wanted sung, —and these two were James Hayes and Joseph Finan. They were chums, and they always sang together in school entertainments. People talked about their singing, and before long they were spending their free time singing for enthusiastic crowds at the Jefferson theatre; and they received real American money for it, too. However, Jimmy preferred law. So when he was graduated in 1913 he entered Notre Dame University to pursue his studies. He is still wrestling with "Blackstone," but he finds time to re-enforce the ranks of the Notre Dame Glee Club by the unselfish use of his vocal musical instruments.

From what I know and have heard I can sincerely say that his record while at our school was an enviable one. His gentlemanly and modest ways endeared him to teachers and students alike, and I am sure that the same can still be said of him.

Jimmy was valedictorian of our first graduating class, and consequently the first I heard tell what it means to be a graduate of the C. C. H. S. His words on that occasion were an inspiration to those who were plodding in his footsteps. They could not be otherwise, for the valedictorian who means what he says and exemplified it in his school days deserves a poet's praise. James D. Hayes was a leader in social and athletic events at our school. Not only had he part in the entertainments, but he was also a factor in football and basketball, being quarter-back on the former and guard on the latter.

Like all ambitious boys he makes himself felt when home for vacation. In short, he's got a Ford, and he isn't alone in it. Some say he thinks a lot about the Ford, but, with many others, I am of the opinion that he doesn't love the Ford for its own sake. However, he does not harbor the idea that the world, like the Ford, was made for only two.

# The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under Act of March 3, 1879.

**VOL. I.                      MARCH 1916                      NO. 6**

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—There is no doubt that in some cities labor competition is rather acute, owing to the influx of foreign laborers, but no lives are endangered on this account. Indeed, it is doubtful if we would relish the work entrusted to immigrant laborers, should they leave it in our hands. Many of them are illiterate and therefore willing to do the roughest work for a living wage. We need no "literacy test" to exclude such as these, but we do need some kind of test to prevent men of the "Jean Crones" type from setting foot on our shores. The only literacy test that could affect Crones would have to include a half dozen or more languages. Which would be more effective,—a literacy test or a character test?—C. M. H.

—Our school is very small compared to others, so small, indeed, that we may consider it a large family and expect family spirit within it. Much of this spirit does exist, but there are a few little things which, if put in practice, would make it much better. For example, it may be that some are called upon to represent our school in athletics. They form our school team and are responsible for the good name of our school. Whatever „they” do, it is “we” do it, not “they.” On the morning after a basketball game, it is a common thing to hear some one (who was not there, of course) ask some one else: “How did ‘they’ come out, last night?” If we cannot be present at the games, we can at least ask next morning: “How did ‘we’ come out, last night?” School spirit is made up of little things that deserve a place in the foundation. Let us banish the “they” from among us, and in so doing we will not only improve school spirit but also improve our feeling of personal responsibility. The next time we hear “they” mentioned let us ask the question: “Where do you go to school?”—R. L. B.

## Locals and Personals

—The Seniors are waiting till after next exam. to make a prudent investment in class pins.

—Charlie Harkenrider, Joe Brennan and Emmet Sorg have joined the Knights of Columbus. They keep very mum about the initiation.

—“Harkey” says that he is in possession of an ode written by some admirers of the Senior class.

—Brother Daniel thinks that the boiler-room is not a place for burning tobacco.

—Schmidt says that the printer should have used more ink in his “Willy Walker” of the January number.

—Logan has been admitted to the Freshman “Flopper Society.”

—Joe Zuber is again the victim of an accident. While up in the Hall he ran against a pillar, receiving a severe scalp wound.

—“Buck” Welsh must be aiming for a pull with Brother Daniel, for we understand that it is he who donated the new yard sticks to the school.

—The Seniors are giving mild hints that it is customary for the Junior class to give a banquet to the veterans after Easter.

—Leo Weber has sent word that he is ready to start school again. He was permitted to leave the hospital Feb. 12.

—Bob Beuret is anxious to get some inside "dope" on Messrs. O'Connell and Tompkins. A line of interest from "grads" or old students will be welcomed.

—Robert Roy, a Sophomore, has left school to enter the grocery business with his father. Bob was a member of the Echo staff, and one it will be hard to replace. He was a favorite with teachers and students, always polite and manly.

—Gordon Kelly, the biggest man in school, has at last explained his reason for wearing white socks. He says that owing to the size of his socks and the high price of dyes he can save 10c a pair on white socks. Some future ahead of Gordon, eh?

—Harkenrider says that with a little more practice we shall be able to sing our national song almost as good as foreigners.

—Flaharty, Getz, Harkenrider and Foohey are favorites for the Senior quartette suggested by Brother Daniel. We don't object to one trial.

—Harvey Conway celebrated his sixteenth birthday on Feb. 2. A large crowd of Sophomores were present to partake of the good things purchased and prepared for the occasion. The celebration lasted from five o'clock to ten, the last two hours being spent at the theatre. Donald O'Brien, Harvey's ghost-scarer, regrets that the affair was a "stag."

—The students of St. Augustine's Academy have been using the basket-ball gym on Wednesdays and Fridays after school. We don't know what they have against us, but they won't play unless we stay out. Girls, we thought you had more feeling for us, seeing the manner in which you root for us when we play.

—C. M. H.

### Washington's Birthday.

As we have no school on Washington's birthday, we usually have a patriotic program for the preceding afternoon. This year supported the established custom. All the teachers and students collected in the study hall

at three o'clock. Aaron Huguenard took possession of the piano, and within a few seconds the whole school was fairly launched in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." This was followed by two orchestra selections—"Minuet by Mozart" and "Angels' Serenade." The Minuet was well rendered, but the angels were not very successful in their serenade. (How violin strings do slip in damp weather.) F. Doriot, C. Harkenrider, L. Kelly, J. Brennan, H. Centlivre, L. Beck, A. Centlivre, J. Huntine, and E. Bushman played in the school orchestra.

Paul Foohey (Senior Class orator) held the floor for the next twelve minutes. He read a very interesting paper on the work and character of Washington. Anthony Trapp then recited "Chills and Fevers." He spoke very distinctly, but his serious manner failed to send home the under-current of humor which pervades the piece.

After Trapp's recitation the audience joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Marching Through Georgia." These were sung with a vim that made the windows rattle.

Brother Daniel complimented the boys on the entertainment, but he said that he regretted that the Senior orator did not mention the incident about the cherry tree for the edification of a few members of his class. He also reminded those in arrears that "short accounts make long friends," and admonished all that "school furniture is for use, not abuse."

We wish to thank Brothers Anthony and Edmund for their direction of the entertainment.—C. M. H.

### Basketball.

Our basketball season came to a close with the long-to-be-remembered game on March 3. Though we lost four of the nine games played, our team deserves no less credit, and we can say that we have closed a successful season from every point of view. We have played the game for the sport of the game, as was evidenced by the playing craze which took hold of so many students this season. New life and new hopes for future school athletics have sprung up and there was never before such indication of life at C. C. H. S. No preparation for next season have been discussed yet, but Manager Harkenrider states that the Athletic club has as much "kale" now as when the sea-





### C. C. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM 1915-16

Kirkland, C; Beuret, F; Clifford, G; Martin, Sub; Gordon (Capt.), F; Burns, G.  
Harkenrider, Manager.

son for basketball started. This speaks well for the manager, as numerous expenses, including suits, decorations, etc., had to be met. The five regular players are to be given monogram suits as a recognition of their work in school athletics.

Captain Gordon is the smallest and fastest player on the team. He is a fighter from start to finish, all muscle and spirit, and can't be hurt or discouraged. His optimism kept the team together when gloom born of defeat settled on the school. "Watch the little fellow," was always the warning of the opposing captain. Watch him they could, but stop him they could not. He will probably lead the team again next year.

Bob Clifford, of football fame, used his strength at guard, and several times carried the ball down the floor and rolled it into the opponents' basket. Clifford was the one who took charge of the rough ones.

Kirkland is a good center and a good shooter. Tall, fast and accurate, he played the game without show or demonstration. He is a sophomore and will no doubt have a place on the team for the next two years.

Bob Beuret played guard in the beginning of

the season and showed that he was there. But as Bob has a good shot, Gordon picked him as a good mate for forward, and the change undoubtedly improved the team. Bob finishes next June, and we regret we cannot figure on him for next season.

Burns, a star freshman guard, was added to the team about the middle of the season, and before long worked himself into Martin's place, chiefly because he realized that a guard should play guard.

So the whole team, with the exception of Beuret, will have another chance to uphold the purple and gold next season, and there is no doubt but next year's team will be better because of experience.

Of the four games played since the previous issue of the Echo we won three and lost one. We succeeded in turning the table on the Fort Wayne High School Independents, defeating them by a score of 25 to 16. There was at least consolation in this come-back, so decisive that a third game was not necessary. The next game was perhaps the most wonderful of all. The Bethany A. A. registered 10 points and we stopped at 13 to show we were not superstitious. Bethany out weighed our team



about thirty pounds to the man, but speed stood us in good stead. Burns was the defending hero. South Waynes were the next to visit us, but they proved easy picking, as we defeated them 30 to 18. Gordon and Kirkland were the high scorers.

And now comes the closing game and the saddest of all tales,—“It might have been The Sapphires came to us (March 3) with a reputation and they left with a better one. This was the game of the season. Team-work and play on both sides. The first half ended 10 to 10, and the second 18 to 18. Five more minutes play was decided on, but neither side scored. Play was continued for another five minutes, and with ten seconds more to play the Sapphires made the coveted basket. The Sapphires played a hard, earnest game, and we praise them for beating us in such a game.

So ends the season, and we have nothing to be ashamed of. Our only regret is the sad accident that disabled Leo Weber for the season.

The seniors failed to put up a class team in the inter-class contest. They would no doubt have given a good battle, and it's a pity they didn't get a bunch together and show what they

could do.—C. H.

### Junior Team

Captain Kinney is to the Juniors what Captain Doriot is to the Freshmen. Both are leaders and players whom we figure on for next year. Kinney is brave, and he called his team the C. C. H. S. “Braves.” In addition to playing in the inter-class contest, the Braves have played several outside teams. They lost a number of games to better teams, notably the Lyceum Pyramids, an old rival who beat them 26 to 16. The Braves had a heavy schedule, but this did not prevent them from winning the inter-class contest. Schmidt was unable to play in the final game, but his place was ably filled by Kinder, a member of the Junior class. Though Kinder was not a regular member of the Braves he showed himself a true Junior in the hour of need. After giving Clifford and Gordon to the school team, the Juniors feel no little pride in being called class champions. They announced early in the season that they had the best class team and they fought to prove it.



**JUNIOR CLASS TEAM (Inter-class Champions)**  
Schmidt, G; Kinney (Capt.), F; Kramer, C; Wyss, G; Hart, F.  
Casey, Manager



### Sophomore Team

The Sophomore did not win the inter-class championship, but they won the admiration of all who saw them battle to the very last game of the contest. When Kirkland and Martin were called from their ranks to the school team they knew they had lost their best players, but they willingly worked for the school first. Their team-work has been excellent, and what they lacked in weight they made up in speed. There was no "star" on the team; each played where he could play best. Captain McDonald proved a good leader, and his team wore a smile before, through, and after each game. Like the other class teams, the Sophs furnished their own suits and paid their own expenses. There is every reason to believe that next year's Junior team will be able to hold its own in the inter-class contest.

### Freshman Team

The Freshmen lost no time in developing the C. S. H. S. spirit. In the beginning of the season their team seemed to have an edge on the other class teams, and they would probably have won the class championship had not their best guard, Burns, been called to defend that position on the school team. Captain Doriot is an excellent forward and should have little difficulty in taking a place on the school team next year. He is a whirlwind of speed and accuracy. Logan has worked well with him, but he is not so aggressive. The remaining trio, assisted by Kramer, Zurbuch and McLaughlin, manifested the spirit of their leaders, and showed themselves lovers of the game.

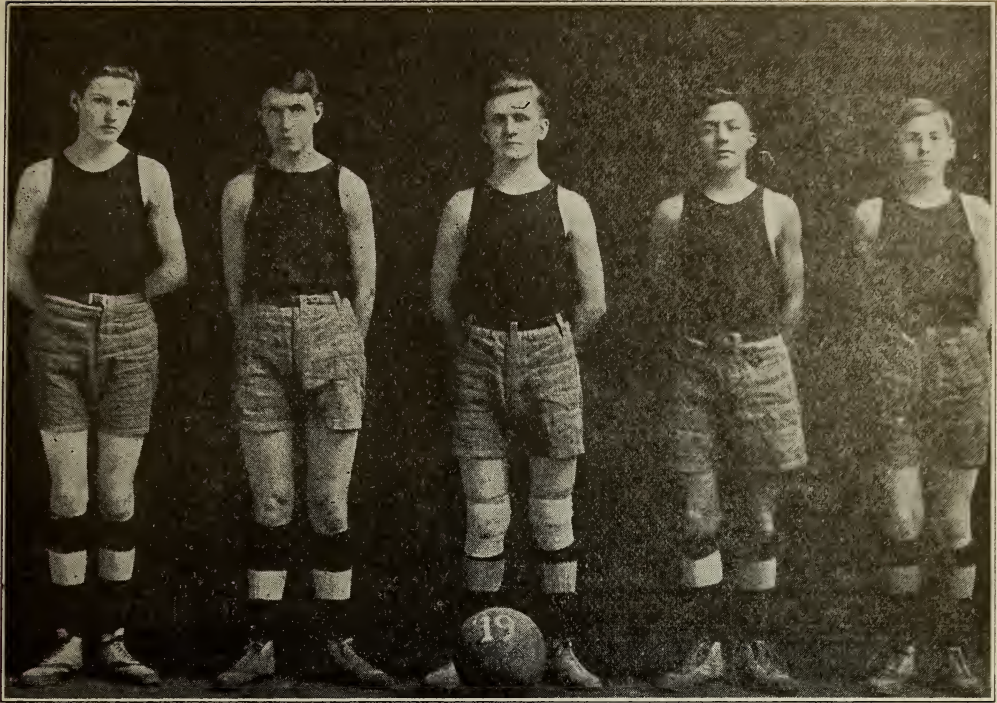
The Freshman team made a great fight for the inter-class championship, and lost it by only three points.



### SOPHOMORE CLASS TEAM

Reilly, G; McDonald (Capt.), F; Kelly, C; O'Brien, G; McLaughlin, F.  
Kirkland, Manager.





### FRESHMAN CLASS TEAM

Rohyans, C; Suelzer, G; Logan, F; Doriot, (Capt.), F; Bushman, G.

### Sinning Seniors.

No matter what you do it will always have a result—reward or punishment. So it happened lately with our beloved Seniors. One day about the middle of February they were trusted alone in class. They decided to start early baseball training by throwing small candy beans against one of the large windows of the room. Of course their intention was good, but the effect was bad. In a few minutes the window took on the appearance of stained glass. The beans were soft, and contained a reddish fluid which was good to eat but poor for decoration. Brother Daniel noticed the colored light coming through the glass, and this led to an investigation, resulting in the capture of the twirlers. B. D. saw the destruction but not the physical benefit derived from it. When the latter was explained to him, he showed his appreciation and said that as he favored physical development he would supply the material for it. One member was introduced to a pan of nice cold water, another to some rags, and a third to a step-ladder.

Operations commenced and all the muscles of the body began to show development as the window nearer its normal appearance. When all was over, the Seniors decided to abolish early training that means admission to the "Window-washing Club."—R. G.

### Junior Class Notes.

The Juniors are still hanging together, though for a time some bitter basket-ball rivalry existed among them; but a few cuts and a little oil from an interested member of the faculty created new blood. Class spirit and school spirit are now going hand in hand. Our team went to the studio to be "mugged" for the Echo. Schmidt says that Kramer had to stoop to get a look in; but the Echo will prove the truth or falsehood of this statement.

On Feb. 21 we all had our English duty for class. The shock almost killed Brother Ephrem, and he "forgot" to give a duty for Wednesday following.

All our monthly stories for the Echo found the waste-basket as usual. And we thought

they would be welcomed by any magazine. But here is what was said about them: "No plot, no sense, no life." Pretty rough, eh?

We have been accused of trying to blow up the school on Feb. 24. We deny the accusation, and wish to say that we are not responsible for those who were half suffocated. That characteristic of veteran eggs can scarcely be called "characteristic" since we proved beyond doubt that hydrogen sulphide, as made in our laboratory, beats it all to smash. We recommend it for the trenches.—F. R.

### Sophomore Class Notes.

It is rumored about the school that Aleck McDonald (our basket-ball captain) is going into the jitney business this spring for fair. Why, the reporter heard that he is so taken up with the business as to even sink his hard-earned "kale" in a Ford. The reason—well, the traffic cops held up his big Auburn so long that he lost a great number of prospective customers. So, not to be beaten out of his trade by those impudent little "Lizzies" (which were so small the cop could not slant his optics on them), he, too, bought one himself.

The latest recruit in our class to basket-ball circles is "Sausage" Yaste. He says he just adores the game, because since he has entered it his "bay window" does not protrude from his diaphragm as it formerly did. Keep it up, Carl; a definite shape will form about your bones yet.

Nowadays we have no fellow in our class who is individually funny. The fact of the matter is that each is so funny, or thinks himself so, that we (the Sophs) honor a classmate with a grave visage as much as the Freshies honor Hamilton.—A. H.

### Freshman Class Notes.

The principal event in the Freshman class was a debate on "Preparedness." More than a week was consumed in preparing it, and after six convincing orations were delivered the decision was given to the negative side, which was defended by G. Ek, Leo Suelzer, and Jno. Gassert. The affirmative was upheld by C. Smith, E. Bushman, and J. Zuber.

The Freshmen have been putting up a good game of basket-ball, one of the class having

gained a position on the varsity. Maybe we're showing a little spirit after all, eh?

Several of our prominent members are wearing long faces as a result of B. D. taking a hand in English operations.

B. G. forcibly impressed upon our friend Byron that to go to sleep during science class was not the best thing to do.

Leader Logan announced the advent of the Calliope quartet. This is organized for the raising of American Music (also big noise). Ward sings rotano, Ek barried tones, Doriot tinner, Logan leads on all toes. They will make their debut at the Boiler-makers' Convention.—J. Z.

### Abbreviations.

- G. B. (Great Britain)—Gone bugs.
- A. B. (Bachelor of Arts)—Always broke.
- M. D. (Medical Doctor)—More "dough."
- G. O. P. (Grand Old Party)—Go out Progressives.
- I. W. W. (Iron Workers of the World)—I won't work.
- C. O. D. (Cash on Delivery)—Come out, dearie.
- C. C. H. S. (Central Catholic High School)—Can't collect his subscription.
- M. C. (Member of Congress)—More credit.
- A. P. A. (American Protective Association)—Anti Patriotic Assembly.
- G. E. (German Empire)—Gall enough.

### Sayings of Our Sages.

- Getz: "Whatcha givin' us?"
- Joe Brennan: "I should worry."
- Joe Wilkinson: "Some chicken!"
- Leslie Logan: "You should see the Lyceum Pyramids."
- Kirkland, "Some team, believe me."
- Rogers: "Got your dime for the Echo?"
- Tom Brennan: (Deleted by censor).
- Gordon: "We can beat 'em."
- Hart: "Kinney has the best shot."
- Wyss: "Got some paper?"
- Franke: "Whatcha mean?"
- Clifford: "Can't,—I've got to stay for Latin."
- Justin Beuret: "In all my life."
- Heidrick: "I'm going to quit."
- Joe Zuber: "My mother would kill me."



### Exchanges.

In our Exchange column we have been reviewing seven or eight school papers each month. In this number, however, all we can do is to acknowledge the exchanges and thank those who sent them, assuring them of sincere criticism in our next issue.

The following exchanges were received during February:

"The Cherry & White," Williamsport, Pa.  
 "The Orange and Black," Elgin, Ill.  
 "The Echo," Kenton, Ohio.  
 "The Belmont Review," Belmont, N. C.  
 "The Archive," Philadelphia, Pa.  
 "Said and Done," Muskegon, Mich.  
 "The Manual," Peoria, Ill.  
 "The Caldron," Fort Wayne High.  
 "The X-Ray," Anderson, Ind.  
 "The Miltonvale Monitor," Miltonvale, Kan.  
 "Tech Monthly," Scranton, Pa.  
 "The Review," Newton, Mass.  
 "The Crescent," Lakeland, Florida.  
 "The Academy News," Morgan Park, Chicago.  
 "The Comenian," Bethlehem, Pa.  
 "The Budget," Berne, Ind.  
 "The Crimson," Goshen, Ind.  
 "The Columbiad," Portland, Oregon.  
 "The Oriole," Baltimore, Md.  
 "The Quill," Staten Island, N. Y.  
 "C. H. S. Monthly," Canton, Ohio.  
 "The Lilliputian," Canton, N. Y.  
 "The Florida Schoolroom," Dade City, Florida.

### What Others Say.

C. C. H. S. Echo: Your literary department is good.—Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa.

C. C. H. S. Echo: This is an unpretentious little publication, but I like it because it has the courage to defy the carping critics who howl for more cuts. It's purely literary, and its articles on church history show a fine sense of respect its students have for their own faith. All its news is presented in a simple, direct way, and the bits of verse that stand out on almost every page help to brighten its serious style. I'll venture to say that school has pretty good English standards.—Canton H. S. Monthly, Canton, Ohio.

C. C. H. S. Echo: A very interesting paper.—Orange & Black, Elgin, Ill.

C. C. H. S. Echo: Your material is good, but it is rather confused. Why not obtain a few cuts and arrange everything in its own department.—The Manual, Peoria, Ill.

C. C. H. S. Echo: A high class school paper that is greatly in need of some cuts to bring out its real value and make it more attractive.—X-Ray, Anderson, Ind.

### Lest We Forget.

Tuesday, Feb. 1—The Seniors are in hopes that they started their last school term today.—Cold weather brought the Soph toques to school again.—Ground-hog prophets busy.

Wednesday, Feb. 2.—Ground-hog saw his shadow; so dress up.—Three Seniors were on time this morning. Brother Daniel invited the others to a love feast at 3:30. Virgil presided at the banquet.

Thursday, Feb. 3—All went to church today to get the blessing of St. Blaze.—The Seniors spent the afternoon at the Library drinking knowledge from volumes of current literature.—Tickets for the game with the F. W. H. Independents tonight are selling well.

Friday, Feb. 4—Team happy over last night's victory.—Sophs begin to work their algebra problems for Monday's duty. Yaste says he'll have the most done.

Monday, Feb. 7—Zero weather proves too much for the school engineer.—Getz says that the steam in the radiators is cold.—Freshmen promises to contribute to the Echo.

Tuesday, Feb. 8—O'Brien and McDonald still out of sorts because the Thurston has not arrived.—Yaste still running loose.—The careless use of ink in the Senior room has put the faculty on the war-path.

Wednesday, Feb. 9—Some honorable Seniors got a vacation as a reward for their non-appearance yesterday.—A prolonged chemistry period cancelled the game between the Braves and the school team.—Brother Ephrem introduced the Juniors to "Black Cat" stories today.

Thursday, Feb. 10—Tom Brennan decides to learn a piece for the elocution contest.—Juniors get shaken up in chemistry class.—Logan and Doriot join the "Flopper Society."

Friday, Feb. 11—Extra work flew right and



left in the Junior English class today. "All verse, no poetry," was the teacher's remark. Trapp was given work in proportion to his size.—Kinney and Kinder took a week-end vacation. Woe to you on Monday!

Monday, Feb. 14—Brother Daniel rang the bell so hard after recess that it went out of order and put the school out of order, too. It became naughty at 11:45 and tried to drown out the German chorus.—Senior ranks full again. Who'll be the next to risk a day off?

Tuesday, Feb. 15—Practice for an entertainment for Washington's Day began this morning. The program is to be announced later.—Juniors had their first taste of brimstone today. They became acquainted with it in the chemistry room.

Wednesday, Feb. 16—Hart sported a new suit and came in late so that all would notice it.—Bob Burns was admitted to the school basket-ball team.—Gordon supersedes Beck as captain.

Thursday, Feb. 17—Freshmen try to say encyclopedia, and then ask Brother Ephrem for all the S's and M's. We wonder what they're up to.—Seniors scatter all over the Hall and practice oratory together.—Foohey appointed principal speaker for Feb. 22.

Friday, Feb. 18—The Juniors form a conspiracy to bring in their English work on the appointed day. All turned in stories today.—Four students realized what one o'clock discipline means.—Roy, Bushman, Conway, and Neuhaus fix up the Hall for basket-ball tonight.

Monday, Feb. 21—Beck was only ten minutes late this morning.—All wonder if tomorrow will be a free day.—Paul Foohey announces that he is speaker for the afternoon entertainment.

Tuesday, Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday. No school. Yes, we are Americans.

Wednesday, Feb. 23—Seniors spent afternoon at the Library. How many know that Haley was appointed prefect for the occasion?—Pig game announced for Friday. Class commission allowed on tickets.

Thursday, Feb. 24—Varsity and Juniors get rigged up for photographs.—Sophomores cover all the blackboards with geometry problems after school.—Byron McLaughlin fights with a canine and loses part of his pants.

Friday, Feb. 25—All students are invited to

the game tonight, as the voluntary subscription system went in force today. Money will be no longer an excuse for lack of school spirit.—Sophs get "mugged" for Echo.

Monday, February 28—Seniors fight for a class team.—Hart succeeds in writing a Latin "Life of Cicero." The book contains twenty lines.—Bi-monthly exams come down like thunderbolts.

Tuesday, Feb. 29—Harkenrider gives warning that this is the day that makes leap year. He wants all Seniors to graduate.—H. K.

### Fun or Physic.

Schmidt—"What's our verse for today, Al.?"

Al. Wyss—"The one that has the anapest."

Schmidt—"Ah, they're all a pest to me!"

\* \* \*

English Teacher—"You will write a debate on 'preparedness' for Monday."

Bushman (Monday morning)—"I'm neutral."

\* \* \*

Jim—"Why can't a fly see so well when it's on the floor?"

Jack—"Because it left it's specks on the wall."

\* \* \*

Said the tree to the river,

"I'll fall across you."

Said the river to the tree,

"I'll be damned if you do."—Ex.

Said the toe to the sock,

"I'll wear a hole in you."

Said the sock to the toe,

"I'll be darned if you do."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Teacher—Gordon Kelly, what is obesity?

Kelly—Obesity is surplus fat gone to waist.

\* \* \*

Algebra Teacher—John, what is nothing divided by two.

John (merily)—A kiss.

\* \* \*

English Teacher—Logan, what is the difference between feint and faint?

Observant Logan—Feint is a fighter's bluff, and faint is a woman's bluff.

\* \* \*

"It's the little things that tell," said Kate, as she pulled her small brother from under the sofa.—Ex.

# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicos delectet.

VOL. I.

APRIL 1916

NO. 7

## AN EASTER DAY

In vain our prayers, in vain our tears,  
In vain our works through weary years,  
If their reward be but the tomb  
And nothingness their final doom.

But 'tis not so. Death has no power  
To stop each new returning flower  
That points unto an Easter Day  
For all who bloomed and passed away.  
—S. P.

## CATHOLIC WRITERS

BY PAUL J. FOOHEY.

### V—Geoffrey Chaucer

The world respects and treasures the memories of those who have been first to tread the untrodden paths; of those who have deviated from the beaten ways; who have tried and succeeded in new fields of endeavor. No matter how great those who have followed the footsteps of another, the name of the leader is ever uppermost in the minds of men. And this is the reason why the world still honors the name of that splendid old Englishman, Geoffrey Chaucer. He deserves more than the title "Father of English Poetry." Not only was he the first, but he was also one of the greatest of English poets.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born at London about 1340. His father was John Chaucer, a vintner, a respectable London merchant. He received a good education, but, as far as we know, he did not attend the universities. We find him connected with the court from an early age. In the Edwardian invasion of 1359 he followed Prince Lionel into France. He was taken prisoner there and ransomed by Edward III. Returning to England, he was, in 1367, pensioned for life by the king. He was married about 1370 to Philippa Roet, a maid of honor to Queen Philippa. He had two sons and a

daughter. His line is thought to be extinct, as none of his children are known to have survived him.

From his twenty-sixth year Chaucer was frequently sent on diplomatic missions. In 1372 he was sent to Italy. This visit in all probability affected his future literary career, because it brought him into contact with the great intellectual movement of the early Renaissance. "Here," as Doctor Root of Princeton says, "he felt the power of Dante's divine poem; he breathed the atmosphere of humanism which emanated from Petrarch and his circle; he found in Voccaccio a great kindred spirit, an author of keen artistic susceptibility, who in character and temperament had much in common with himself."

At the accession of Richard II he was granted a second life pension. He was also made comptroller of the petty customs of the port of London. The intrigues of the partisans of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, partially ruined Chaucer's fortune. Henry IV, after his coronation in 1399, granted him a comfortable pension. He lived to enjoy it only a short time, however, for on October 25th, 1400, he breathed his last. He was laid to rest in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The authentic works of Geoffrey Chaucer are classed under twenty-four titles. For the most part they are poems. Chaucer's masterpiece is his *Canterbury Tales*. In them alone do we find the true measure of his greatness. The excellence of the plot and the beauty and variety of his work make it one of the finest in the English language. The "*Canterbury Tales*" were first printed in 1476 by Wynkyn de Worde. They are tales told by a "motley company" of pilgrims on the road from London to Canterbury. Each member of the party recites one tale for the amusement of the others. There are representatives of every class of English society in the party. The tales told by the Knight, the Parson and the



Prioress are generally considered the best. In adopting a device of this nature, Chaucer hit upon a happy plan for illustrating English society of his time.

Other noted works by Chaucer are: "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Parliament of Fowls," which contains some excellent humor, the "House of Fame," and the "Legende of Good Women."

Chaucer's prose works are neither inconsiderable in amount nor are they inferior in style. They are, however, less pretentious than his poetry. They are mostly the works of a translator who felt free to enlarge, compress, or alter the original in accordance with the object of his taste.

It is now well nigh six centuries since Geoffrey Chaucer "is dead and nayled in his cheste." Yet, looking at him in the light of his works, we find it hard to imagine that he lived in an age entirely different from ours. Neither in his scholarship nor in his works do we find him antique. Of course, the spelling and pronunciation is different from ours, but when we come to understand his way of using words, we delight in reading him. The lines are so easy and flexible that we wonder why later writers have not followed more closely the example he set. He had an even-balanced, simple method of narration. His stories are forceful, dramatic, and picturesque. He is easily the greatest figure in English literature prior to Shakespeare. Chaucer is rightly called the poet of his age, but his age cannot claim him entirely for its own. Like Shakespeare, he wrote for future generations.

It was he who first lifted the English language out of its barbarous isolation and conserved it for the tongues of half the civilized world. His friend Hocleve has paid him a beautiful and touching tribute which expresses his worth better than any words of mine:

"O Dethe, thou didst not harm singulere  
In slaughter of hym, but alle this land it  
smerteth;  
His name to slay; his hy vertu astereth,  
Unslayne for thee."

And the tribute is not undeserved. Chaucer, with his sincerity, his geniality, and genuine love of moral and artistic truth, is more than simply an exponent of his age. He has transcended its limits and become an English poet

for all time.

Chaucer may be called the poet of gentleness. He did not care to treat of war or strife. He is essentially the poet of good will. In telling the story of "Troilus and Cresyde," he is not drawn from his theme by description of warriors and battles, in which a Shakespeare or a Tennyson would have revelled. Neither was he a reformer, and, much as he knew and was concerned about the questions of his own time, he has not left a single direct line about them. Personally he was of quiet disposition, modest and unassuming. He was a constant reader, and everything he read he stored in his wonderful intellect. He was indeed the embodiment of the spirit of his age. He possessed its brightness, its fire, and its freshness.

Chaucer has been accused of a lack of seriousness. It is true that traces of his humor are found in all his writings. Yet in most cases it is but a graceful cloak for the serious philosophy of his existence.

In regard to religion, Chaucer has at different times been wrongly accused of being a Wyclifite, a Protestant, and a rationalist. These accusations have been made on the strength of a few passages. The general tone of his writings shows that he was not only a Catholic, but withal one who well understood his religion. Those who claim the opposite are certainly not borne out in their contention by the fact that he has at different times vigorously defended the doctrines of the Church. Misconceptions on these matters have arisen on account of that "pationless justice" which was the bedrock of his mind. He himself wrote: "Trouthe is the hyeste thyng which man may keepe." And his history shows that he followed his saying. As he did not strive to hide the grossness of the Plantagenet world which certainly was gross, neither did he try to hide the grossness of the churchman type when it was gross. Still it is well to remember that the famous episode of his "Beating of a friar in Fleet Street" is an invention, and that the unreadable "Jack Upland" is not his work.

Chaucer made many slighting remarks about women, but he afterwards made up for this rudeness in the "Legende of Goode Women." Such remarks may have been influenced by the example of Boccaccio, his own domestic exigencies, or his outspokenness. Yet, what



he did say we can safely consider to have been said merely in the spirit of the age and according to the truth as he saw it. Injustice is not one of his characteristics. Even, as someone has said, if his apology in the "Legende of Goode Women" was only perfunctory, it is hard to imagine that anything but a hearty faith prompted the eulogy of matrimonial bliss in the "Merchant's Tale."

Chaucer's "Preces" or prose "retractions" were written in the evening of his life. In the course of them he disclaims whatever in his writings has been sympathetic with sin. From a secular point of view these "retractions" are mistaken and deplorable. Yet, nothing could be more noble, more manly in this great genius than this humble self-subordination to conscience and the moral law. He is one of those few among the great who felt the force of the words: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

The naive of humor which we find in all of Chaucer's writings has caused some to say that he never wrote in a melancholy or drooping vein. This is true only when he is considered as the author of "Canterbury Tales." Yet this is the same Chaucer whom we hear mourning for the former age and complaining of the lack of steadfastness in his own time. In bewailing the death of Pity he says:

"Thus for your dethe I may well wepe and  
pleyne,  
With herte sore, al ful of busy peyne."

Was it a trifling humorist or an anchorite who wrote the pitiful passage describing the death of the pious Cunstance, and her parting from her child? Was it a stickler for conventionality who made righteousness the standard of nobility, and pointed to Jesus Christ as the first gentleman?

Geoffrey Chaucer is best known by his works, but to understand him we must have an acquaintance with his age and the active share he took in the affairs of his time. He has left us a true picture of all the people of his age, except himself. He was so modest, so unassuming that he deemed it unnecessary that the world should have the story of his own life. But from the testimony of others and from our own judgment of his deeds we find

that he was a well rounded gentleman, respectful to his fellows and reverential to his God, childlike in his simplicity, and manful in his championship of the truth.

### SPRING IS COME

The radiators speak no more,  
The pipes have ceased to rattle;  
The breezes play on window panes,  
In noisy childish prattle.

The overcoats are put in moth,  
Ear-laps are flung away,  
And everybody wears a smile  
To welcome flowery May.

The janitor says cheerily:  
"Ho! ho! my job is done;  
Another guy has got my place—  
You know him,—he's the sun."

And so it is with all you meet,  
From man to beast so dumb;  
Each one is smiling all he's worth—  
The reason? Spring has come.

—A. Huguenard.

### WE KNOW NOT THE WHY

As ye stroll down the walk of the pathway  
of life,  
When we gaze by the way to the left and  
the right,  
We can see all the pleasure and likewise the  
strife  
Of a world that is ruled by the war-god of  
Might.

We can see all the bloodshed and horrors of  
war;  
And they fill us with thoughts of revenge  
and of hate  
For those rulers of men who by greed for  
earth more  
Brought their subjects to this,—a most  
horrible fate.

But the justice of God has reckoning day,  
And the deeds of all men in His Memory lie.  
Till that time may we keep our opinions at bay;  
For we see but the act and we know not  
the way.

—R. O'Brien.

## THE CALL OF HOME

BY LEO N. WEBER.

The chill cold mists of morning still hung over the park when Vincent Farley, weak and stiff from exposure to the night air, rose from the bench which had been his bed for the night just past. An outcast from society, a beggar from door to door, he had for half a score of years wandered about the world. Yet to him it seemed a lifetime since he had left the foothills and the valley of Shannon Falls, where the happiest years of his life were spent.

Ten years ago—he was twelve then—ah! he remembered well—with the boldness that makes age double itself in the eyes of youth he had set out in the night, leaving no word as to his destination or his purpose. One day—and all his adventurous ardor was gone, but the stubborn pride of youth and a sense of shame for his rash act held him back; and all this while in a little cottage above Shannon Falls, a broken-hearted mother and an irate father waited in vain for their son's return.

The years had passed, but no word reached the anxious parents; no message of love, no request for forgiveness, which they would so gladly have given, ever came. Every hope was crushed, and the intense yearning for the son who had shared their love was left unsatisfied. Hopeful throughout the weary years, the loving mother had prayed for the son's return, for in prayer alone did she find solace for her grief; but the secret sorrow gnawed her tender heart, and life's sands were slowly ebbing in the hour-glass of mortal existence.

But these things Vincent Farley never knew. In all the years that had gone, no place had ever been a home to him. The crowded streets, where men saw but heeded not; the open highway, where all might go; the public park, where the weary came to rest—these were the haunts which he knew well.

The park had been his choice the night before, and now he was rising with the dawn. He stretched himself and rubbed his heavy eyes. From behind him came a stern "Move along there," from a blue-coated officer of the law, and Vincent Farley moved mechanically, for experience had taught him the penalty which lay in disobedience to such a command.

With a shuffling step he walked down the

gravel path to the street which skirted the park. From somewhere off he heard the boisterous laughter of children at play, but their gaiety only mocked his loneliness. His restless eyes watched the deserted streets grow busy with their morning traffic, and the empty sidewalks fill with an almost endless throng of hurrying people on the way to their employment; but all this meant nothing to him.

The habits of virtue inculcated during youth left their burning mark on the soul of Vincent Farley; and now as he came down the street the peal of the great cathedral organ drew him within the portals of God's Holy Temple. In the last pew he took his seat, and followed the Mass. Under the influence of these surroundings, his mind wandered back to his youth, through his brain, crowded reflections of the happy days of his boyhood, the scenes of home, the little village church,—father, mother. With a start he awoke to the realization that the venerable old pastor was about to address the congregation, and with eagerness he listened to his words. And the text was this: "Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long upon the earth."

It was a sermon which Vincent Farley would remember till his dying day, a sermon that drew him, outcast and beggar as he was, back to the little cottage at Shannon Falls, back to a kind old mother, to the scenes of home and childhood, to a fuller and better life.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was night at Shannon Falls, a dark and starless night, and the air was heavy with the oppressiveness that comes only with the storm. Overhead, the clouds like great black billows of smoke rolled threateningly close, and the low, insistent rumble of the thunder sent its warning to the earth below. Far down the valley the lightning flashed its zigzag path across the sky, and, with a crash that seemed to rend the heavens, the clouds loosed the rain.

Inside a dimly lighted cottage on the slope, a woman lay dying. Her hands feebly clasped a crucifix, while her lips moved in prayer. From the little mantel over the hearth, a single candle sputtering in its socket threw its weird light upon the wan face of the woman who had suffered much, and upon the man who



had shared her life. Helpless and hopeless the husband knelt beside her bed, conscious only of the dear form which he held, the faded image of the red-cheeked, laughing girl, whom in the years long past he had brought up from the valley to the cottage on the slope. Her hair, once brown, was silvered now with the sudden frost which sorrow brings, and the thin, trembling hand which his own strong fingers clasped was bloodless and wasted away.

The doctor from the ridge had said that there was no hope, but to both of them his verdict was soundless, for long before he had come they felt that the end was near. So they were silently awaiting it together, with the resignation which comes to human hearts, as the years are struck from the calendar of life. Impelled by that great power of understanding which knows no motive and comprehends no reason beyond itself, her eyes sought his, and her words came brokenly as she said: "Are you thinking of him, too, Dan?"

Impulsively he placed his hand upon her feverish brow, and, with a tenderness that carried the solace of untold love, he stroked away the lines that care had drawn there. "Nell, through the years that my heart has been with him, my prayers have been for him. Often I wonder if he is still alive, and against the doubt there comes the conviction that some day he will—he must—return. Like you, I have waited and waited, until—" But the iron courage that had sustained the will gave way, and the voice trailed off into words that were but shadows of sound. Daniel Farley, great strong man that he was, buried his face in his hands, and tears that would not be withheld choked the words which he sought to utter. The clock above the fire-place ticked off the minutes into eternity, and on the rudely shingled roof swept the incessant flood of the rain.

Painfully the mother raised herself. Her eyes seemed to pierce the gloom, seeking something that lay beyond. "O God of Heavens, send back my boy to me!" she sobbed, and her fingers groped in the semi-darkness for the hand of him who had born the affliction with her.

"Dan, ah! tell me, Dan, must my prayers be all in vain—am I never to see him again? No!" she cried, in a voice vibrant with the pent-up emotion of years of unceasing love, "he will come—he will come—to me!" Then

all the world grew dark before her eyes, and exhausted she sank upon the bed.

Outside the elements battled in fierce conflict for the mastery. Winds in ever increasing pitch shrieked around the little cottage on the heights, and through the rain came the blinding glare of lightning, and the soul-rending crash of thunder as it echoed and re-echoed through the valley.

Fearfully the dying woman clung to the hand that still held hers, and the husband bending nearer whispered: "Courage, Nell, courage! It is always darkest just before the dawn."

"Dan, Dan!" she muttered, and there was a strange gladness in her voice, "our boy is coming back. O, I see him now; he is coming—coming—just as I knew he would."

Silent in his grief, the husband followed her every word. Could it be possible, he wondered, that their boy had gone before, and that the mother in the subconsciousness which supplants the dying spirit of the mind, had met his soul beyond? Or was it all dream,—the mad, disordered fantasy of the fever-weakened brain? But the moaning of the storm and the rush of wind-swirled rain upon the roof was the only answer which his question brought. He looked upon the woman at his side. Her eyes were closed, and her lips, pale with the white, bloodless touch of death, were curved in a smile of peace.

Again that terrible crash of thunder, echoing baffled fury from the heavens to the earth, reverberated in its dying monotone until it spent itself upon the open valley, and the lightning blazed through the black clouds with the mighty menace of a vengeful God.

The click of a latch as the string was drawn, a gust of wind through the open door—it seemed the work of the storm. Wraith-like in the darkness a figure loomed, shrouded in the blackness of the night. For an instant it stood unmoved amid the swirling rain, a ghostly apparition, sinister and unearthly in its disregard for the elemental war that waged around it; one instant only—and then a blinding flash, that tore the darkness from the valley, revealed a living form.

One step,—a single tear,—a choked cry of joy,—and the mother's thin, frail arms clasped her wayward son in a last embrace, and lips already cold in death imprinted upon his a kiss of love and forgiveness. Once more she

held him to her breast, and her lips, struggling with words which would not come, spoke a mute farewell. A strange brightness came into the dim, faded eyes, and then they softly closed.

The shadows lengthened on the rough-hewn logs, the sputtering candle slowly burned itself away. At the bedside in the darkness a forgiving father and a penitent son prayed beside their dead.

### FIGHT ON

Success is not in store  
For all who tread life's trail;  
Some find cessations door,  
But none was meant to fail.

So fight the tides of life  
On ocean or in bay;  
And don't give up the strife,  
Though others float away.

—A. Wyss.

### LENT AND EASTER

At Lenten time sad nature wears  
A dress of woe and tears;  
She hides her face with sorrow's vail,  
As if God's wrath she fears.

But later clothed in vesture white  
Of spring-tides perfumed bloom,  
She will appear. Then radiant joy  
Will take the place of gloom.

C. Ward.

### BENEDICTION

Shining in the sky at night  
Are the stars and moon so bright,  
Shedding down in holy light  
Benediction to the right.

—A. Brown.

### HOPE

There is a Lent in all our lives,  
A time of gloom and sorrow;  
There is an Easter coming too—  
So courage till the morrow.

—F. Gruber.

### LUCILE

BY JOHN GASSERT

"Where are you going this evening, Jim?" asked George Watson of his chum, James Williams.

"Can't tell you," was the reply. "Where are you going?"

"I'll tell you some other time," replied George.

They both went to their homes, evidently feeling in good spirits.

About eight o'clock that evening Jim came around the corner of Lucile Evan's home, all dressed up and holding a bundle of flowers in his hand. At the same time George came whistling down the sidewalk, carrying a box of candy in one hand. And, as it was quite dark they both plodded up the high steps not recognizing each other until they tried to push the door-bell at the same time.

"What! You here?" they both exclaimed at once.

"Come on, George; quit your joking. Who told you I was coming here this evening?"

"No joking about this. I came here to see this girl and I intend to; and to prove that I am not joking, I can show you a box of candy which I expect to give her."

"I have given in enough to you, George Watson, and if you are a friend of mine you will leave this girl's home immediately."

Just then the door opened and Lucile Evans stood in the door-way.

"Lucile!" they exclaimed together.

"What! are you two here again, and quarreling in front of my home? Leave here immediately!"

Just then Reginald Fish came up the steps.

"Good evening, Lucile," he said.

"Why, it is Reginald!" she ejaculated. "Step in, Reggie."

They went into the house, leaving the now parted chums to skulk homeward like two whipped dogs.

Day after day the former friends passed each other on the street, not even as much as noticing each other. In the latter part of the next month the papers announced the wedding of Reginald Stuyvesant Fish and Lucile Evans. George having read this, decided to leave for the South and take a rest; so he went to the station and procured a ticket for Palm Beach, Florida, his train leaving two days from the



day of his buying the ticket.

In another home there was gloom, for James had heard of the marriage, and he too decided to go away. He went to the station and asked the ticket agent for a drawing room on the "Southland Limited." He could get nothing but an upper berth as all the others had been taken.

The day of their departure came. When the train-caller had finished announcing the coming train, the crowd rushed to the entrance, and the two former chums bumped into each other. Neither spoke a word, but quietly walked to the train. The Pullman conductor looked at George's ticket and said: "Number Ten." George went to his seat, sat down and began reading a magazine.

"Number Ten," read the conductor as James handed him his ticket. James was ushered to his seat. He sat down, and when he looked up he was face to face with George, for George had the lower berth and James the upper one. Neither spoke a word, but George took out a cigar and went back to the smoking room. He sat there puffing away at his cigar, gazing out the window until he finally looked up before him. There sat Reginald Stuyvesant Fish.

"The devil himself will be here in a minute," thought George. "First Jim, then that mustache and suit of clothes over there. I guess I'll go in and get something to eat."

He went to the dining car and the sight of Lucile Evans sitting with a group of other girls almost dumfounded him.

"Confound it!" muttered George to himself as he returned to the coach.

James, who was conversing with another man across the aisle, got up from his seat and started for the smoking room. He was no more than in, than he saw Reginald.

"This is no place for me," said Jim to himself. "That hand-box makes me sick. I guess I'll go out on the platform of the observation for some fresh air."

He no sooner reached the platform of the observation car than he cursed his luck. "George in the coach! Reginald in the smoke room! Lucile in the observation car! Where in thunder can I go?" he soliloquized as he marched back to the coach. Then turning to the porter he said, "Make up my bed."

"It is quite early, sah," said the porter. "It am only a quatah aftah seben."

"That makes no difference; I am tired."

"All right, sah; just as you say, sah," returned the porter.

"Make mine up, too," said George, who was conversing with a gentleman sitting in front of him.

"All right sah; which am yo berth?"

"Lower ten," said George.

"Yes, sah; Ah'll hab dem fixed in a jiffy."

In a few minutes the berths were made up and both men retired. About the middle of the night the train hit a sharp curve in the road and George was awakened by the sound of a man's voice.

"I really couldn't help it," said the voice. "The bally cah gave me such a jolt when it began to accelerate its speed. The very audacity of it! I shall have to complain to the officials."

"Why, you poor ape-faced monkey, if you are too weak to stand up what are you doing here, falling in on a man who is sleeping peacefully?" said a disturbed sleeper across the aisle.

"Reginald, won't you please hurry with the water?" came a feminine voice from the drawing room at the end of the coach.

"Yes, dear," replied Reginald.

"Oh, it is only that pigeon-livered Reginald always bobbing up," said George to himself.

"Can't you let a man sleep without fighting down there?" came James' voice from above.

Reginald passed on. The man across the aisle calmed down and everyone went to sleep for the rest of the night.

James was up at four o'clock, had his breakfast and was enjoying the air on the observation platform. Presently Lucile came out upon the platform, but seeing James sitting there, uttering a little sigh she went back into the coach.

"Reggie, dear," she said as she pulled one of the parlor car seats toward her, "do you remember the evening I ordered two young gentlemen from my home?"

"Why—er, yes, I believe I do. What about it?"

"I am sorry now that I did it," she said, "but I was riled. I believe I will apologize to them as I have the chance."

"Oh, no, no, dear. I wouldn't have you do it on the train right here. It would be bally wrong you know," replied Reginald.

"All right; I will wait until some other time," said Lucile quietly.

James was still sitting in the observation car as the passing brakeman remarked, "Going to Palm Beach, sir?"

"Yes. When do we get in?"

"About half an hour from now; seven forty-five."

"Could you direct me to a respectable hotel?"

"Why, yes; the hotel Miriam is quite a good place."

"Thank, you," concluded Jim, handing him a Havana.

The brakeman fixed the signals at the end of the train and went back into the coach.

"Mr. Brakeman, could you direct us to a good hotel?" asked Reginald.

"The hotel Miriam is a nice place," replied the brakeman as he passed along.

"Say there, brakie, can you tell me a place to anchor at?" asked George.

"Yes, the Miriam is as good as any," returned the brakeman, who evidently favored the Miriam.

In about twenty minutes the porter came through, calling out: "All out fo' Palm Beach; change cars fo' Key West; de next station's Palm Beach."

The train drew up at Palm Beach, and the crowd was pouring out of the coaches when Jim came down the steps followed by George and Mr. and Mrs. Fish. George hired a private taxi, while James left his baggage with the hotel porter and strolled up to the Miriam. Mr. and Mrs. Fish were met by the hotel bus which took them to the Miriam also.

"Reginald, why did you not want me to apologize on the train? I am afraid I shall not see them any more," said Lucile as she was sitting in the reading room of the hotel.

"Why, the bally ideah! You know it would be very shocking," answered Reginald.

"Well, I'm going to apologize to them the first time I see them." Just then James passed the door. "Mr. Williams! O Mr. Williams!" called Lucile wildly, "come here."

James turned on his heel and went into the reading room.

"Well, madam?" he asked as he stood face to face with Lucile.

"I am very sorry for the way I treated you on my front porch and I hope you will forgive me."

"I fear it is I who should ask your pardon,"

he said grasping her extended hand.

"I am so happy," she said, "where is Mr. Watson? I must see him too."

"I don't know," replied James. "We haven't spoken since that evening."

"There he goes now!" exclaimed Lucile.

"Mr. Watson," she called. George came in. "Well, madam, can I be of any service to you?" he asked coldly.

"Won't you please forgive me for treating you so rudely that evening?" she asked.

George was taken aback. "Why er—er, ye—s, if you will excuse me for making that scene on your front porch."

"I shall be only too glad to," she replied.

"Now won't you and James be friends again?" she asked as she drew the two fellows' hands together. Both could but look at each other and smile as they warmly grasped hands.

"Reggie, these are the two old friends of mine whom I've been speaking to you about. You have not met them."

A formal introduction followed.

That evening the two chums sat together on the veranda of the Miriam, talking of their recent experience.

"Well, Jim," said George, "it was Lucile who parted us and it was she who reunited us."

"Yes, old boy. I hope she's as happy as we are."

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## SPRING

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The spring—reviving maiden fair—

Reflects the power of God.

With sunlight gleaming through her hair,

She moves her magic rod

Above the lakes and streams and ponds

Enclosed with bands of ice;

And moving it she breaks the bonds

That hold them in a vice.

With ev'ry step there comes a flower,

As clothed in green she moves

O'er hill and dale. On green-leafed bower

She forms the morning dew.

So should we walk from year to year,

And bring good cheer to all,

And mold a dew drop from the tear

That from the aged fall.

Alfred Brown.



## OUR GRADUATES

BY R. L. BEURET.

### Vi.—Eugene D. O'Connell.

I have kept Eugene for the second last number of our 1913 graduates, and I intend to begin the peroration with him and end my articles with the Class President. It is impossible to do justice to any member in the little space allowed me, and for that reason I have tried to confine my remarks to the characteristics or personality of the individuals. Eugene is an orator, and about this trait I shall speak most, though I must not fail to notice his ability as a writer.

His name is not enrolled among the athletic or glee club members of our school, but this is probably due to the fact that such things never interested him. His first great work at school was an epic entitled "Peeping Through the Knot-hole of Papa's Wooden Leg." This epic started him on his career as a writer, and since that time he has written millions of words on every subject, without any reference to books or such things as encyclopedias.

Well, when he was graduated he won the golden medal for the best work on a debate on woman suffrage. He entered Notre Dame University the next fall and succeeded in getting a place on the University debating team. His team was successful. It could not be otherwise, for I am informed that he retired to St. Mary's Valley, a very lonely place, to practice oratory. There on a little bridge, in solitude, he spoke to nature, and to a few of his companions whose presence he was not aware of. All the while, his mind was on Prof. Cooney and journalism (as a side study). He was the Notre Dame correspondent for the Indiana Catholic, and told people many things about the place that were previously unknown.

The following year he again returned to Notre Dame and took up a course in philosophy. Owing to ill health he was forced to return after Christmas. He still held on to oratory, and during the cold winter mornings he took possession of Library Hall and studied the varieties of echoes produced.

He was now able to write and talk and philosophize, but realizing that his education was still incomplete, he entered the Fort Wayne Business College. He is doing exceptionally well there, and seems to be an expert in Loss and Gain Accounting.

I have only space to tell you that he is a favorite with C. C. H. S. alumni, and that he is always selected for toastmaster at their banquets.

## THE FRESHMAN TEAM

The Freshies brought some boys around,  
Though some of them came late;  
Yet when they got the team made up,  
It was no featherweight.

Now turn your eyes to Bushman bold,  
A good old chap named Ed;  
He knew some things of basketball  
That almost swelled his head.

Now there was "Bromo" Suelzer brave,  
Whose presence was some fate  
To other teams, both large and small,  
For "Bromo's" power is great.

Again we come to Rohyans tall,  
A fellow very mute.  
Opponents never tried to fight  
When he began to shoot.

Now cast your eyes on Doriot.  
O gee! but he can play,—  
For every time the Freshies lost  
'Twas Frank that saved the day.

At last we come to Logan—  
Attractive forward lad.  
He always helped to win the game,  
'Cause shooting was his fad.

—E. Lennon.

## UP AND DOWN

Jimmy had a "Billie" goat,—  
And oh! he was some butter;  
He caught poor Jimmy 'neath the coat  
And threw him in the gutter.

—G. Hamilton.

## POOR KID

Little Jack  
Finds a tack,  
And seems, poor kid, quite tickled;  
Puts on chair,  
Teacher there,—  
Jack's naughty plans are pickled.

—L. Suelzer.

## The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under Act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. I.

APRIL 1916

NO. 7

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With the days of Lent nearly spent, the joyful feast of Easter fast approaches. The season in which it arrives seems but the shadow of that great event, the resurrection of Christ—the corner-stone of the Christian religion. The earth shakes off the drowsy mantle of her long winter's sleep and bursts forth in all her splendor and new beauty. Signs of life and resurrection are evident in everything. We feel our belief in immortality strengthened as we reflect on the proof that God has given of a life rising out of death, of a joy that will have no end. But if these joys are to be ours we must approach the great feast of Easter in a spirit of penance and expiation along the path which Christ our model has taken.—C. M. H.

Three hundred years ago the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare passed into eternity. Of his

life we know little, but of his literary genius no student is ignorant, for William Shakespeare "wrote not for an age but for all time."

APRIL 23,  
1616

It is probable that he died without realizing his own greatness, for certain it is that he made no effort to transmit his soulful works to posterity. And still they are almost preserved in their entirety. His dramas and his sonnets enrich our language and develop our minds. In him we find the virgin thought. He possessed a natural propensity for expressing great ideas in simple words; and his ideas are so much part of man's existence that three hundred years of progress have not changed them—a proof in itself that human nature is without change. It is well, perhaps, that the life of such a man is unknown to us, for great talent has often been a stranger to good life; and if such was his case, we will honor him more by not knowing it.—J. F. W.

If result were to be judged by effort there would be fewer things criticised. The Freshman is the one who has to make the most efforts, though apparently the result does not always follow. Speaking as a "Freshie" I know that his life is not very rosy. He knows little and he is credited with knowing less. His lack of initiative is very often due to the fear of criticism. This may account in some way for the little effort made by some of our members in contributing to this number of the Echo, though we had a chance to make it a Freshman number. Some worked hard and got results, and some others worked harder and didn't get results, their contributions being returned with encouraging comments. But their efforts were not useless, for continued trial is the road to success. We know the high standard of the Echo, and we are heart and soul in keeping it high. May others appreciate our efforts!—L. Suelzer.

While the Junior Elocution Contest was a credit to the class as a whole, no interested observer could fail to notice that some showed every indication that they were reciting because they had to. The fellow who knows he can't win but still fights on to a finish is the fellow who gains

### DOING ONE'S BEST



most. He makes an effort, he overcomes himself, he places himself above the criticising "wits" of the school. He gives evidence that he is going to fight his own battle in life, that he will not be a slave to human respect, that he is not going to bury his one God-given talent for fear of losing it. Of such as these is the best stratum of society formed. The quitter and the "eratic child of genius" find no place in the ranks of the forward-marching citizens of character and principle.

Not many months ago the Catholic churches of Fort Wayne united in forming a Welfare Association, having representatives from each parish. The association aims

### MODERN SUNDAY SERVICE

at safeguarding the religion and morality of the young; a work that every church, Catholic and non-Catholic,

should consider as a commandment of God. Do we need such an association in Fort Wayne? Yes, we need it, even if it had no other work to do than to combat the degenerating tendencies of some of our theatres. When morality drops to such a level that that attendance at burlesque shows is considered an "up-to-date" means of keeping Sunday, when theatres cover the billboards of the city with sensational posters, when the young—even the Catholic young, during Lent—are attracted from home and from church to view the "serpents of the Nile" upon the stage,—there is need of immediate and remedial concerted action. Manly protest—even if it must give offence where offence is deserved—is needed. We must offend man rather than God. If protest will not stop them, at least a city ordinance will clear us of them on Sunday.

Sub-joined are a few of the many papers about burlesque shows handed in to the editor.

\* \* \*

The greatest nuisance in Fort Wayne today is the burlesque show. These shows are not only a detriment to the people who attend them, but also to the city itself, for the name and reputation of the city will be a stake if they continue much longer. Money seems to be stronger than protest; but let the protests be made public so that the patronizers will have to choose.—R. O'Brien.

\* \* \*

Burlesque is still under full steam in some of our play-houses. Every Sunday we can see a line of people that reaches across the street,

all waiting to enter Mecca. All during the week, one of these houses presents pretty good shows, including the best traveling dramas and attractions. The public who patronize these during the week do not feel that they should frequent a place whose name is falling into disrepute on account of Sunday burlesque. Already the chief-of-police has put the ban on the "classy" posters and forbidden children under sixteen to be on the streets without cause after eight in the evening. May his efforts grow until older people feel a sense of duty too!—R. Casey.

\* \* \*

The American people are lovers of the drama, and patronize the show house after a day of weary toil. They look for a reflection of life and life's battles. They enjoy music and song, and carry their charms back to their toil. For this reason, musical comedy became popular; but in the course of time it began to develop an appeal to lower passions, and the burlesque show of today is the result. Men have not followed it downward. Those who belong to the burlesque class began there. Now, the question is this, Where are the young to begin? Are they to begin with the burlesque? There is where they will begin if they have a chance, for youth is wayward, and will continue so if not influenced in other directions. It is in the power of the older to influence the younger, and it is a duty of the older to remove what is harmful to the younger. You tell us that burlesque shows will not make us better men, but you take no steps to remove them. You are a patriot, but you have no care for the future American people.—A. Schmidt.

\* \* \*

If the burlesque shows are not stopped they will become bolder, as was demonstrated in our city some months ago. For some reason or other not much publicity was given the affair, but house-to-house talk has it this way: The manager of the theatre was not content with the regular program, and added an extra show at mid-night. A number of tickets were sold and a goodly crowd was present. The police got word of it and some "cops" came to the show. The result was that the regular program was put on, and not what the audience expected. They became so angry that to "get even" they did whatever damage they could to the theatre, and made use of all the electric bulbs they could reach. The theatre closed for a week, and then after much bill-posting opened with a "real burlesque."

But the burlesque is not the only show that should be turned out. Most of those under the name of musical comedies are no other than burlesques. Admission is low and the name does not sound bad, so the young are allowed to attend.—C. Kinney.

\* \* \*

Burlesque shows have long been a thorn in the side of the people of Fort Wayne, but they still continue. What makes them more undesirable is the fact that they are shown on Sunday afternoon and evening. Some people are afraid to remonstrate, for they fear that it will be a signal for the closing of all Sunday theatres. It would be better to do this than to continue having these performances at certain theatres. A number of church societies have united within the last month for the abolishment of these shows and have threatened to withdraw their patronage even from the good shows shown in the same theatres. It is hoped that more aggressive measures will not be needed.—F. Rogers.

### LOCALS AND PERSONALS

—Basket-ball is gone, but there is no reason why the school should not have a baseball team. Who are the live ones?

—The Royal Order of Ancient Pretzels received a severe set-back from Brother Anthony.

—Alex McDonald came near being added to the rogues' gallery, but his good looks saved himself and his pocket.

—Carl Yaste is soon to bring action against A. Huguenard for malicious flattery.

—Leland Parrot called on the Seniors on March 24. He is now interested in photographic work for the Parrot Art Store.

—Emmet Royhans and James and Thomas Hayes were in the city on St. Patrick's day. They are prominent A. O. H. men, and added much to the success of the evening entertainment.

—The State and County superintendents of schools visited us on March 16 and noted the work being done in each class.

—A few of the faculty have put the ban on gum-chewing during class.

—"The Adventures of Billy Hayes and Bob Beuret" is the title of an entertaining article written for the May Echo.

—Leslie Logan, Dan Haley and Frank Doriot made a business trip to Columbia City on the

afternoon of March 24.

—A certain individual is inquiring as to where Bob Beuret was on the evening of March 7. (Don't worry, Bob; it's not the owner of the wall-paper).

—Articles such as stories, essays, poems, written by alumni will be gladly received by the editors; and news items are always welcome.

### ELOCUTION CONTEST

Thursday afternoon, March 16, the Juniors contested for the gold medal for elocution presented by Rev. John R. Quinlan. The contest was held in the study-hall and lasted one hour and a half. Sixteen Juniors recited pieces. The judges were: C. Byron Hayes, James F. Conway, and Matthew Drennan. First place was given to Raymond Franke. "Spartacus to the Roman Envoys," is the title of the piece he recited. The gold medal will be awarded him on commencement day.

The following contestants received rating as follows: Frank Rogers, second; Robert Casey, third; Charles Kinney, fourth; Aloysius Schmidt, fifth. Anthony Trapp did not participate in the contest on account of sickness.

Before the contest the school orchestra played "Angels' Serenade" and "Medley of National Airs." The school orchestra is composed of Lawrence Kelly, Paul Foohey, Alphonse Centlivre, Louis Beck, Edward Bushman, Herman Centlivre, James Huntine, Chas. Harkenrider, Frank Doriot, Aaron Huguenard, Thomas Brennan, Frank Rogers and is directed by Brother Edmund. The Senior quartet, consisting of Frank Ryan, Harry Wiener, Clarence Getz, and Joseph Wilkinson delighted the audience by their singing of "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Prefatory to announcing the winner, Mr. Hayes gave a very lively and practical talk to all the students on the advantages to be gained by taking part in such contests. He concluded by complimenting the faculty for the opportunities offered and the training given the boys.

The contest was greatly enjoyed by all the students. The climax was reached, however, when Brother Daniel announced that there would be no school until the following Monday. The school quartet deserves much praise for the fervor with which they worked in preparing their song.



## LEST WE FORGET

Wednesday, March 1—Talk of bowling contest was uppermost today. Will the Juniors win this championship also? The Juniors recited their "pieces" this morning; Brother Daniel brought "Speedy" into the room, but the honorable examiner refused to remain. Frank Rogers decides to carry no more matches about his person.

Thursday, March 2—Late-comers brought to justice. Juniors told to write verse, and not attempt poetry. Freshmen yell out Referee Kirkland.

Friday, March 3—Seniors begin to organize a Glee club (not for singing). Snow balling still good. Ed. Cunningham rolls a real snow ball.

Monday, March 6—Tryouts for the Senior quartet. Some are afraid they'll be chosen. Casey takes a day off, and Trapp?

Tuesday, March 7—The Juniors are told to prepare a debate on movies for April 4. Schmidt leads the affirmative and Gordon the negative. In algebra class the door flew open and one of the Bushmans flew out. This was the effect; now, what was the cause? Leo Weber spent the afternoon with us.

Wednesday, March 8—Ash Wednesday. Many resolve to attend daily mass. All went to church this morning. Juniors had experiments today, but no odors were detected.

Thursday, March 9.—March Echo appeared. Of course the centre of attraction was the pictures. The Echo covers have now gone thru the red-white-and-blue. Schmidt wakes up to the kind of stockings he had on. Brother Daniel announced the class standing of those who expect to be graduated, and said that good conduct will be considered in awarding honors.

Friday, March 10.—Wyss and Yaste entertain the sophs in a hair-pulling contest. Beck and Beuret ask leave to write 600 words on the value of time. Sophs get out at 3:30.

Monday, March 13—The orchestra and Senior quarter rehearsed during the study hour. Some Juniors began to prepare for the elocution contest on Thursday. Seniors spend the

afternoon at the public library. Reports that Harkenrider wants to stay in bed for a few days are confirmed.

Tuesday, March 14—Seniors begin to talk about filling the vacancy for class president. (Let's hope the new one will lead them to victory.).

Wednesday, March 15—Paul Foohey decides that he has had a long enough vacation, and so strolls in again. Freshmen start a rogues' gallery in the Latin room.

Thursday, March 16—Great day for the Juniors. Franke wins the elocution medal. Orchestra shows great improvement since Washington's birthday. Senior quartet a great success. Free day announced for all the Irish tomorrow. (Who won't be Irish?).

Friday, March 17—Everybody's Irish. No school.

Monday, March 20—Joe Wilkinson's napping arouses suspicion regarding Sunday celebrations. Franke "set 'em up" to the Juniors, giving each three carmels. Some one found a cuff button and then put an ad on the board saying he had found "the missing link." The Juniors' attempt at extemporaneous speaking averaged 20 seconds for each.

Tuesday, March 21—The Freshman think they know enough to have a debate too, but they ought to wait until the Sophs start. Juniors accept Senior's challenge for bowling, but can not arrange a suitable time.

Wednesday, March 22—Juniors fill the school with chlorine and become very noisy. (Yes, we know "war is hell," but—).

Thursday, March 23—Juniors get defeated in a snow balling fight. They say Hart turned traitor, joining the winning side. Brother Ephrem starts a roughhouse in the study-hall at one o'clock.

Friday, March 24—The typewriters were removed from the Senior room lest the young typists should disturb venerable graduation dreams. Seven hundred words is the penalty for throwing magazines around; not so, K.?

Monday, March 27—Logan's excuse about being sick last week went to pieces today. O'Brien says that his cousin Alex is not a bad sort of fellow when you know him, and that he is not "stuck up." The schoolrooms looked cleaner than usual this morning. Probably the weekly sweeping was a little more intense.

Tuesday, March 28—Blume, the flower of the Sophomore class, announces that he comes to school to study. "Senator" Kelly promises to show Al Wyss some steps as soon as Lent is over. (May we look on?).

Wednesday, March 29—That orchestra will give us no rest, and they don't care what they play. A weekly singing class is 'tis said) begins this morning. The first touch of spring fever was noticed today.

Thursday, March 30—Kirkland and Reilly say they can't live apart. Maybe it's because we call Kirkland "Skirts." Huguenard says he wishes he were a "kid" again, but refuses to explain his meaning.

Friday, March 31—(We take a fool's advice and write no more this month.—H. Kramer, D. Haley.)

## EXCHANGES

The Exchange Notes are the most difficult items we have to write. The few lines we give about each exchange is the result of much work on the exchange commented on. When we cannot do this, we simply mention the names, for there is no use making a comment without knowing what we're doing. We have read comments on other papers, but we believe that some of those who wrote them completely "judged the marmalade by the label of the jar." Again, it is waste of time to comment on stray exchanges that simply come to you expecting a favorable comment. For our parts we are more desirous to cultivate the acquaintance of a few earnest friends, whose criticism we can rely on and whose progress will be a satisfaction to us, rather than many passing visitors.

Of the exchanges noted in this issue the first twelve have not been commented on by us before.

"Belmont Review," Belmont, N. C.—A very interesting paper, containing solid and instructive articles along the lines of Catholic thought. The verse is of a high grade.

"Orange and Black," Elgin, Ill.—A paper with good articles as well as a good cover. "A Wonderful night," is exceptionally well written. The ads might be kept by themselves, and a few more jokes added.

"The Cherry and White," Williamsport, Pa.—Everything is so complete and well done, that we can add nothing by praise or detract anything by balm.

"The Echo," Kenton, Ohio.—Your editorials are up to date and your literary department is good though too short. Exchange remarks should contain more than generalities.

"The Archive," Philadelphia, Pa...A well finished paper, containing many cuts, and neat from cover to cover. "A Son of Canada" and "D Troop" are well written. Your cuts are attractive. Exchange remarks should show more real criticism.

"Said and Done," Muskegon, Mich.—One cannot help noticing the size of your literary department, but more wonderful still is its merit.

"The Caldron," (Fort Wayne).—We value the Caldron as highly as any exchange we receive. The grade of its work is on a level with the best schools. However, there are two things we would like to see changed in tone: Your editorials against knockers are good, but the silence of contempt may be better; and some of your references to members of the faculty show a lack of respect.

"The Miltonvale Monitor," Miltonvale, Kan.—A neat paper and carefully gotten up. Your article against preparedness is well written, but your arguments do not convince us that you are right. Your exchange notes lack separate comment.

"The Review," Newton, Mass.—We hope to have you regularly among our exchanges, as we see much in your paper worthy of commendation. "The Wreck of the Newtonian" is beautiful in its satire. Your literary department is good. We think your editorial page should come before general items.

"The Crescent," Lakeland, Florida.—We welcome you from the "Sunny South" and seem to feel the balmy breezes as we read your paper. We notice that our "Reflections" found favor with you.

"The Academy News," Morgan Park, Chicago.



—Your bi-weekly is something rare for us. Owning to its make-up you have little chance to show your literary work, but you are strong in school events.

"The Schoolroom," Dade City, Florida.—A splendid educational paper containing excellent articles for students and teachers in any part of the country, but especially adapted to Florida educators.

Other exchanges which we gratefully acknowledge are\*: The Manual, The X-Ray, Tech Monthly, The Comenian, The Budget, The Crimson, The Columbiad, The Quill, Canton High School Monthly, The Lilliputian, The Courier, The Canary and Blue, The Bulletin, The Argus, The Apokeepsian, The Blue and White, The Blue Bird.

### TO THE JUNIORS

Friends, Juniors, Classmates, give me your money;

I come to help the Seniors, not to burden them. They are about to depart, educated but hungry; But let it not occur.

The noble Juniors are flushed with money, And as money has great power, let us use it. Here, in secret of the faculty.

For they are ignorant of this meeting (Yes, the entire school is ignorant of it), I come to entreat for them.

They are our schoolmates, faithful and just.

But they are hungry; and hunger is a terrible thing.

They have worked day and night—

And worked hard for the attainment of knowledge;

And it was this that made them hungry.

When others loafed they studied.

Education should be gotten easier—

But they are starving.

You all must give forth your change;

Though this they will refuse.

They are honorable, and they shall be fed.

You all have been hungry once, but not long.

Why do you stop and hesitate to give one a meal?

Come, give me your money, and we shall have a banquet,

Not only for them but for all of us.

Ah, that is it fifty dollars exactly!

Come and we shall seek the dining-room of the Anthony—

If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now.

—R. G.

### THE HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN

Charles Kinney, the "Lyceum Kid", is interested in bowling. In fact, he has it on the brain. The other night, it seems, it was so on his mind that in his sleep he came down stairs, got into the pantry, and although he had no regular pins to roll at, he managed to knock down everything on the shelves, but he still bowled on and on. The next alley he came to was the cellar. Here he bowled at least two hundred, for, sorry to say, after he got through there were left but three of the sixty-eight cans of peaches which his mother had preserved. All the turnips and potatoes had gone to the wall. Having no one to set up the pins he returned, but the worst was yet to come. He stopped not for ma, and he stayed not for pa. . he bowled all the cups, and he bowled all the glasses; he cared not for vinegar, cheese, or molasses: He could not be stopped, so they called for Wayne Hart; that name was too much, for he woke with a start—and cried.—B. B.

### FREE TREATMENT

CURE FOR A BALD HEAD—Pour some sulphur on the head and heat the head gently until sulphur boils. Soak the head in cold water, forming plastic sulphur. Shave a black cat, and insert the "hairs" in the new scalp.—W. H.

HOW TO BECOME HEALTHY AND WISE—Get a job in a soap factory where you can have the benefit of ten hours a day in fresh air. Come home at the end of the week and get "soused." Have "breakfast in bed on Sunday morn. Eat all day, and sit by the stove until you get hot-headed.—W. H.

My Dear Gordon:

Am anxious to know how to look classy and to make a hit. Will pay you well for your advice. Am old enough to know.

Yours in dead earnest,

D. Haley.

\* \* \*

My Dear Dan:

Above all learn to shave and comb your hair. Wear nose-glasses. Walk Calhoun street, and don't be afraid to roll your eyes. (Free of charge.

Yours successfully,

R. Gordon.

## DEFINITIONS

1—An unknown and unnoticed quantity.

Harber Shop—A place where harvests are reaped.

Schoolhouse—A modern substitute for the old-time rack.

School Cloak—A machine that distains sympathetic vibration with student-owned watches.

Snore—An annoying report from headquarters.

Sculptor—A poor fellow who makes faces and busts.

Peach—A skirted individual with a smooth skin and a stony heart.

Paragon—A word used before marriage.

Mexico—The country that made "watchful waiting" a modern policy.

Lie—The only known substitute for the truth.

Iceman—The fellow who wants you to keep cool.

Flattery—A tonic for the weak, pleasant to smell, but dangerous to swallow.

Fault—The easiest thing on earth to find.

Packbone—Something running up and down your back. Your head sits on one end of it, and you sit on the other.

Brick—An individual who hasn't yet gone to the wall.

Ford—A creator of jokes.

History—The story of another fellow.

## MOVIE PLOTS

### "THE FRETS OF FREDERICK"

Cast—"Senator" Kelly, Sadie Love, "Catchy" Gordon.

Scene 1.—"Senator" meets Saddle on park bench. Sits on bench, about four feet away from her. Fearing to speak, he tips bench. Catastrophe follows. Helps Saddle to rise. "Catchy" appears on the scene. Saddle blushes. "Senator" squirms.

Scene 2.—Kelly still on the bench.—J. B.

### "TELL THE TRUTH"

Characters—Bob C—, Rose Bud.

Scene 1.—Jefferson theatre—Bob meets Rose; says he is a newspaper man—great success.

Scene 2.—Calhoun Street. Bob—Big 3 Cart—Journal-Gazette. Bob crushed.

Scene 3.—Bob's room. "Oh, hang that paper route!"—J. B.

## QUEER MISTAKES IN INSURANCE EXAMINATIONS

If the doctor is to believe all the statements made to him by applicants for life insurance, certain families have been distinguished by their strange happenings. The British Medical Journal selects a few of the most amusing from the large series of blunders:

"Mother died in infancy."

"Father went to bed feeling well, and the next morning woke up dead."

"Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age."

"Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness."

"Applicant has never been fatally sick."

"Father died suddenly; nothing serious."

"Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child."

"Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow shot by an Indian."

"Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child."

"Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death."

## FUN OR PHYSIC

Hart (in Latin class)—Wyss, what does "amate" mean?

Wyss—Awh, don't be a kid all your life.

Schmidt—How would you end a letter to a girl?

Brennan—Just make x x x x x x at the end.

Schmidt—What do those x's mean?

Brennan—What do they mean?—Say, kid, you shouldn't try to write yet.

Wyss—You're out sixty cents, Hart.

Hart—What for?

Wyss—You broke a chair.

Hart—Well, suppose I did, who saw me?

Wyss—I did.

Hart—Here's a dime, Cy.



# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicos delectet.

VOL. I.

MAY 1916

NO. 8

## THE PATRIOT DEAD

Cull the best flowers for the patriot's grave;  
'Tis a father or grandsire that rests neath  
the sod,  
Sleeping the sleep of the good and the brave—  
Proudly culled was each one by an angel of  
God.

From the altar of freedom their fragrance  
ascended  
Fresh as from unplucked flowers that grow  
on the mountain,  
Collected by spirits of heaven suspended,  
Condensed near God's throne for nectar's  
clear fountain. —S. P.

## THE TEST

BY J. WELCH, '18

A gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. Leaving her work, Belinda Grey, wiping her hands on her apron, advanced to answer the call. A tramp with ragged clothes and sad countenance faced her as she opened the door.

"Well, what is it?" she asked rather harshly.

"Could you please, madam, give a poor tired man a bite to eat?" came the soft reply from the Knight of the Road.

Just then sounds of "whoa" were heard from the yard. Turning around, the tramp saw the owner, a burly farmer, unhitch the team and lead the animals into the pasture. The tramp felt certain that he would be refused the "grub." He had not tasted anything for the last twelve hours, at least he said so to Mrs. Grey.

"O John, here is a tired visitor; come over and see if you can convert him, I'm busy preparing the dinner."

Mr. Grey called the stranger, while he himself came to the wagon to put up the harness.

"Say, my good man, wouldn't you mind doing a little bit of work? My grapes are rotting and I have no one to pick them. By your size and build I think you could do a week's work easy."

"Why, I think I can if it's only picking grapes," answered the tramp indifferently.

"O, John, dinner is ready."

"Well, come along, Mr—What's your name?"

"Call me Jack, for short."

"Now, Jack, we'll take this door, because she might have the kitchen scrubbed," and the farmer, followed by Jack as a dog follows his master, sauntered into the so-called dining room. Jack took in the sights as fast as his eyes could travel.

"Take my chair, we're the only two," said the farmer. The conversation began with political questions and finally drifted to baseball. When Jack heard the word baseball in the conversation, he changed color and his eyes became red. John did not notice this sudden change, as he was busy throwing a bone to the dog. The dinner lasted about half an hour, after which the busy eaters turned their attention to the farm. They proceeded to the strip of land which lay about three hundred feet from the house. Here Jack performed his first bit of work, when he led one of the horses to the wagon that was stationed close by.

Jack accustomed himself to the surrounding and within four days he had made many friends among the neighboring farmers. At times he was downcast and sad, especially when he saw the Howardsville team practice for the games that would decide the championship of the county. With an accurate eye, he watched every move of the pitcher, and now and then he would make a motion to say something, but he always seemed to check himself and assume an indifferent look.

The first game of the series between Howardsville and Texas Corners was scheduled to come off on the following day. The manager of the former team was not satisfied with the showing his best twirler had made in the previous games,—and most of all in to-day's practice. The pitcher was wild at times, and in many cases he would give the batter two strikes, only to let him walk or hit. Some of

the fans were leaving the park, tired of such practice and disgusted. Jack seeing the situation, walked up to the manager, who was leaning against the fence, and said: "Mr. Smithson (for that was the manager's name), would you mind giving me a tryout?"

The manager had heard some news concerning Jack's ability as a pitcher from Mr. Grey. "Sure," quickly replied the manager rather astonished. He motioned the twirler on the mound to himself and gave Jack a glove. The latter took off his hat and dropped it on the ground. He walked over to the pitcher's box as one familiar with that performance. He studied the batter as an eagle studies its prey. Then with a graceful wind-up he delivered the ball. It was the famous slow ball. The batter struck, but he swung too soon. The next one he threw was an inshoot, which the batter struck at again. So it continued, three times as many strikes as balls. The batters and bystanders were puzzled. The manager put on a smile that showed appreciation.

Practice was over. The manager called the players and pointed out their mistakes. Then drawing Jack aside he congratulated him on his pitching and informed him that he could pitch the opening game.

The day of the first game was at hand. Large posters on the fences and telegraph poles announced the opening game of the series. Howardsville looked like State Street in Chicago on a bargain day. All were dressed in their best clothes; even old Jenkins, the miser, puffed at a cigar and held a pop bottle. If a person saw only the main street and nothing else he would have estimated Howardsville's population about ten times too much.

It was one o'clock. The city band had assembled in front of Burn's grocery store in order to escort the players and people to the grounds. The manager led the procession, followed by the band, after which came the players of both teams and some of the prominent officials of the town. Some ragged urchins brought up the rear.

They entered the park; yells came from the rooters for both sides, who filled the grandstand. After a little practice the game started. Jack's wonderful work began to show in the first inning. His three opponents were baffled by his delivery and puzzled by his curves and slow balls. At times he showed signs of weakness but would quickly overcome this. Now

and then he would glance into the grandstand as if he was looking for somebody. All throughout the game he held Texas Corners at his mercy. Rooting was heard only from one side—and that Howardsville. The first game was won when Jack, with two men on, smashed a home run.

The following day a big write-up was given him by the Howardsville paper. The town rejoiced over the victory and gathered in crowds to talk over the game. Jack was greeted and given a glad hand by all he met. Four days later all was different. It was an unlucky day for Jack. Howardsville team rode up to Texas Corners to play the second game. They received a more welcome reception, especially Jack. Texas Corners as to the celebration had Howardsville beaten by a mile.

It was the last of the ninth and the score was three to nothing in favor of the visitors. Howardsville took the field, and Jack stepped up to the mound, sure of victory. All of a sudden he heard the oft-repeated word, "yellow," coming from the grandstand. His arm at that moment seemed to have lost its energy. The ball was on its way to the batter—bang. Out went the ball over the fence. Now the home rooters were aroused. They began yelling to tie the score.

Jack glanced towards the grandstand and noticed his oldtime enemy, Ted Brown, laughing. Again he began to wind-up but the word "Yellow" was still ringing in his ears. He became pale and weak. He could not finish the swing. He walked to the bench and told the manager he could not end. The latter tried to persuade him but to no avail. The next pitcher allowed three hits and the opponents tied the score.

An extra inning was played, and the home team by a steal pushed over the winning run. Jack looked "blue" and downhearted as he made his way to the wagon. He recalled the hardships he had endured for the past year. No, he must do better and overcome this little obstacle. He failed twice, why could he not succeed next time?

The following day he visited the manager and told him his story. He asked permission to pitch the last game. The stern boss wavered for a while and then said, "Well, I'll give you a chance. You certainly would be yellow if you quit."

The day of the last game arrived. The



crowd in Howardsville was greater than those that witnessed the first and second games. Texas Corners were more confident of "copping" the pennant, while Howardsville seemed to be on the fence. Jack determined to make good, and every worthy fan seemed to give him encouragement.

The game was on. The first three innings were over, and the score was tie. Jack was just coming out of the pitcher's box. He glanced around and he heard Brown calling out:

"Five dollars I can get that pitcher's goat, and twenty-five dollars that Howardsville is going to lose."

Nobody wanted to take the bet. All of a sudden John Grey was seen coming up to Brown. Jack saw that both were placing something in a third man's hand. Jack became angry at himself. He must win no matter what they call him or think of him.

He stepped up to the box with his mind on nothing but the batter. He studied the opposing batsman with a more eager eye. The first man up struck out. Jack was credited with the second out by a catch of a pop fly. The third man hit safe, but was caught sleeping off first. Jack was surprised that he did not hear the word "yellow."

Inning after inning Jack became better and better. In the last of the ninth there were two out, and a man on base. He chose his bat and stepped up to the plate. The first one pitched was a ball; the second also. Jack became nervous. The third pitched ball came sailing over the plate. Jack swung. He heard the word "yellow," but he wavered not. Bang! The ball went over the fence.

The following day Jack had a visitor. It was Ted Brown. The latter wanted to shake hands, but the former refused.

"Well, Bob Heaton, alias Jack Smith, let's be friends!"

Jack looked at his enemy. The scout pulled out a piece of paper.

"You did well yesterday. I have here a contract for you to sign for next year with the Waukegan team. That bet I pulled off was only a test to see if I could count on you. You are proof against 'yellow' now."

A smile of good nature is better than gold;  
And a warm hand-clasp is a pleasure untold.

—S. P.

## CURIOSITY SATISFIED

BY H. CONWAY, '18

James Pierson was attending college in a small town in Ohio. He was a genial fellow and had many friends, but his one drawback was his insatiable curiosity. One of his ways of satisfying this unhappy affliction was to make use of the party-line telephone while others were talking. In this way by listening to the conversations of others he managed to keep pretty well posted on the affairs of nearly all the people in the town.

But James had an excitable nature. As nothing extraordinary had been heard by him on the 'phone for over a week, he grew anxious. It was Saturday afternoon. He had nothing to do, so he sat waiting for the 'phone to ring.

"At last, there it goes for the first time today," he muttered to himself, as he heard a long drawn out tingling of the bell indicating that someone was then talking. Nervously he picked up the receiver as he said to himself, "I hope this is something worth hearing after waiting all this time."

As he heard, "Hello, Jack," he was satisfied that he would hear something he should like. "Jack" he immediately surmised to be Jack Lansing, the son of a well-to-do banker who lived on the other side of town. But he was so shocked he could hardly hold the receiver when he heard this question:

"Say, Jack, how about killing the old man first? Then the kid will become heir, and our conspiracy will be much easier to carry out. The kid will be in danger, of course, but I think we can fix that up all right."

"Getting rid of the governor is all right, but I'm afraid we can't get his brother out of the way suitably."

"I'll tell you, Jack, I'll be there at seven and we'll fix it up. Then we'll complete the—"

James hung up the receiver, too alarmed to listen longer.

"Well, I was always of the opinion that Jack Lansing was no good, and now I'm sure of it," thought he, "but there's no time to waste if he's going to complete his dastardly plans at seven o'clock. I'll go to the police headquarters and secure help."

At 6:15 James left his apartments and drove quickly to the police station. As soon as he met the chief he exclaimed excitedly, "A murder is going to be committed if you don't hurry." Then, when the case was explained,

the chief called two experienced detectives and sent them with James to the supposed rendezvous of the murderers. Leaving the officials in his car, James ascended the large stone steps of the Lansing mansion and rang the door-bell. In answer, the door was opened by a servant.

"Is Jack in?" asked James quickly.

"Yes, sir; come right in," answered the maid pleasantly.

As James looked around and noted the splendid decorations and fixtures of the Lansing home and the air of prosperity in the surroundings, he could not help wondering how Jack could ever have gone wrong. He was ushered into the living room, into the presence of Mr. Lansing and Jack. The latter seemed to be in a very pensive and thoughtful mood as though anxious for the appointed hour to arrive.

Before speaking, Pierson took out his watch and noted to his satisfaction that it was just one minute to seven. Then, after a few formalities he came directly to the point of his visit by making his charge against Jack in this authoritative and abrupt manner:

"Well, young man, so you plan to kill the old man and make the kid his heir, do you? Well, we'll see about this. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr. Pierson, I don't know what you are driving at, but if you will kindly explain yourself I may be able to answer your questions satisfactorily," said Jack, indignant that a charge such as this should be brought against him by an old friend.

"Here are the facts. This afternoon I overheard a conversation between you and your friend, to the effect that you intend killing an aged gentleman and making his son his heir. And I mean to prevent it if I can."

At this Jack burst into a loud laugh. "That's the best joke I've heard for a long time," he said between breaths. "Sit down, Mr. Pierson, and make yourself at home until my friend and fellow conspirator arrives, and we'll try to explain matters."

At this moment a scuffling was heard on the porch, and all ran to the door. There, to their amazement, was Bill Hutchins, the best friend of Jack, engaged in a pitched battle with the two detectives. As the door opened the fighting ceased and the three fighters accompanied the others into the living-room.

Here, requesting everyone to sit down, Jack took a manuscript from Bill and read aloud the story entitled, "Conspiracy's Resources," which, as he explained to his audience, was a story he and Bill were writing and had been planning over the 'phone that evening.

## HAPPINESS

Be happy that you're living,  
For life is such a pleasure.  
Be happy that you've plenty,  
For plenty is good measure.

Be happy in the sunshine,  
Be happy in the rain.  
Be happy in your labors,  
For they are not in vain.

—H. Knapp, '18.

## MY DREAM

My brain was fagged with studies deep  
As I retired last night,  
And while reposed in peaceful sleep  
A dream appeared so bright.

It was that teacher I'd become;  
The teacher, he was I;  
And as his lessons he knew none  
I groaned a hopeless sigh.

A duty hard I gave each one  
And laughed when he'd resent;  
I never thought of tricks I'd done  
Nor time oft lightly spent.

This sport went on a day or two  
And then repentance came;  
My conscience guilty thru and thru  
Rebelled against this game.

But pshaw! the minute they were free,  
The boys began their pranks;  
They never thought of wearied me,  
And little offered thanks.

I just was duties preaching  
When from my dream I awoke;  
I said good-by to teaching,  
Good-by to teacher's yoke.

—A. Huguenard, '18.



## THE DOUGLAS MYSTERY

BY H. DERCK, '18

In all his years as a detective, Arthur Collins had never before been called on to untangle a mystery of so perplexing a nature as the one that now confronted him. The facts were pure and simple but of such an almost impossible character that Collins was completely "at sea" as to what course to follow. The day after the disappearance of the jewels, for the crime could neither be called theft or robbery, I received a message from Collins asking me to meet him at his room that evening. Promptly at 8:30 I was at the detective's rooming-house. As I entered, my friend arose and greeted me cordially.

"Well, Bob," he said, after I was seated, "no doubt you have already guessed why I sent for you this evening."

"A new case, I'll wager," I replied hopefully, for I knew if it were such, it meant a new story for "The Recorder."

"You're right," said Collins, "and I think after you've heard the facts you'll agree with me that the making of a story's in it."

"It appears," he continued, "that a certain Mrs. Douglas, while examining a newly-purchased diamond necklace, was summoned to the next room by the ringing of the telephone bell. In her haste to answer the summons, Mrs. Douglas neglected to close the lid on the case which contained the valuables. When she returned the diamonds were gone."

Here Collins paused in his narrative and puffed silently at his well browned meerschaum. Not wishing to disturb him, I remained silent and the detective soon resumed his story.

"I was at once given the case and have been working on it all day," he continued. "I have already found a clew, but that in itself is as baffling as the very disappearance of the jewels themselves. While examining the only outside entrance to the room, which is a large double window, I discovered a dusty shoe-print on the sill. That which aroused my curiosity, however, was that in the center of the shoe-print, the impression of the tacks formed a distinct number nine."

Here Collins again paused and turning to me with a smile said, "No doubt, Bob, you think that a great find."

"Yes," I replied, "I think it is."

"I thought the same as you at first," con-

tinued Collins, "but after a short interview with Mrs. Douglas I learned that the window at the time of the theft was securely locked."

This ended Collins' narrative and after a short conversation I departed, thanking the detective for his story. Several days later I again visited my friend and this time I learned that a certain Williams, the hired man of the Douglas family, had been arrested for several small thefts about the Douglas home. To his amazement Collins discovered that the shoe sole of Williams was an exact duplicate of the one which caused the impression on the window sill. The tacks in the sole also formed a perfect nine.

The day after my visit to the detective, Williams was placed on trial for the theft of the diamonds and although he pleaded not guilty he was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary. The diamonds, however, were still missing.

Four months passed. I had almost forgotten the mysterious disappearance of the jewels. Not so with Collins. He alone did not allow his daily occupations to put it out of his mind. He carefully watched for some incident to betray the whereabouts of the diamonds. This incident came, but not in a way the detective or myself expected.

I was at my friend's room one afternoon about five months after the diamonds were missed. Collins and I were busy talking when the telephone bell rang. He answered the summons.

"Hello!" said Collins taking down the receiver. "Yes," he continued, "this is Mr. Collins, the detective. Who? Mrs. Douglas? Oh yes, the victim of the diamond theft. Why, certainly, Mrs. Douglas, I will be glad to call at your home in half an hour."

Here the conversation ended and my friend soon reappeared.

"Put on your hat, Bob," he said, "there's some more doing regarding that Douglas mystery."

Collins and I were soon on the street. We boarded a streetcar, and after a short ride reached the Douglas mansion. The detective rang the door-bell and the summons was answered by Mrs. Douglas herself. In her hands she held the missing necklace. She then bade us enter, and once seated inside, she told us how the necklace was recovered.

"Yesterday," she began, "carpenters were

working on the eaves of the house. One of the workmen while removing a portion of the old eaves discovered a large bird-nest, in the center of which were the diamonds. The nest proved to be that of 'Blacky,' one of our two tame crows."

Here Mrs. Douglas paused and turning to Collins asked, "How do you account for the jewels being outside, as you know the window was locked at the time the diamonds disappeared?"

"No doubt," Collins replied, "the diamonds were first secreted in the house by 'Blacky' when you left the room and later smuggled to the nest."

One week later Williams was released from the prison. He was first required, however, to explain why his shoe-print appeared on the window sill, and why the figure nine was on the sole. He explained both facts by saying:

"Four days before the theft I washed all the windows on the lower floor of the Douglas home. In so doing my shoe-print was left on the window sill. Of the figure nine, I know nothing. These shoes I received from a certain Mrs. Stone as part payment for services rendered to her. They formerly belonged to her husband, who had died a short time before."

The next talk with Collins was ended by him in this manner, as he boarded a train for St. Louis: "Old Lady Douglas sent me a check for \$100. She believes what I told her about 'Blacky' hiding the jewels,—but you can write the story to suit yourself."

### DON'T TAKE SO LONG

Don't take so long to make your kicks,  
And don't waste all your time;  
Don't take so long your clothes to fix,  
To take your sleep sublime.

Be always up and doing, boys;  
Your duties never shirk;  
Far greater you will find life's joys  
When you perform your work.

If then you ever are in need  
You'll find a helping hand,  
For everybody will take heed  
Of one who has the "sand."

—H. Conway, '18.

### THE VOICE FROM THE SEA

BY V. REILLY, '18

Jim Watson, who never had anything but hard luck since the time he left school, was out of work again. He was last occupied as a dock hand, and he now bunked at a place near the docks. One evening after eating his supper, Jim took a little walk down the "main drag" and met Bill Gray, a gentleman of leisure, with plenty of money. They both walked along a lane which wound around the shore. Here Gray began to clutch his deadly fangs into innocent Jim. He wanted the latter to help him smuggle twenty Chinamen into the United States. All Jim had to do was to meet Gray at eleven o'clock that night, about four miles off the "sound," with a launch, and land them at New York. As compensation for his services Jim was to receive two thousand dollars. It sounded good to Jim because he utterly adored money, but the open portal of Sing Sing weakened his courage. As they walked slowly along the shore arguing, a cry of distress came from the sea. Jim glanced quickly around, but all he could see was the moonbeams dancing merrily over the mad whitecaps which were rushing furiously to the shore. He knew that one could scarcely escape from that tempest, but taking off his shoes he swam as fast as he could against great odds the swift current was putting up against him. When he was about four hundred yards out he saw a boat turned over and a man trying to get a hold on it. Jim made a plunge toward the boat and grabbed the man as he was about to go down. By this time Jim was worn out by exhaustion and was battling with all his might against the terrific under currents which were trying to push him back.

When he reached shore, Gray was gone. He was so weakened that he dropped in his tracks with the half drowned man beside him. About ten minutes later they were picked up by a policeman and taken to the hospital. Jim revived in a few minutes after arriving at the hospital and told the story, but the condition of the man he saved was thought to be hopeless. All efforts of the pulmotor and physicians seemed in vain. Jim awoke about eight o'clock the next morning. In a few minutes the doctor arrived and told Jim he had saved the life of John Warly, son of the steel magnate of Gary.

"John Warly!" gasped Jim in a fit of dis-



gust, "if I had known it was Warly, I'd have thrown him back in."

"Why do you speak in such a way?" interrupted the doctor.

"Well," began Jim as he sat up in bed, "about three years ago I was in the Senior year of high school and had the Wilson scholarship honors cinched. The big day for the exam came and my papers were almost perfect, but, when I left the room, that Warly picked up a 'pony' which he had manufactured for himself and told the teacher that I had dropped it when going out. Of course that cooked my hash. His paper was next best to mine and he got the scholarship honor. He did not need the scholarship because his father could send him to any college, but my poor mother was not in financial circumstances to send me, and my last hope of a higher education was knocked on the head. And now, three years later, I've saved the life of the man who caused my downfall.

"Don't mind that," said the doctor, "his father will make that all right."

And so he did. That afternoon Jim received a check for 10,000 dollars and a good job in the steel magnate's office from the hands of John Warly. The two shook hands and prepared to go to Gary. When they arrived at the station Jim bought an extra from a newsboy and read from the headlines: "William Gray caught red-handed trying to smuggle 20 Chinamen into the U. S." Jim uttered a sigh of relief and boarded the train with Warly.

### THE ECHO

A brighter light has entered school,

A little magazine;

It's like a king that comes to rule

The feeling that's so keen.

Each month we read this little sheet

Which gives the school its vim;

We all admire its style so neat,—

It brightens lights grown dim.

The stories pretty comments bring,

The jokes amuse us, too;

Its editorials just ring

With thoughts so high and new.

—H. Conway, '18.

### SPRING POETRY

Spring, Spring, O most joyful Spring!  
Let the death knell of winter ring,  
And the most beautiful flowers  
Follow up the April showers.

Spring, Spring, O most pretty Spring!  
Let the little warbling birds sing,  
And the buds and blossoms unfold in the sun  
For the battle with winter is over and won.

—V. Reilly, '18.

\* \* \*

Spring is here, Spring is here,  
The pleasant season of the year.  
See the robins in their nest;  
Spring they love just like the rest.

Now comes the month of May,  
With the flowers all in bloom;  
And everybody seems so gay  
There is no chance for gloom.

—F. Carroll, '18.

\* \* \*

We gladly hail the month of May  
The grandest of the year;  
We welcome it with joyous hearts  
And unpretended cheer.

The beauties of that living month  
Transcend the poet's words,  
For Nature 'pears in peeping buds  
And nests of fondling birds.

And as we breathe its fragrant air,  
The sweetness of it all  
Returns our minds to Paradise  
Before our Parents' fall.

—A. Huguenard, '18.

### LIMERICKS

There was a young man from Arcola,  
He stopped in to see Joe Dicola.  
He ordered a beer,  
But alas! 'twas so near,  
He rang for a plain Coca-Cola.

—E. S., '18.

\* \* \*

"I want to be like Caesar,"  
Said Little Johnny Feezer.  
And this he tried,  
But 'las! he died  
Of pepper in his sneezer.

—A. H., '18.

## THE LOST LAKE

BY H. KNAPP, '18

"Shut up, Teck; here he comes." The "he" was approaching along the street all unconscious of the two "vags" who awaited him. As he reached the entrance to the alley, two forms emerged and launched themselves against him. A short though fierce fight ensued, but the odds were against the unlucky man. He was thrown down and knocked senseless. A hurried search of his clothing was made by the vags.

"Did you get it, Red?"

"Sure thing, Teck, old pal; we better beat it before the 'bulls' come."

"All right, Red."

Ten minutes later a rough but kindly hand was shaking the man into life again.

"Get up, you, don't ye know ye can't shleep on the street?"

"Where did they go? Did you catch them?"

"Go! Who go? Bedad, I just came walkin' along the sthreet here I sez to myself, sez I, 'That poor man is sick or shleepin', he is;' so sez I, 'I'm going to wake him up, bedad' Then I came up here to ye and shook ye by the collar and I didn't see nobody naither; that's all I know about it."

After this lengthy speech he helped the man to his feet and supported him, while the victim, in a dazed condition, recounted the particulars of the robbery.

"Well, did they get anything?" asked the cop.

"I guess they did. It's gone!"

"What's gone, man? Spake out; you talk in chunks."

"Why, the map, the map of the hidden mine in Alaska. This map has been handed down in our family for centuries and the oldest boy always had the right to search for the mine. My father just died last week, and I being his oldest son, received the map. But my nephew, who is an unscrupulous scoundrel, knew about this map and wanted to obtain possession of it; so I suppose it was he that hired these two robbers to take it from me. But I don't want to press the charge, as I am leaving for Alaska in a few days. This stolen map is only a copy of the original one I have, but it will serve his purpose very well."

"Well, if there is nothin' more I can do, I'll be goin'," said the cop.

"All right, my name is Hall; take this and

don't say anything about it at the office," said he handing the officer a greenback.

\* \* \* \* \*

Captain Hall was discouraged. He had explored all over the territory where the mine was supposed to be, but he had found nothing. It was now the twenty-fifth of October; he had been searching for two months without success. He and his party were now camping on the very spot where there should be a lake, according to the map. This lake was bounded by high mountains and tallied exactly with their present camping grounds.

Captain Hall was seated by the camp-fire examining the map one night when the guard came running up and said that there were men in sight. He rushed out to greet the newcomers, but when he saw who they were he was filled with rage. It was his rascally nephew, Vincent Hale, who was leading the gang.

When day broke the two parties started searching in opposite directions, both intent on only one object, that of finding the lost lake, for when that was found the mine was a certainty, because it was on the edge of the lake between two mountains. After searching for several days without results, water began to run low in the camp of Captain Hall. The men became desperate and demanded that he turn back, but he said: "Never, as long as my nephew is in this place." Thinking to pacify his men, he continued, "I will find water for you before night, or those of you who want to, can go back in the morning."

Then it was that an idea came into his mind. Had no one ever heard of lakes drying up? Then, why not investigate, for perhaps this lake had disappeared in the same manner? Taking a shovel under his arm and the map in his pocket, he walked to where the inlet of the lake was supposed to be, and began to dig. After working several hours he notice water coming up from the rocks and sand. He rushed back to his men yelling at the top of his voice, "I've got it, men. I've got it."

"Got what?" they yelled.

"Got the mine! Got the lake! Got a fortune—for myself—for you—for all of us!" And when they came to talk it over that night Captain Hall said thoughtfully, "Who would have thought that we would find the mine when digging for water? But luck is always contrary."



## OPPORTUNITY

Into each life  
I sound my fife  
And call to him  
To use his vim.

I come but once  
And tell each dunce  
To make his rate  
A faster gait.

I don't return  
But ever spurn  
All those who fail  
To walk my trail.

Heed what I say,  
Right on the day,  
Else you'll be lost  
On ocean tossed.

V. Reilly, '18.

There was an old miser named Sneeze,  
So stingy he lived on green peas;  
He hoarded his gold,  
Then died from a cold—  
But no danger now that he'll freeze.

—W. R., '18.

## The Strange Yell.

BY ANTHONY TRAPP.

One cold evening in January, as I was seated alone by the fireside, reading the daily paper, I was startled by a fierce sound. It was a sort of muffled sound. I do not know whether it was a groan or a shriek caused by fright, but I knew it came from above. Perhaps it came from the top of the house. When this thought came into my brain I rushed to the door, and on opening it, a piece of yellow paper greeted my sight. A dash, a slip and a fall on the icy porch followed in quick succession. The paper had blown some distance away, but I was more cautious this time and recovered it, only to find it to be a yellow sale bill thrown on the porch during the day.

My mind did not rest at this failure so I walked around the house, looking in every corner, having already surveyed the top of the house and found nothing there but one chimney smoking furiously. After all this being

done uselessly, I returned to the house to finish reading the paper.

I was seated no more than two minutes when the sound pierced my ears once more. Again it came much fiercer than before. Perspiration settled on my brow; I trembled; my head pained terribly. I braced up, went into the bedroom, procured the revolver, and made up my mind to determine the source of this sound. Slowly I approached the stairs and slowly mounted them—so softly that it seemed to me as if I could hear my heart beat. In fact my heart beat so fast that it seemed hammering against the walls of my chest. But courage, the foundation of a man, kept up my strength. On reaching the top of the stairs I turned on the light, which flooded the entire hallway. Then as softly as I came up the steps I approached the nearest room. Here I also turned on the light, and immediately glanced around, keeping the revolver straight in front of me. There was nothing here. Letting the light burn, I entered the room opposite this one. I went through the same actions as in the previously entered room. There again nothing was found. As I entered each room, I left the lights turned on. These same movements were undertaken in five other rooms, but all in vain. I was just entering the last room when all the lights went out. At this I took out the flash light which I carried,—for the street on which I lived was a very dark one, and the city would not put street lights there because the boys always damaged them. So I entered by means of the flash light. For the first time I thought it might be due to a blown out fuse, that the lights went out. So I went over to the switch-box (which was kept in this room, as it was the last and next to the alley) and found that my surmise was correct. I replaced the fuse; light appeared again. Here I was sure to meet with the foe—man or devil. Alas! It was not found here. The closet which was entered through this room was my last hope of success. I grasped the revolver tightly. I began to open the door with my left hand. I was prepared. Before I had the door well open, I could hear a clanking as of chains being pulled along the floor. I gave the door a violent pull. The closet was opened. I saw no "spirit of health or goblin damned." No, but I saw a sorry sight. There in the corner, was our faithful black tom cat, with his tail firmly clutched in an old rusty trap.

## The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under Act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. I.

MAY 1916

NO. 8

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Scattered all over our land are the graves of  
patriot soldiers; men who gave the last full  
measure of devotion that this

### DECORATION DAY

republic might live Each  
year, as nature offers us the  
beauties of spring, we lay the  
first fruits of living bloom on the little mounds  
that mark the resting places of those who pre-  
served the blessings of liberty and union for  
us. It is indeed fitting that we should offer  
this tribute of love and gratitude to the mem-  
ory of the honored dead. Many fell before  
the star of victory shone, and it was given to  
many others to linger for a while and witness  
the bond of union and peace their noble deeds  
had knit. They are gone; but their memory  
lives. And in the endless age to come we hope  
to see them face to face, victorious also in that  
greater struggle for the heavenly land.

Music is one of the achievements of civiliza-

tion, and probably the greatest refining influ-  
ence on humanity, after the  
Christian Religion. If music  
has power over the wild beast,

### MUSIC

what sort of animal must he be who takes de-  
light in ridiculing those who practice music  
for their own comfort and the entertainment  
of others? And what sort of student is he  
who, not knowing a grace note from a tempo  
mark, shows his superiority by ridiculing him  
who has reached a higher plane of civilization?  
And yet there are a few of those amongst us.  
But this is not all. Their "wise jests" have  
deterred the gifted timid from coming forward  
to aid our school in the many social events  
gotten up for our amusement. That this is  
so was sufficiently demonstrated in recent  
Sophomore entertainments, when several "new  
stars" came out from behind the clouds of  
bashfulness. So long they have been with us  
and we knew it not. Let's hope they will con-  
tinue to shine, and that others may soon join  
them, so that music may have as high a place  
in our estimation as athletics.—A. H., '18.

We have entered the last lap of the present  
school-year. The pleasant May days are fast

### THE LAST LAP

passing. The open-air games,  
such as baseball and tennis,  
afford us healthy and enjoy-  
able recreation, and we feel  
better disposed towards all around us. The  
earnest students are partly resting on the work  
accomplished during the year; the weak but  
ambitious are resolved to plug to the end; the  
lazy and disgruntled are "sure they'll fail be-  
cause the teachers have been down on them  
all the year." Well, the fact of the matter is,  
that the fellow who's down on himself leaves  
no room for any one else to be down on him.  
Each year we have had a few of these amongst  
us. They never appreciated teachers' efforts  
in their behalf, and they even refused the  
chances given in the last lap to redeem them-  
selves. There is still time for us to repair  
what we have neglected. Let's do it; and we  
can leave school on June 15 with a happy  
heart.

—W. R., '18.

### SOPHOMORE EFFORTS

About six weeks ago the Sophomores were  
asked to write this number of the Echo. The  
result of their trial is seen on every page of  
this issue.



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS

—Spring poetry is come.

—The Juniors claim that the Seniors backed out of the inter-class bowling contest because the Juniors insisted on the "losers stuck" agreement.

—The faculty and several students attended the performance of the Notre Dame Glee Club at the Temple, April 27.

—Hart, Gordon, Casey and Kinney have been selected by the Juniors to compose the class quartet. Rogers is piano accompanist.

—Leland and Myron Parrot are now in charge of the Parrot Art Store, continuing the work of their talented father.

—"Bill" Ryan, a Sophomore, has been out of school for some weeks owing to illness. He is now at his home at Arcola.

—Two pictures containing several group-pictures of Notre Dame University scenes have been hung up in the study-hall.

—Kinney insists on a purse for the baseball contest, but the other captains who have not such strong teams seem reluctant to come across.

—Owing to the illness of the Rt. Rev. Bishop there was no celebration on the feast of his patron, Saint Herman. Brothers Daniel and Exupere visited his Lordship at the hospital, and the Senior class sent floral greetings.

—Among the old students and graduates who returned to the city for Easter vacation were: James Hayes, Don Weber, William Brennan, William Muller, Louis Centlivre, Frank Centlivre, Jerome Miller, Fleming McKinnie, Emmett Rohyans, John Reuss.

—The report of the State Board of Education says that we need a more modern school.

—The Senior class members are working hard on a debate for Commencement. The debate will be on Prohibition, and promises to be of much interest.

—The April report of the Echo committee is most encouraging. All expenses have been met, and it is probable that a bigger and better paper will be considered. It was decided that all who work for the Echo are not to receive any financial recompense, but that all moneys shall be employed for bettering the paper. A summer advertising and subscription campaign was also discussed. The question of lowering the annual subscription price is receiving much attention and will be settled before the end of the school year.

—On April 27, Brother Ephrem and the following members of the Senior class attended the Notre Dame-Drake University debate on merchant marine subsidies: Orlo Kelker, Clarence Getz, Paul Foohey, Harry Wiener, Leo Behler, Charles Harkenrider, Rob't Beuret, Joseph Wilkinson. They stayed over two days as guests of Dr. Cavanaugh, President of the University. During their stay they were shown the "sights" by Brother Florian. He must have entertained them royally, according to their reports of the good time they had. They also visited St. Mary's Academy and came away convinced that it is a wonderful place.

—Among the many interesting things going on in the classes are the Sophomore debates. There is a debate each week on some popular current question, and a great deal of interest is manifested by the whole class. Each week four members of the class debate on one of the subjects given out early in the year by Brother Gregory, and the other members of the class add to the entertainment by music and song.

## SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION

Exercises commemorating the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death were held in the Auditorium on April 13. Paul Foohey was chosen chairman and he opened the entertainment by a brief and pertinent talk on the purpose of the entertainment and a comparison between the stage of Shakespeare's time and the movies of to-day. The entertainment was furnished by the Juniors and Sophomores, and lasted from nine o'clock till ten-thirty. After two orchestra selections, Maurice Parnin creditably rendered a solo. The next number was a debate on Moving Pictures, the wording of the question being: Resolved; That Moving Pictures Should be Abolished. Frank Rogers opened the argument for the affirmative, attacking the morality of movie shows. Rudolph Gordon then took the floor for the negative side and defended the morality of movies. Charlie Kinney for the affirmative and Clarence Kinder for the negative discussed the financial side of the question. Raymond Franke and Justin Beuret then gave their respective views on the recreative side of movies. Aloysius Schmidt closed the argument for the affirmative by a terrific attack on the educational value of moving pictures. Robert Clifford defended the same point for the negative.

Then the rebuttals began, and they certainly had some ginger in them. Each speaker was given a chance at rebuttal. The rebuttals of Kinney and Beuret were exceptionally strong and witty and brought rounds of applause from the audience.

The judges, Messrs. Getz, Haley and Behler, awarded the debate to the affirmative, and gave first, second and third places to Schmidt, Kinney and Beuret, respectively.

Ten Sophomores, calling themselves the "Terrifying Ten," then rendered several songs before the orchestra played the final piece.

Brother Daniel complimented the entertainers and said he would like to have more such entertainments.

## TENNIS

Tennis is fast becoming a popular game. For a proof we need only take notice of its popularity in our own city. Tennis courts have taken the place of weeds on empty lots. Young and even old people can be seen participating in this game. Tournaments have been formed by many of the city clubs and schools.

The second annual tournament is now on in our school. Many have awaited this contest with eagerness. Those especially who work after school or who find no pleasure in other sports have looked to this season to enjoy their spare moments. If interest counts for something it surely will be a success. Some minor changes have been made in the regulations, but the rest remain the same as in the last year's tournament. The principal fault last season was the failure on the part of some in playing their sets in the assigned time. The tournament is in charge of the following class representatives: Charles Harkenrider, Senior; Wayne Hart, Junior; Aaron Huguenard, Sophomore, and Leslie Logan, Freshman.

The tournament has been divided into two sections, Junior and Senior. This was done to give more competition. A great number of the contestants are good players and this will certainly put a fighting spirit in the eliminations. Some think that they are not good enough for "fast company" or "public performance." Words of encouragement from the "stars" will knock this thought out of their heads.

## BASEBALL

The passing of basket-ball opened the road to baseball; and as the interclass contests in basket-ball proved so successful, it was decided to have interclass baseball, too. The preliminary arrangements were made by representatives from each class; Frank Flaharty for the Seniors, Charlie Kinney for the Juniors, Lawrence Kelly for the Sophomores, and Robert Burns for the Freshmen. It was decided that each class should play nine games, three with each grade. The deposits furnished by each class are to go to the class fund of the interclass champions. Leo Weber was elected president of league. This interclass schedule was a necessity, as there seems to be no baseball spirit in the other secondary city schools. An effort will be made to arrange some games with suitable independent clubs, as a good team could be picked from the interclass players. However, judging from pre-Easter practice there does not seem to be much hope for a pitcher to equal McGuire of last year's team. But this should not put a damper on the game at our school, for if our interclass basket-ball schedule was successful there is much more reason to feel that our national game will be successful. Indeed, the very fact that our small school has spirit enough to form a league of its own is an undeniable indication that the sporting blood is in us. Once the advantage of interclass contests is established we are sure to have more pride in our class and our school.

Several practice games have been played at Lawton Park, and the unit class spirit is fast developing. Were it not for the fact that the latter part of April was so rainy, the interclass schedule would have been well started and probably some outside games would have been played, too. As it is, the captains have not been able to tell us who will be able to get positions on the teams. At present the Juniors seem strongest, and if they display the same unity that they did in basket-ball, only a better team can beat them. The standing of the teams for April is as follows:

	Played	Won	Lost
Seniors .....	1	1	0
Juniors .....	1	1	0
Sophomores .....	1	0	1
Freshmen .....	1	0	1



## LEST WE FORGET

Monday, April 3—Weber, Kinder and Trapp return after a week-end vacation. An unlooked-for algebra test put the Junior-Soph baseball game up the spout. Posters calling on volunteers for Mexico appeared in the study-hall this afternoon.

Tuesday, April 4—Juniors say they have a surprise in store for next week. Baseball schedule for interclass games completed. Seniors say they will put up a team to stop Kinney's squad.

Wednesday, April 5—More algebra microbes for the Sophs. A practice baseball game between the Juniors and Freshmen resulted in a victory for the former. Some South Side Freshies try to start an opposing team but get frozen out.

Thursday, April 6—As usual "Skirts" was requested to vacate the study-hall at one o'clock. Kinney finds a \$2 bill and immediately asks Brother Anthony to find the owner. April Echo appears.

Friday, April 7—January weather puts a chill on spring sports. Junior-Soph game proves a scoreless tie.

Monday, April 10—Sophs lose a practice game to the Juniors. Tennis arrangements for tournament completed; forty-eight entries.

Tuesday, April 11—Juniors hold another "banquet" meeting. A member of the faculty discovers that Leslie has no ambition. Hart buys a Big 5.

Wednesday, April 12—Brother Daniel tells Byanskie how to grow, but the little fellow says he doesn't want to be like Kramer. The orchestra had its weekly practice this morning.

Thursday, April 13—Juniors debate the question of Moving Pictures before a school audience. Bill Ryan didn't show up to-day, as the doctor said he had the measles.

Friday, April 14—Carl Yaste extends an invitation to the Sophomores to play ball at his

farm. Kelly, Kinney and Burns collect tribute for baseball expenses.

Monday, April 17—The results of Friday's drawing for tennis partners was announced to-day. Seniors defeat Freshmen in first inter-class game.

Tuesday, April 18—"Big A's" birthday celebrated by a discussion on the plumules of peanuts. A country gentleman calls them plowmules. Juniors defeat Sophomores at Lawton Park.

Wednesday, April 19—Brother Daniel succeeds in making the study-hall clock go again. School closes at three-thirty. The Sophs say they have no Latin duty for Easter Tuesday.

Tuesday, April 25—Well, everything's upside-down to-day, as no one seems to know what to do after the Easter vacation. The Sophs and Seniors wrangle over a baseball game played during the holidays.

Wednesday, April 26—Under full steam again, Beck comes to school with a padded foot and almost creates a sensation. The Seniors and Juniors hear talk about a commencement dance.

Thursday, April 27—Seniors order class pins, invitations, and photos for commencement. Bi-monthly examinations began this morning.

Friday, April 28—Everybody wrestling with exams. Conway, Derck, McLaughlin and Huguenard take a post ludum session in Echo making.

## EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges received in April, and we hope the new ones among them will grow to be familiar friends:

"The Columbiad," Portland, Oregon.

"The Manual," Peoria, Illinois.

"Tech Monthly," Scranton, Pa.

"The Belmont Review," Belmont, N. C.

"The Lilliputian," Canton, N. Y.

"The Courier," Boise, Idaho.

"The Budget," Berne, Indiana.

"The Florida Schoolroom," Dade City, Fla.

"The Crescent," Lakeland, Florida.

"The Quill," Staten Island, N. Y.  
 "The Review," Newton, Mass.  
 "The Comenian," Bethlehem, Pa.  
 "The Academy News," Morgan Park, Chicago.  
 "The Canary and Blue," Allentown, Pa.  
 "The Bulletin," Steubenville, Ohio.  
 "The Argus," Harrisburg, Pa.  
 "The Apothekepsian," Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
 "The Blue and White," Savannah, Ga.  
 "The Blue Bird," Julia Richman H. S., N. Y.

City.

"The Caldron," Fort Wayne.  
 "The Purple and White," Allentown, Pa.  
 "The Eastern," Detroit, Mich.  
 "The Gleaner," Pawtucket, R. I.  
 "The Omnibus," Franklin, Pa.  
 "The Owl," Corry High School, Pa.  
 "The Red and White," Woodstock, Ill.  
 "The Gleaner," Lykens, Pa.  
 "The Trident," Santa Cruz, Cal.

The first fourteen of these have been previously commented on by us. We give a few remarks on the next eight this time, and we shall take up the others in our next issue.

"The Canary and Blue"—The topics are well arranged and the cuts are appropriate. The Literary Department is good, though somewhat short when compared with the other departments.

"The Bulletin"—"Twin Rocks," of your April number, and "You Never Can Tell," of your March number, are very good. A little verse would help your Literary Department. We enjoyed your "Lemons."

"The Argus"—A well balanced school paper; but we think the headings of your Social are too prominent, and that "Belles Lettres" might be enlarged.

"The Apothekepsian"—Your editorials have quality and quantity. Your Exchange Department is very complete. Your Knocker is good, and for this reason it might be used to aid itself.

"The Blue and White"—We are fortunate in having you among our exchanges. Your paper is worthy of your large staff, and everything seems as sunny as the Champions of Georgia and Florida.

"The Blue Bird"—Talk about school spirit—you have it! There is a refinement in every page that we do not find in other school papers. Don't forget to come regularly.

"The Eastern"—We shall be pleased to see

you often. All school news is well written. We are glad that you have chosen an American poet for your literary ideals, and we hope that your literary department will grow.

### SOPHOMORE SOLOS

Seven miles down the old St. Joe,  
 To the grand old farm I must go  
 Till I come to that long, long street,  
 Which is bordered with corn and wheat.

—R. B.

\* \* \*

I am a little guy, you know;  
 They say the smallest in the class.  
 And I am fond of dancing school  
 And also love a little lass.

—F. C.

\* \* \*

In stature I'm not so high;  
 Gold specks adorn my brow.  
 But it's no matter how I try,  
 I cannot make a bow.

—H. C.

\* \* \*

Across the aisle, I sit beside  
 That guy called "Fatty" Yaste.  
 They say I am so lankyfied  
 They cannot see my waist.

—H. D.

\* \* \*

My hair is light, my eyes are blue,  
 I am not short but tall and thin.  
 I am a fighter thru and thru;  
 Hard tasks I fear not to begin.

—R. R.

\* \* \*

Some say I'm fresh, some say I'm not,  
 Some say I'm very proud;  
 But still I'd rather talk a lot  
 Than wear a big black shroud.

—A. H.

\* \* \*

They say I am a beef trust;  
 But never mind their lies.  
 Of course I do not live on crust  
 Except it be of pies.

—G. K.

\* \* \*

I sure am one "Auld Irish" mick,  
 You see it by my face.  
 But I do know you'll all agree  
 That it is no disgrace.

—L. K.



I am a boy who has white hair.  
 They think I am a little off.  
 At times I give some boob the scare,  
 And at my pranks they fear to scoff.

—G. K.

\* \* \*

My eyes are framed with window panes,  
 My ears are large, so others say.  
 I know I have cold mush for brains;  
 My voice is like an ass's bray.

—H. K.

\* \* \*

I am a quiet, bashful lad,  
 But I should worry, foam and fret.  
 They try to kid and get me mad.  
 But haven't got my goat yet.

—M. K.

\* \* \*

They say my pompadour is punk,  
 Although I know it's classy.  
 But if they wish to say it's bunk,  
 They need not be so sassy.

—E. K.

\* \* \*

I'm bugbear of the Sophomore class;  
 My hair is rusty red;  
 I care not if I flunk or pass,  
 For every seat's my bed.

—R. M.

\* \* \*

I drive a little jitney-bus,  
 And close shaves never make me "cuss."  
 They call the rig a terrible name,  
 But 'tis the cause of all my fame.

—A. McD.

\* \* \*

I'm proud because I'm just a Soph,  
 And am the goat in Latin class.  
 For this there is no need to laugh,  
 For never do I fail to pass.

—L. McL.

\* \* \*

They say I am a toothless mutt,  
 But little do I care  
 I'm not a chew-the-raggy nut,  
 And neither do I swear.

—F. N.

\* \* \*

My name is long, just like my legs,  
 And oh, how I can run!  
 I simply dangle my long pegs,  
 And then you see some fun.

—W. N.

I stand about five feet seven,  
 Although I'm not so very wide.  
 My years number four plus 'leven—  
 In this your thoughts of me confide.

—D. O'B.

\* \* \*

They say 'm not very tall,  
 Not very plump or fat.  
 I wish that I were not so small,  
 Nor skinny as a bat.

—M. P.

\* \* \*

I am not tall or am I fat,  
 But claim to be a little tough.  
 And I return a tit for tat,  
 And speak in voice that shows I'm rough.

—V. R.

\* \* \*

Just like a withered beanstalk,  
 And rather skinny, too;  
 I have a regular Willard walk,  
 But I don't care,—do you?

—W. R.

\* \* \*

I am a boy with a big mouth,  
 Who keeps it going each day,  
 But when I'm asked to speak aloud  
 That's when I show dismay..

—F. R.

\* \* \*

I wear a pair of window panes,  
 Whose golden rims to shine.  
 My head looks bright outside the brains  
 That labored on this line.

—E. S.

\* \* \*

My lamps have wind-shields made of glass,  
 Which make me look so wise, they say.  
 And those who say I am an ass  
 I envy not. I leave to them the bray.

—J. W.

\* \* \*

I am a lonely country kid,  
 But I am full of pep.  
 I wear the latest cut of lid,  
 And long to have a rep.

—C. W.

\* \* \*

I am a short, good-natured chap  
 With plenty of old nick right there.  
 I'm fat but I don't give a rap,  
 As long as I've got a soft chair.

—C. Y.

NAME.	SHAME	FAME
Ralph Blume .....	"Andy"	Now Andy is a quiet chap,
Frank Carroll .....	"Tony"	For Goggles he is wearing;
Harvey Conway .....	"Goggles"	And Tony's always on the map
Howard Derck .....	"Jake"	When Lena wants an airing.
Robert Heidrick .....	"Lena"	Poor Jake is very fond of Mush,
Aaron Huguenard .....	"Chick"	But he will have his pick,
Gordon Kelly .....	"Insect"	'Cause he was ever known to push
Lawrence Kelly .....	"Mush"	When he had spied a Chick.
George Kinder .....	"Garlic"	The Insect never will be caught
Edwin Kirkland .....	"Skirts"	By anyone with Skirts;
Hubebrt Knapp .....	"Abe"	He never uses Garlic
Martin Koester .....	"Romeo"	When he begins his flirts.
Robert Martin .....	"Jew"	Fair Romeo 'is not a babe
Alex McDonald .....	"Mac"	But one in love so true
Lewis McLaughlin .....	"Pidge"	That he has cut out honest Abe
William Nassenstein .....	"Germany"	And trampled on the Jew.
Francis Neuhaus .....	"Beauty"	There are no words to picture Mac,
Donald O'Brien .....	"Dobby"	Though he has Beauty spots;
Maurice Parnin .....	"Fat"	And Germany he'll not attack
Vincent Reflly .....	"Pete"	'Cause he has other knots.
William Ryan .....	"Biff"	Cool Pidge was christened from his toes
Florian Ryder .....	"Percy"	By Dobby or by Fat,
Edward Sullivan .....	"Rufus"	But 'tis no hindrance to his pose
Joseph Welch .....	"Buck"	When he comes up to bat.
Carl Yaste .....	"Sausage"	Now Percy never will swat Pete,
Clarence Wyss .....	"Highbrow"	Nor Rufus Biff the Buck.
Sophomore—from Greek words, meaning more wise (than Freshmen).		The Highbrow will not Sausage eat But lives on garden truck.

### FUN OR PHYSIC

Teacher—What is the lesson we learn from the bombardment of the Dardenelles by the Allies?

Student—That three kings won't take a strait.

It was a dull day in English class. The topic of conversation was punctuation marks.

"Now, Parnin," said Brother Gregory after he had explained the use of each mark, "tell me what punctuation mark denotes the longest stop in a paragraph."

Parnin, who was busy explaining the Morse code to Derck, said abstractedly, "Dot."

The Carrs had already a very large family when the arrival of another little Carr was announced.

"My goodness," exclaimed one of the neighbors, "it is certainly to be hoped that this is the caboose."

Teacher—"I wonder what your mother would say if she know how backward you are in geography?"

Little Girl—"Oh, my mother says she never learnt joggerfree and she's married, and Aunt Sally says she never learnt joggerfree and she's married, and—and—you learnt joggerfree and you ain't married."

An ambitious teacher was accustomed to have the little ones make sentences when certain words were given. Finally she told them to make a sentence using the word "notwithstanding."

After some time a bright-faced youngster held up his hand.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is your sentence?"

"Father wore his trousers out, but not with standing."



# The Central Catholic High School Echo

Echo verborum nostrorum amicos delectet.

VOL. I.

JUNE 1916

NO. 9

## YOUTH

The joyful cry, and soul that knows no shame,  
The face begrimed and tousled hair uncouth,  
The heart that burns with naught but mother  
love,—

Proclaim the blessed innocence of youth.

—J. R.

## EDUCATION

DANIEL R. HALEY.

Education consists in training the intellect. When the intellect is trained the natural fruit of education will ripen. Education strengthens religion and morals, develops manners, and makes our lives happier. Its importance is admitted by all. Our country is spending a great deal of time and money in advancing education; our parents are making daily sacrifices to enable us to acquire an education.

Education is, as I have said, the training of the intellect; and in training the intellect we establish principles and regulate the feelings of the heart. If we are to train the intellect we must have knowledge. This knowledge is furnished by instruction; and to secure instruction we must have proper teaching.

It is a mistake to think that education produces a complete and finished product. The process is rather slow and progressive. Its achievements always open up new beginnings. Often in our daily life we hear the common expression, "To receive an education." If we consider a moment we can readily see that this statement is absurd. A person can no more receive an education than he can receive health. When a person is said to have received an education, it must be understood that he has merely finished the opening arrangements for developing that power within, which, when properly utilized, is able to control the instincts and tendencies of his animal nature. Education begins with life and ends with death. It requires active labor continuous and determined, for to rejoice in the labors of the intellect is not a prevailing charac-

teristic of the natural man. Aristotle expressed this truth when he said, "All men naturally desire knowledge, but not all men desire the labor of learning."

But despite this natural tendency of man, knowledge has been progressing since the earliest times. The mention of Aristotle Plato or Cicero convinces us of this. It was progressing in the first days of freedom in our country, for we read in "Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration": "Knowledge has in our time triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of language, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry." And in another part of the same address we find the words: "Knowledge is the greatest sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams." And it is still progressing. Today the universal cry is: Educate the people.

Have you ever stopped to think how much education has advanced in the last half century? Fifty years ago, among the working-class a person who had gone through grammar school was considered educated, because he knew as much as his neighbor. Now, the grammar school graduate is not considered. He must have a high school course if he wants to compete with his neighbor. If he wants to be a leader of men he must have a college education.

In education as in everything else competition has arisen. The public demands educated men and will search for and find those who are able to do the work required of them. Yes, education is necessary in every walk of life today.

Now every boy or girl who is seriously attending school asks himself or herself these questions: What am I striving for? Is it my ambition to lead a noble and useful life? Do I wish to become a leader of men? Or am I satisfied to remain in the multitude?

Having found the correct answer to each question, the young student sees that religion, integrity, ambition and work are the essentials for success.

## THE AMPLITUDE

The rushing brook where speckled beauties lurk,

The wooden glen where fleet feet have trod,  
The feathered tribe with song and color rare,—  
Bespeak the greatness of Almighty God.

The broken leash that held the hounds of war,  
The sieged Verdun where blood so freely ran,  
The ruined home where starves the orphaned child,—

Reflect the mere dependency of man.

—John Reuss.

## WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR PLACE

CHARLES KINNEY.

Every day we hear some young man remark that if his circumstances had been different he would have succeeded; that too many obstacles prevented him. Such is not the case. If he were ambitious, as he now claims he was, he could have made the circumstances. The trouble was, the person never exerted himself in any particular work, but was a jack of all trades and master of none.

When a boy reaches the age of sixteen he ought to know what he will do when he has to shift for himself. Till then he should keep himself in the best physical condition, as success and everything depend on his mental and physical condition. A weakness will interfere with one on his way to success. Therefore a boy who is weakened by ill health, by the constant use of tobacco or alcohol, has not much chance against a boy who is sound and vigorous.

It is a fact that very many people go through life without making up their mind what they want to do. One of this class of persons when looking for a job will first see that the work is agreeable and the pay satisfactory. He does not like the work except in as far as it brings money. This is very unfortunate, as we shall find this same person working in later years at the same job, still for the money, and no inward purpose. He can't think of what he would like to do, or what is the use of anything. So you will find him doing work which is against his will and injurious to his

health, but he must do it. He has no self-reliance, that is, he is not fully acquainted with himself. Only he who is not content to follow the crowd has self-reliance. The crowd will always follow one who refuses to follow it. We all laugh at the street peddler, and we designate him by the title of fakir. He may be a fakir, but he has enough self-reliance in him to convince you to buy an article that you may have no use for, but which you think he is selling cheap.

When you choose a kind of job that you are acquainted with, and that you like to do, first see that the work is for some big purpose; that is, for your own and your neighbors' welfare. When you have resolved on this, your mind is made up, and all you have to do is follow its decision.

When you have found your place you will be happy and content in doing your work. You will not be ashamed of your work and apologize because you are not doing something else. Suppose, for instance, you have taken a high school course, graduated with honors, and then become a blacksmith. Of course some would laugh at the idea, because you did not commercialize every pleasure of the mind. But there is no wrong in being a blacksmith; the wrong is in being a poor blacksmith. When you are well established in your place, the day will be too short for you. You will hate the idea that you must quit work to eat your meals. All your faculties will agree with your work, and before you know it you will find yourself growing into your work. When you awake in the morning you will think of your work with delight. Your work will no longer be a drudgery to you, but a perpetual tonic.

Don't you think it would pay you in the long run to study before you begin your life's struggle? Of course it would be a little harder, but if you are in the right place you will be sure of success. Now if you do not find your place you will have a good chance of being a failure in this life. Some one asked Edison one day: "I suppose success always means hard work, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Edison, "it does." Then nodding towards a poor old bent fellow of seventy or so, staggering along the gutter under three heavy and enormous sandwich boards, he added: "But failure means harder."



## THE HEART OF HELEN

BY JOSEPH WILKINSON.

Dr. Palmer, a very wealthy and popular bachelor, was seated in his office at 246 Lawn-dale avenue, when the phone rang. The result of the conversation was that he was called by one of his old patients to come immediately. His car was waiting for him in front of his home, so there was little delay in reaching the place he was bound for.

He immediately entered the house and without stopping walked to the chamber of his old friend. Upon entering the room he found the woman (for such was the patient) in a very excited frame of mind.

The lady began, "I have just received a letter from Morris & Swift, attorneys for my deceased brother, informing me that some months prior to his death he had acquired a vast sum of money in Africa and that Helen, my daughter, was made his sole heir. It all seemed too good to be true. It will now be possible for Helen to be educated in a good college and live in luxurious circumstances." So saying, the woman sank back on her pillow and heaved a sigh of contentment.

"I am sincerely glad to hear of your good fortune," said Doctor Palmer heartily. "If there is anything I can do for you, let—"

"That's why I sent for you," interrupted the weak voice. "I want you to be my daughter's guardian. I want you to see that she receives the best possible education and the tenderest care. I desire to have her live with you and your mother. Step-mother," she corrected as she saw the handsome face of the doctor cloud at the expression of the word mother. "In short I want you to look after her till she settles down or marries. Will you promise to do this for a dying woman's sake? For the sake of your mother?" she pleaded as he did not reply.

Thoughts were rushing through his mind. He was not naturally a selfish man, but he did not care to burden himself with an orphan. Still it would be at least six years before she would finish college and at the end of that time she might not even care to live a week at the Palmer Mansion.

The invalid's voice was very pleading. Her pale face looked so much like his mother's the last time he saw her. "She will be a credit to you," she was saying. "Please, you are

the only one I would trust my darling to"—and a thin hand stretched out to grasp his. This was too much for the good Doctor and he reached forth and clasped her hand fervently, at the same time solemnly promising to protect the girl. The poor woman sank back and sighed more contented than ever. "Call Helen in," she said, "I think my end has come."

Rising, the doctor walked to the door, stepped outside, and gently closed the door behind him. Once outside the bedroom he beckoned a slender gingham-aproned figure to him. "Your mother is going to die, try and be calm for her sake," he said.

The girl with a muffled groan sank into a chair, buried her head in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break. The doctor not used to having his orders obeyed in such a manner spoke to her in a cold tone: "Here, here, don't show such childish weakness. Where is your spunk?" Scarcely had the words left his mouth, when his eyes were met by a pair of deep black eyes that flashed a dangerous fire into his complacent countenance.

"I am ready," she replied, and straightway she went to the bedside of her dying mother.

"Helen, I leave you well provided for. Read this," said the mother, handing her the lawyers' letter. The girl scarcely read it. "This noble man," she continued, pointing to Dr. Palmer, "will be your guardian." The noble man saw the proud lips curl up in scorn at the compliment.

"Kiss me, Helen," said her mother. The dark head bent to kiss the dying woman, and when the head was lifted the lips of Mrs. Teriss were closed, never to be opened.

"I am very sorry," began the Doctor.

"Thanks," replied Helen dryly. "Your services for my mother are no longer solicited. Will you kindly send Hilda upstairs? I will attend to the rest."

Bowing haughtily she turned to pick up some object on the floor. The moment she heard the door shut she threw herself on the bed by her mother's side and heartrending sobs shook her slight frame. The doctor hesitated on the other side of the door, and opened it softly. He saw the girl stretched across the bed, he scratched his head, sighed thoughtfully, and noiselessly closed the door. When he got downstairs he sent the maid to the bedroom. After looking after several matters

pertaining to the burial, he drove home. As his light roadster had sped over the avenues he was soliloquizing on what he had just gone through. "Some little spitfire, the girl. Well, I guess I have got some job on my hands."

The funeral took place without any extraordinary happenings. A few days later a sad-eyed girl sat in a lawyer's office, wearily listening to him tell her how wealthy she was, and how fortunate to have secured so prominent a guardian. After these proceedings were over, the lawyer asked if she wished to go to college or to go immediately to Dr. Palmer's.

"I shall remain at home till arrangements can be made for me to go to college. I feel very tired. I shall go home now and rest."

Two weeks later a smartly tailored young girl stepped on board a train bound for Byrn Mowr College. At the expiration of two days she was walking unconcernedly down a corridor crowded with many curious-eyed girls. A new comer in November was a thing of interest, and many and curious were the comments passed.

"Nifty looking, isn't she?" said one.

"Even if she is a beauty, did you ever see such an icicle?" said another.

"Gee! she's cool enough to freeze the drop-lights from the ceiling in a gambling room in Hades," chimed in a third.

When Helen finally found herself within the portals of her own room, she concluded she had not made a good impression on the fair co-eds who were to be her fellow classmates.

"Mine is a hard lot," she said to herself as she arrayed herself for dinner; which meal she heartily wished over. But time healed her wound of disconsolateness. Her good nature and cheery manner won her a score of friends. Every summer was spent with her various chums, and save for a few business letters she forwarded, she had no communication with her "noble and prominent guardian," as she called him.

In this manner passed her college days, and commencement day was drawing near. She had been elected class president for three years; she was the leader in athletics and the most popular girl with the fellows at Beechwood College. She had passed creditably in all her studies and felt great peace of mind. She was further overjoyed since Rex Bruce was to be her escort at the graduation ball. Mr. Bruce was decidedly good-looking and

wealthy. Many of the other girls would have given much to have "knocked him off." Coming down to brass tacks, life was worth living she thought as she arrayed herself before the French mirror and surveyed herself in her pretty gown. She knew she was beautiful; too many had already told her so.

That night as she stepped on the stage to receive her diploma, the applause was deafening. After the tiresome exercises were over, the girls hurriedly snatched their wraps and there was a general rush down the back stairs of the auditorium.

In a few moments Helen was leaning on the arm of the handsome Rex. With the rest of the crowd they entered the massive flower-decked hall which was already an insurmountable mass of lithe figures in dainty evening gowns. At the close of the third dance, Helen excused herself from her partner and was crossing to the opposite side of the hall, when her attention was called by a tall handsome man leaning in a very listless manner against a pillar. Helen felt a glow of pleasure sweep over her. Did the cold personage come to see her on her graduation day? She advanced with grace and careless ease.

"Really this is a surprise," she said sweetly. The startled doctor beheld the beautiful girl by his side. Who was she, he asked himself.

"Why," he stammered, "I confess I do not recognize you."

The smile left her face and in its place appeared the proud curl of her lips. This he recognized at once, but she had turned her back and was departing on the arm of a tall gentleman.

"Well it does beat the devil how I get in bad every time," thought the unhappy Dr. Palmer. "I might have feigned recognition," he sighed. But what's the use of thinking of what might have been?"

Walking across the hall he stood beside the mistress of the college. He gave his regrets at having to leave so soon, and asked her to tell Miss Teriss that he would call for her in the morning. Bowing politely he left the ball-room.

Outside, Helen was chiding herself for acting so foolishly. "Most likely he thinks I am a very silly thing," she soliloquized. "He looked so handsome, too!" she continued as she paced the piazza restlessly. A bright hope presented itself. Perhaps he was still there and she



could apologize, and suiting the action to the word she grasped the arm of the astonished Rex and shot into the dance hall. She looked, but no doctor was there. The rest of the evening was passed in an unhappy frame of mind.

The next morning Helen with four of her associates were impatiently awaiting the hour of their departure. "Here come some of the boys. Goodness knows they're welcome," cried one of the girls, and they all joined arms, and bounded for the tennis court.

A half hour later the anxious mistress was scouring the rooms of Exeter House in search of Helen. "The doctor will soon be here and I can't find her. What shall I do? My, such a troublesome girl!" With this, the indignant woman returned to her office.

In the meanwhile, Helen was in the midst of a thrilling game of tennis, entirely unconscious that she was being admiringly watched by a lone man, the only spectator. The ball missed her racket and rolled to his feet.

"It's deuce now, Harry, and we must win," she was saying as she ran for the ball.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" She stopped dead short. "I did not see you!" and the color rose still higher in her flushed face as she thought of the condition she was in. She wondered if her hair looked like that of Alice, who was playing net.

"May I have a half hour of your time for an interview?" he asked.

"Here, catch," she cried to Harry, and she tossed the racket and ball to him. "I am not going to play any more."

Leading the way to a secluded spot she seated herself on the ground and leaning with her back against a tree she fanned herself furiously with her linen hat.

"Well," he began, seating himself on a rustic bench, "will you be ready to return to 'The Oakes' with me this afternoon? You can stay with Mrs. Palmer, because, as you know, I am your guardian. You are not of age and I would not be justified in permitting you to roam about alone. You can make your debut next fall, and after that—well, we will see. Do I make myself clear?" he said impatiently as Helen did not reply, but inspected the canvas oxfords that incased her shapely feet. She smiled to herself: "I know he is boiling over." She raised her eyes and settled herself more comfortably. "Yes, I follow you," she said.

"Very well, be ready at four." And the exasperated doctor strode angrily away. Helen rolled over and laughed exultantly.

It was the middle of July, and a very lonely girl was lying in a hammock. "I wonder if every girl is ever so unhappy and alone as I am? I have not one friend, and Mrs. Palmer simply freezes me, and such busy-bodies as she has visiting her!" The discontented girl buried her face wearily in her hands. It had been a trying summer for her. The Oakes was the Palmers' summer home, and with no companionship save that of the haughty Mrs. Palmer, the time hung heavily on her hands.

When autumn came and the preparations were made for their departure to their city home, Helen was glad. The journey was tedious, and Mrs. Palmer was finding fault with everything. The next day Helen failed to come down to lunch and was reprimanded by the doctor much to her indignation. "You must come down to your meals. That is the rule of this household!" said he.

The following day at lunch time Helen had a severe headache. Ringing for her maid, she told her to excuse her at the table, as she was ill. The doctor frowned heavily. He believed that she was obstinate. He knew that the real cause of his displeasure was that he was deprived of her presence, which had become very pleasing to the generally cold and naughty man. When he sat down to the table and found her place still vacant, he strode up stairs.

"If she's ill," he said to the frightened maid, "I'll see to her." The girl fled.

"Oh, Miss, he's coming!" she cried.

"I don't care if he is," moaned Helen. She was lying on the bed, her face buried in the pillow.

"Oh, for some relief! My head will break!" she cried, and she tossed back the sleeves of her pink negligee. As she heard the door open she buried her face still deeper in the pillows. She did not realize till then that he had really come.

"Here, here, what is wrong? Are you ill or stubborn?" But no answer. Gently he lifted the face from the pillows and saw at a glance that she was really ill. A wave of pity passed over him as he regarded the beautiful face which lay on the pillow before him. Kneeling beside the bed he placed his cool hand on the fevered brow. "Why didn't you send for

me? You are very ill," he said tenderly.

"Oh, it isn't that," she said as she opened her eyes wearily. "Such a life as I have led since I left college, such coldness I have received from every one, who seems to regard me as a heartless image like themselves. How can one exist where there is no love, no companionship, no one to care if you really existed? You have always treated me coldly. Please leave me, leave this place and atmosphere. I can go anywhere; any place is preferable to this! Oh! if mother had not died!" and Helen pressed her hands to her throbbing temples.

Let her go! The thought staggered the doctor. "She must stay," he told himself, "and maybe in time she will learn to love me."

"I cannot give you up, I love you, God alone knows how I love you. Couldn't you learn to love me in time?" he pleaded as he gazed on the now colorless face. Would she ever raise her eyes, he frantically thought. And very faintly the fair lips framed the word "Yes."

### THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

The old schoolhouse in ruins lies,

No boyish shout the silence mars;

While round its stones the night wind sighs

In mortal anguish to the stars.

When years have passed, as pass they will,

What changes may their cycles bring?—

Where great men studied, all is still;

But youth's sweet memories still there cling.

—L. N. Weber.

### B. M.

O how he loved a faithful hound and chase!

A happy Nimrod all his life was he.

Whose joy like his when game he chanced to see?

Not bliss itself could paint a happier face.

I knew him well. Alas! he hunts no more,—

His weary limbs for night two years now rest;

His spirit's roaming as God's honored guest  
In hunting grounds beyond the golden shore.

—M. S.

### THAT LUMBER DEAL

BY RAYMOND FRANKE.

"Well, dad, how's business?" exclaimed a young man of twenty, as he entered a large office in Philadelphia.

"Not very good," slowly answered his father, "but I think it will pick up."

"Let us hope so anyway," said the son.

Mr. John Parker was a lumber dealer. He owned considerable land in the West, valuable because of the timber that was on it. Owing to war and shortage of shipping facilities the lumber business took a bad "slump." Naturally Mr. Parker's business received a severe blow. His son, Dick, was a dressy fellow and did nothing in return for the money his dad spent on him. He was rather girlish and afraid of the least obstacle in his path.

Every evening Mr. Parker would come home and complain that business was getting worse. He was always "raising thunder" with Dick and had often told him he must get to work and quit that "society stuff." Mother complained that her Dick was too delicate to work, and she would not allow it.

For three weeks Mr. Parker continued his jawing. One evening it stopped, however, for Mr. Parker had good news.

"I have received a twenty thousand dollar order from an agent of the Allies. The deal was closed today."

"Whew! Isn't that grand!" said Dick in his high girlish voice.

"I knew the tide would change," was Mrs. Parker's comment.

"I was so glad," continued the father, "that I sent the order at once to my agents in the West to have the timber out from the Yazoo Valley region. Moreover, I gave them strict orders that the lumber must be on hand before five months have passed. If they fail to have it here before that time, the order is lost to me. But I have great faith in Mike Denton."

That night the Parkers retired with the lightest hearts they had had for a year. For two months they did nothing but talk about their big order. But when at length the time had expired and no lumber had as yet arrived Mr. Parker became worried. He had received but one letter from his agent, the excuse being that skilled help was scarce, and also that not much lumber could be cut on account of rains.



Mr. Parker was told not to worry, that the work could be rushed and that the lumber would arrive long before the time had expired.

"Such an excuse! Not enough help! Who ever heard the like! And in a time when everybody is clamoring for work. If I lose that order somebody is sure going to lose his job," Mr. Parker was observing at the breakfast table. But noticing his son about to say something, he turned on him:

"Nonsense, you mush-headed, good for nothing piece of inconsistent humanity. If you could only perceive the straits I am in financially you would get to work at once and help me out and cut the expenses by staying at home a little more and quitting your everlasting purchasing of clothing."

"Father, hold your temper; it is no fault of Dick's that your lumber is not here. And beside there is still two months' time, and Mr. Denton has never failed you yet," put in the mother.

"But it is practically impossible to get it now. There is an awful shortage of cars and even if he could have it cut and ready for transportation he couldn't have it shipped. I am going to send that British agent a note and let him know it is impossible to meet his demands. Thereby I lose an order that would have netted me a neat sum, and I also lose a chance for a regular customer."

During the two following months nothing noteworthy took place. The lumber did not arrive, and Mr. Parker lost his order. As nothing could be done, the matter was dropped and apparently forgotten in the Parker home. But a month later young Dick disappeared. All searched for him, but without result. No trace of him could be found.

"The fates are against us," Mrs. Parker continued to say. "We have had no luck for the past five years. One misfortune after another and now my poor boy has been abducted. Oh, I'll never see him again!"

"The most peculiar part of this affair is, that we have not yet been asked for ransom, for 'tis kidnaped he is, I'm sure. The fellow must have seen in the paper when I got the order, and now since the time of delivery is past they may think I've quite a sum of money. I expect to hear from him yet," was Mr. Parker's version.

"That's about true; but we have no money to give them, and they'll kill Dick," sobbed

the broken-hearted mother.

"Annie, don't take it so hard; fear not. But let's try to forget the sorrow for a while. The detectives are working hard," said her husband.

For three long weeks the Parkers still continued to feel their misfortune. An urgent telegram from Yazoo City, asking Mr. Parker to come as quickly as possible because big news awaited him, brought business matters again into their minds. They set out the next morning, and while on the journey their thoughts were on the lumber men and the fate that Mr. Parker resolved should be theirs.

They arrived in Yazoo City the following day. A great surprise was in store for them. Dick was the first to meet them as they got off the train.

"Forgive me, father and mother," he said, "for causing you so much worry, but until the day before yesterday I was so much taken up with my plan, that I never thought how you must have felt."

The mother was sobbing with joy, and the father was anxious to hear what the end of the story would be, so inquired, "But what have you been doing here, Dick?"

"Looking after your business, dad," was the proud answer.

"My business? What do you mean?"

"Yes, I caught the whole gang red-handed, secured all the profits and then sent for you."

"Don't do it again, Dick," said his father, "but to show you that I realize you have your father's cleverness, the firm will henceforth be known as Parker & Son."

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## GONE ARE THE DAYS

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Each day I'm growing older,  
But I am not so free;  
Though now I am much bolder  
I dare not yell, you see.

I long to get upon the roof  
Once more my kite to fly;  
But now I feel that I'm a man,  
Of toys and boys quite shy.

—L. N. Weber.

## EVERY DAY

Every day that comes our way  
Has something new in store;  
It leaves a task for you and me  
And then goes by the door.

So the days in fast succession  
Place a burden on our back,  
And the world feels th' impression  
As we follow daylight's track.

—A. Wyss

## DEPARTED DAYS

Today I sit and dream along,  
In shadowed nook, on sparkled lawn,  
Of days that came and now are gone,  
No more upon earth to dawn;  
Of childhood's smiles and sorrow's tears,  
Of times of strife and days of joy,  
That I remember through the years  
Since I was but a barefoot boy.

—F. Rogers.

## Water.

When you're weary for a drink,  
Never mind about the "dough,"  
No need to pay for booze  
While there's plenty H-2-O.

Some say that pesty liquor  
Is the best drink that they know,  
But nothing's half as good to me  
As common H-2-O.

—H. Kramer.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
—Spenser.

Honor is purchased by the deeds we do—  
Marlowe.

The fashion wears out more apparel than  
the man.—Shakespeare.

## VERY HAPPY

BY TOM BRENNAN.

Jim was angry. It was seldom that James Long, Jr., lost control of his temper. But tonight he was angry. He cursed his luck; he cursed the fishing pole that stood in the corner near his bed; he blamed his parents for it all. Yes, they were the ones to blame; they were the ones that sent him to that college; they knew there was a girls' college about a mile down the road. But James Long, Sr., had gone to this college, and in his opinion it was the only college in the country. All these feelings and thoughts flashed through Jim's mind.

The cause of his anger was one of the ladies from the above-mentioned girls' college. Behind the two colleges flowed the St. Joe river. Jim had taken up fishing as a pastime. On one of his fishing trips he met the cause of his present frame of mind.

But that was two months ago, and for various reasons I shall not relate the circumstances of the meeting. He had met her three times since; he knew her name was Ada and he made no further inquiries. He was to see her again this evening. But now all his hopes were shattered. He crumpled up the small note in his hand and then dropped into a large arm-chair, the gift of his father, for the college did not supply such things. Before him on his desk lay the next day's lessons, which he should have been preparing. So he sat until he was recalled to his senses by a knock at his door.

The door was opened before Jim said "Come in." But no formalities were necessary, as it was his chum, Bill Starfield, who entered. Bill was a day student, and his father was a wealthy coal dealer of the burg.

"Say, Jim, I want you to come over to the house right away. I've got 'per' for you. Sister and some of the girls from down the road are going to have some doings. It's her birthday, and she's going to bring some of the girls with her.

"I'll go,—but read that! I'm as mad as a hornet."

Bill read: I tried to get a note to you all week, but couldn't manage it. You know who brings you this. Can't see you this evening. Will explain later.—A.



"Pretty tough, Jim," he said, "but when you're over at the house you'll feel better."

"I hope so," said Jim. "Anyway I'm glad to get this chance of meeting your folks. Just wait till I brush my teeth and get my hat."

Before an hour Jim found himself in Starfield's billiard room.

"The girls haven't come yet, so we're free for a while. I'll introduce you to a couple of the neighboring lads, and you can have a hand at billards until I call for you as soon as the lassies come," concluded Bill as he slipped out of the room.

Jim was succeeding pretty well at the game, but before it was finished Bill yelled from the top of the stairs: "Come on down, fellows. Parlor's full."

Bill began the introductions: "Mr. Long, my sister—"

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Long."

"Very happy to meet you, Miss Starfield (with emphasis)."

Jim fumbled through the rest of the introductions, continually uttering two words—Very Happy! Very Happy!

Ten minutes later we find him flopped into an arm-chair, wiping the sweat from his brow. Bill is grinning beside him. Still happy, Jim says: "So she's your sister, Bill?"

### THE MOVIE FAN

You see him hurry every night

As down the street he goes;

You ask him whether he is bound,

He answers, "To the shows."

He goes to movies every day,

The afternoons and night;

He goes to see his favorite play,

And howls with great delight.

He knows the names of all the stars,

And how bright they shine;

He reads the movie magazines,

And knows which plays are fine.

And in his sleep he has a dream

That he is leading man—

His fame is great, his salary great,

The dreamy movie fan.

—H. Kramer.

### THE REASON

Now Ikey Metz and Abey Getz,

Were friends of many years.

To see them hold their sack of gold

Would bring a man to tears.

One winter's day, the muses say,

Poor Ikey's throat was dry;

With many threats upon poor Getz

The latter bought the "rye."

His eyes grew red, the tears he shed

Nigh swamped the bar-room floor;

With speedy lick and swifter kick

Poor Abey went out-door.

A roaming cop came to a stop

As Getz was seen to glide;

A whistle shrill, and all was still,—

Yet Abe the louder cried.

A hundred coppers bringing stoppers,

Down the alley rushed;

No rubber stops could hold the drops

That from his face now gushed.

They saw his eye upon the "rye";

They heard him louder holler.

"There's no relief," he shrieked in grief;

"This whiskey cost a dollar!"

—John Reuss.

### NUTSHELLS

Tough guy,

Fists fly,

Black eye.

Basket-ball,

Terrible fall,

That's all.

Ford car,

Bad jar,

Broken bar.

Bad slip,

Dad's whip.

Pants rip

Wise domes,

Spring poems,

Teacher foams.

Thin ice,

Score advice,

Paradise (?).

\* \* \*

Little boy,

Dangerous toy,

Ship ahoy.

\* \* \*

Fast rate,

Bad skate,

Sore pate.

\* \* \*

Love's rope

Soft soap,

They elope.

\* \* \*

'Nough said,

Sore head,

Reader dead.

## The C. C. H. S. Echo

Published Every Month During the School Year  
by the Students of the Central Catholic  
High School.

Address: The Editor, C. C. H. S. Echo,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Subscription Price, One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Nov. 18,  
1915, at the postoffice at Fort Wayne, Indiana,  
under Act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. I. JUNE 1916 NO. 9

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Some idea of the danger and trend of modern  
education may be obtained from the address  
of Dr. J. Campbell White  
when he was inaugurated  
president of Wooster Col-  
lege, Ohio. Among other

### EDUCATION TENDENCIES

things referred to under the title of "Neglected  
Elements in Comprehensive Education," we  
find the following timely paragraph:

"The desire to turn education into cash has  
led to undue haste in securing vocational train-  
ing. The great danger in concentrating too  
early on revenue-producing education is one  
that will permanently neglect much study that  
is life-producing. Many students also special-  
ize before they generalize and thus narrow  
their powers much as they narrow their prep-  
aration."

We are glad to see such an able educator  
tell what he thinks about the pygmy specialists  
of our generation.

Within a day or two the people of Fort  
Wayne will be carried back to the life and  
scenes of early American  
life. Correct ideas of our  
city's glorious past will  
unfold themselves in the

### THE CENTENNIAL

work of art and endeavor called forth by the  
centennial of Indiana's admission to the Union.  
Indian and colonial life, the missionaries' zeal  
and the explorers' intrepidity, will be presented  
in a manner more vivid than history can por-  
tray. We shall live again in the days of our  
renowned ancestors, and our love of home and  
country will assume larger and more stable  
proportions. All this we shall owe to the  
present portrayal of the past. But greater  
things the future generation will owe to us.  
We are digging the deep foundations necessary  
for a united city, for a tolerant city, for a boom-  
ing city. The spirit of unity, devotion, and  
patriotism manifested in preparing for the cen-  
tennial is the spirit that will guide America  
to the highest destiny of nations. The bond of  
brotherhood evinced by the Catholic, Lutheran  
and other churches in the united hymns of  
sacred song will register a pleasing chord as  
the Prince of Peace listens to the words of  
men.

In every epoch there have been friends and  
foes of every enterprise. The "movies" are  
no exception to this divi-  
sion of opinion. Some  
favor them, some condemn  
them. People favor them

### "MOVIE" CENSORSHIP

either because they afford amusement or use-  
ful instruction. They condemn them if no  
such good is found in them, or if their influ-  
ence is evil. Men differ widely on what is  
good and what is evil, except where the good  
or evil is intrinsic or clearly determined by  
conscience. Now the general public realize  
that some movies are good and others bad.  
For this reason boards of censor have been ap-  
pointed in different places. One board con-  
demns what the other approves; and so the  
"movies" are in trouble. It is evident that  
the only way to solve the difficulty is to have  
a national board of censors, composed of those  
whose mission is to guide others by showing  
what is wrong and what is right. Representa-  
tives of the different religious denominations  
would be best qualified to do this.—M. P.



It may not be true that curiosity killed the cat, but certain it is that many a man has been killed by curiosity.

## CURIOSITY

The germs of the disease grow with us from childhood. In the beginning they impart health and strength to our knowledge-seeking minds. If their germination is guarded they will continue to help us, but if we allow them liberty they create within us a passion that we must needs satisfy. This we will do at our neighbors' disgust. In a short time we begin to feel that we are banished from the confidence of men. No one wants to be bothered by an unwelcome inquisitor or what we commonly term a "butter-in." Unpopularity and hard knocks follow. Slowly but surely our position makes itself evident to ourselves. If youth is still with us we can recover lost ground, but if curiosity has mastered us, "Mind your own business" will often burn our ears.—A. H.

When a boy graduates at the same time from primary grades and short pants he begins to regard himself from a

## AS A MAN

different angle. He begins to look at himself and others as they are. He takes a new interest in the things other and older people enjoy. Outwardly he may be a mere stripling, but inwardly he has much of the man in him. He has a young man's ideas and aspirations. He doesn't tell his every thought. He cherishes growing ideals; and a kind word in the right manner by one who treats him as a man will work wonders in him. He will say things and do things that no one knew were in him. A little individual responsibility in school enterprises will give steadiness to many of his weaving and intermittent ambitions. Such at least is the experience of one who feels the transition.—L. L.

The greatest factor in obtaining a thorough education is observation. A clear knowledge of any one thing depends

## OBSERVATION

largely on our powers of observation. The proof of this is brought out daily in the classroom. The teacher after a long and tedious explanation will inevitably say: "On page so and so there is an example of this," or "I shall draw you a diagram that you may see how it works." To see how it works, is known by him to be a

much more dependable way of teaching than to tell how it works. Indeed the value of observation is so important that it may be said that the purpose of the school of today is to create and stimulate this self-educating power.—C. M. H.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS

—The Junior baseball team is weeping for the same reason that Alexander the Great wept.

—Has anyone hear of Kirkland's frequent visits to Swinney Park? Many think it is for tennis,—but, O Kirkland, why do you fool them?

—Brother Daniel informed the Juniors that hard work could not be done in warm weather; hence the present speeding, we suppose.

—The Juniors are having a thorough review in their English course. A written summary of the principles of composition and rhetoric is being made, as this is their last year of rhetoric.

—It has transpired that Harold and Robert Kramer will not be with us next year, as they are soon to leave for Ohio. In losing them we shall lose two worthy students and popular schoolmates.

—During the second week of May Brother Anthony was out of school on account of a severe cold. But classes still continued, as the other teachers covered his work.

—Wayne Hart is right on the job when it comes to collecting "tennis dimes." His motto seems to be: "Money first, pleasure afterwards."

—The Senior banquet seems to have dropped the memory of the Juniors. However, we are of opinion that this sign would be nearer the truth: "Don't blame us, blame the war prices."

—The jolly Junior quartet, recently formed, has risen to fame. Singing seems as natural to "the bunch" as any other hard work.

—Edward Mertz, a former student, now a prominent South Side grocery man, has threatened to put an ad in the Echo if it mentions his name again.

—One of the first fellows to drop out of the present Senior class was John ("Dump") McCarthy. He was lately affected by the street-car strike, and is now running a Pontiac jitney. Mac can run anything.

—Anthony Trapp, our Garrett representative, has joined the Knights of Columbus as did Leo Weber. It was noticed that they had that "haunted look" but never a word of explanation of experiences could be gleaned from them.

—Harold Kramer is feeling no little pride in being a "runner up" in the tennis tournament. Go easy, Harold; the Rocky Road to Dublin is still ahead of you.

—Fritz Kelly, an erstwhile honor to the school, is not downhearted when misfortune follows him. He has informed us that only he who is "knocked" can become great.

—Almost every day Brother Daniel stands Dyanskie alongside Kramer to see if the former is growing. Though Bernard shows no signs of stretching, he has nevertheless made up his mind that his next new pants will be long ones. Well, ShSakespeare says that the apparel oft proclaims the man, and Bernard no doubt believes him.

—Schmidt's chats with his Decatur friend are causing no little excitement among his classmates. Kinney says he knows "it," too. But who is Kinney, anyway?

—Mack McGuire, star pitcher for the school nine last year, is twirling for the Badgers this season. The Badgers claimed the amateur championship last year, but now that Mack is with them no one will think of disputing it.

—A rumor has it that Byanskie has joined the Pageant as a papoose (whatever that is). Anyhow, there must be an opening to fame, else Skie would not have joined.

—Comments in chemistry class are getting strong lately, but Charlie is still serene.

—A stranger would probably think that our school is an indoor tennis court, as all bring rackets now instead of books.

—Commencement exercises will be held in Library Hall on the evening of June 15. The program has not yet been announced, but its principal feature will be a debate on National Prohibition by members of the graduating class.

—The tenth issue of the Echo will appear a few days after commencement. Get a free copy for your friends who want to know what you study in school.

—Kenneth Laughlin, one of the old C. C. H. S. heavyweights, is working nights at the Pennsy. Kenneth says he doesn't mind night work, because since he sleeps during the day

he has no chance to spend his "kale."

—Information is current around school that Bowsers' and the Lights have put a premium on applicants who have had a high school education. (Palnam qui meruit ferat).

—Fred Kelly has again started dancing lessons. Orator fit, poeta nacitur, saltator —?

—The Seniors almost got "roped in" by an Eastern invitation shark. Brother Ephrem came on the scene and put his "\$75 to-the-good" "up the spout." The fact that the "gentleman" then reduced his price by 50% made no difference.

—In the Sophomore debate on Preparedness, a certain individual taking part in the contest thought he was doing something funny by imitating circus bell-wearers. Thanks to the good taste of the crowd his levity met only ridicule.

—It may be true that poets are born, but there exists no doubt in Brother Ephrem's mind that orators are made, if we are to judge from the fact that he spends his free time making orators of the thirteen Seniors. Among his many devices is his famous "thunder drill." He stands in the middle of the auditorium, places three speakers in the balcony, three or four on the stage, and scatters the others around the walls. At a given signal all start their different orations. When lung sustaining power is developed, individual practice begins.

—Among those who are taking part in the Centennial Pageant are: Beck, Behler, Beuret, Foohey, Flaharty, Haley, Harkenrider, Getz, Hart, Kinney, Brennan, Schmidt Kelly, Derck, Logan, Doriot and Bushman. —H. K.

## DECORATION DAY.

The Decoration Day exercises were held Monday morning, May 29. The Juniors and Sophomores furnished the program jointly. The program opened with selections by the School Orchestra. Following the Orchestra, Aaron Huguenard delivered the oration of the day and the Gettysburg address. Walter Bodey sang a vocal solo, "America, I Love You." Alphonse Centlivre accompanied him on the violin. Frank Rogers then played a selection entitled "Melody at Dawn." A debate followed. The subject was about single sessions in high schools. The question was one that the students understood and appreciated. Robert



Casey and Hubert Knapp defended the affirmative side. Anthony Trapp and Joseph Welch ably upheld the negative side. Everything went off without a hitch. Leo Weber acted as chairman. After the debate the Junior-Sophomore octet sang the patriotic song, "Just before the Battle, Mother," and "Star Spangled Banner." Huguenard and McLoughlin then played a duet and the Orchestra concluded the program with a selection.

### WITH THE SOPHOMORES

A very interesting program was given by the Sophomores, Thursday morning, May 11. The opening number was a piano solo by Lewis McLaughlin. We were next greeted by a few songs from the class. Then came the big musical numbers, numerous "Selections" by the orchestra. The main event and soul of the entertainment was a debate on Preparedness. The first speaker on the affirmative, Aaron Huguenard, put forth the topic and explained why our country should prepare. "Skirts" Kirkland followed and utterly denied that Aaron advanced any "real" reasons. Howard Derck, even though he was somewhat nervous, told us all about the battleships and other things we ought to build. Vincent Reilly then took the floor for the negative, and when he got finished there didn't seem to be any affirmative side to the question. Donald O'Brien closed the main arguments for the affirmative and Maurice Parnin for the negative. In the short rebuttals, Huguenard and Reilly showed up well. After the "Junior Quartet" had the stage for some time, Paul Foohey claimed possession of it, and as chairman of the debate announced that the judges, Messrs. Behler, Wiener and Harkenrider, had awarded the debate to the negative, and that first place was given to Reilly, second to Parnin, and third to Huguenard. After a violin solo by Lawrence Kelly, Brother Daniel expressed his appreciation of the entertainers' efforts, and said that since the Sophomores and Juniors have shown so much talent, big things must be undertaken within the next two years.

—H. C.

### TENNIS

Our tennis tournament is well under way. The eliminations in singles and doubles are being played off as fast as courts can be se-

cured; but in this there is much delay as the city has been slow to fix up the public courts. Consequently most of the eliminations are being played on private courts. The tournament has been divided into two sections, Junior and Senior. The Senior division, with the exception of Martin, Knapp, Kelly, Burns and Kirkland, consists of third and fourth year students, while the Junior league is made up of Sophs and Freshies. Many of last year's runners-up have lost out in the eliminations, owing to the great improvement made by those who continued practice during last summer. At present it is impossible to say who will continue victorious to the end and receive the coveted prizes.

—W. H.

### BASEBALL

The baseball class league has failed to come up to expectations in many respects. For a time great interest was shown and the series looked as if it would continue without a fuss. But it soon became evident that the Juniors would have little difficulty in winning the interclass championship. The Seniors felt their pride tickled, and failed to play games that would count against them, being satisfied to obtain a victory or two over the Sophomores and Freshmen who were not as yet completely organized. The Sophomores were running last, and following the example of their captain they kicked because luck was against them, nevertheless continuing to play odd games "that won't count." The Freshmen still continue to play games in school and out of school, even though they have conceded the championship to the Juniors. The latter have not lost a game yet, and there is little doubt that any of the coming interclass games will slip from them. Unity and class spirit have done wonders for them, as far as interclass contests are concerned.

Though the class league is not dead yet, there is little hope that early season rivalry will bring it into bloom again. The occasional games still being played lack the interest that they should contain. The reason for the partial failure of the league may be attributed to want of competent leadership in the losing classes.

So the Juniors have added another laurel to their wreath of championship.

—R. G.

## EXCHANGES

In speaking of our exchanges we have in mind live students of the schools we have become acquainted with through the medium of a school-paper. We look for a reflection of your school work, and in most cases we find it. In educational lines we notice your tendencies, and where they seem worthy we endeavor to imitate them. We judge your school life by your athletics and entertainments, and here again we are taught to avoid a certain system or to undertake a certain enterprise. While coming in contact with all this influence we endeavor to retain originality and personality, modifying them to a greater or less extent. And now that we have come to say a final word for the present school year, we appreciate whatever of good you have shown us and shall always consider it a benefit to us to know what our young fellow Americans are doing. Should your publication appear before ours next term remember us on your exchange list.

We are completing our review of exchanges in this issue, as the next number must be devoted to other matters.

"The Post"—A healthy, husky exchange from the Pacific, indicative of our conception of those beyond the mountains. We enjoyed your "tributes" to the Freshmen and your "translations."

"The Habit"—A new exchange, strong in editorials and humor. Your articles are well and simply written, and the type and paper are no less attractive.

"The Gleaner" (Pawtucket)—You have good editorials and stories. Scientific Notes make very useful and practical reading. The space devoted to athletics in your April number is inadequate.

"The Gleaner" (Lykens)—A "strictly facts" paper, sincere to its title. Your editorial on Washington and Lincoln deserves much praise. No doubt you are ambitious for a larger paper.

"The Weekly Trident"—A paper good on school notes but lacking in all the other things found in school papers, except the advertisements.

"The Omnibus"—A paper with a very good literary department and an abundance of class humor and personal epithets. J. V. shows

much talent in Otherwise Reggie.

"The Aegis"—First we looked at your exchange criticisms and came to the conclusion that you are exact in your estimates. Then we turned to your Literary Department and enjoyed "Ivan." Following that were a number of good short essays and stories. Your Personals are original in their sentiment.

"The Forge"—Yours is a great, big, brainy, solid paper, the greatest we have yet received. We could say many pleasing things of every department and almost every article, but you must know your level by this time; so we shall sum all up by saying, You Deserve Your Name.

"The Owl"—You have plenty of good jokes and creditable verse, but you should have more editorials and stories.

"The Red and White"—The only thing we don't like about your paper is the type used in the first articles of the numbers received. We think you should use the same type all through. Your varied articles are good, but why not have a definite editorial department?

"Pebbles"—Your April issue is the only one we have. It is difficult to criticize from one number, but we compliment your class editors on this number.

We gratefully acknowledge the following school papers received since the first issue of the Echo in October:

- The X-Ray, Columbus, Ohio.
- The X-Ray, Anderson, Indiana.
- The Comenian, Bethlehem, Pa.
- The Review, John Marshall H. S., Chicago, Ill.
- The Courier, Boise, Idaho.
- The Crimson, Goshen, Indiana.
- The Lilliputian, Canton, New York.
- The Columbiad, Portland, Oregon.
- The Crimson and White, Albany, New York.
- The Budget, Berne, Indiana.
- The Manual, Peoria, Illinois.
- The Quill, Staten Island, New Brighton, N. Y.
- The Oriole, Baltimore, Maryland.
- Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa.
- Canton High School Monthly, Canton, Ohio.
- The Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.
- The Orange and Black, Elgin, Illinois.
- The Echo, Kenton, Ohio.
- The Belmont Review, Belmont, N. C.
- The Archive, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.
- The Miltonvale Monitor, Miltonvale, Kan.



The Review, Newton, Mass.  
 The Crescent, Lakeland, Florida.  
 The Academy News, Morgan Park, Chicago.  
 The Florida Schoolroom, Dade City, Florida.  
 The Canary and Blue, Allentown, Pa.  
 The Bulletin, Steubenville, Ohio.  
 The Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.  
 The Apokeepersian, Poukeepsie, N. Y.  
 Thee Blue and White, Savannah, Georgia.  
 The Blue Bird, Julia Richman H. S., N. Y.  
 The Purple and White, Allentown, Pa.  
 The Eastern, Detroit, Mich.

The Gleaner, Pawtucket, R. I.  
 The Omnibus, Franklin, Pa.  
 The Owl, Cory High School, Pa.  
 The Red and White, Woodstock, Ill.  
 The High School Gleaner, Lykens, Pa.  
 The Weekly Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal.  
 The Habit, Salina, Kansas.  
 The Post, Franklin H. S., Portland, Ore.  
 Pebbles, Marshalltown, Iowa.  
 The Forge, University H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 The High School Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

## FUN OR PHYSIC

Old Man—Love is a dream.

Young Man—The marriage is an alarm clock.

You needn't think your the whole livery barn just 'cause you're a little "buggy."—Ex.

Teacher—What is the government of England?

Freshie—The government of England is a limited mockery.—Ex.

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yis, mum, lots of thim," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the troot, they're just loike me photygraphs. None of thim don't do me justice."

"Your daughter," said the visitor in the den of Pa Dingbat, "seems to play some very muscular pieces on the piano."

"Yes," growled Pa Dingbat; "she's got a beau in the parlor, and that noise is to drown the sound of her mother washing up the dishes."

Visitor (sampling stout with evident appreciation)—Really, this is splendid stuff! They say that it is both meat and drink.

Workman (interrupting)—Sure, an' its roight ye are, sor; an' if ye take plenty av it it'll foind ye lodgings, too.

A man was threatened with a contagious disease, and when his little son, who was of very affectionate disposition, came to embrace him before retiring, he said:

"My boy, you mustn't hug me. You'll catch the scarlet fever."

The boy looked at his father in amazement for a moment. Then he asked:

"Say, father, whom did you hug?"

A suffragette was addressing a crowd of men.

"All we women want is our rights" she cried. "How to get them is the important question. There is a way. Listen to my plan. I propose—"

But she got no further, for the boys, realizing it was leap year, beat a hasty retreat.

"Why so silent?" he asked her. "You haven't said a word for ten minutes."

"I didn't have anything to say," she replied.

He sat with a hopeful gleam in his eye. "Look here," he said, "don't you ever say anything when you have nothing say?"

"Why, no," she replied.

"Then," he said, "will you be my wife?"

Observant Kid—Oh, look at that funny man, mother! He's sittin' on the sidewalk talkin' to a banana peel.—Ex.

"Perhaps you are familiar with the works of Ingersoll?" smilingly inquired the book salesman, as he reached under his coat for the sample bindings.

"Sure I am," replied Mr. Goldberg, the jeweler; "undt it's a good vatch for der money!"

**LIFE**

Little boy;  
 Pair of skates;  
 Hole in ice;  
 Golden gates.  
 —E. L.

**EXPERIENCE**

Little Boy;  
 Box of matches;  
 Burned pants;  
 Wearing patches.  
 E. L.

**FEET AND ARMS**

I sing of arms  
 And, too, of feet;  
 For when one falls  
 They often meet.  
 They meet at morn  
 And night it's true;  
 But only then  
 To fix a shoe.  
 —J. Brennan.

**A CENT**

A cent I am, a cent I'll be,  
 No matter how things go,  
 For such the Lord created me,  
 For better or for woe.

In early nineties I was born,  
 In mint at New Orleans;  
 I'm now among the lower class,  
 Who use me for their beans.

I'll tell you how I landed here,  
 It was not on the par;  
 A rich man played me in a slot,  
 To gain a "jit" cigar.

It makes no difference where I am,  
 I'm useful just the same;  
 The poor use me that they may live,  
 The rich, for poker game.  
 —A. Huguenard.

**DON'TS**

"Don't be tough," said the beef-steak.  
 "Don't get rough," said the sandpaper.  
 "Don't be sour," said the pickle.  
 "Don't be shocked," said the battery.  
 "Don't make love," said the spoon.  
 "Don't butt in," said the goat.  
 "Don't get smart," said Witch Hazel.  
 "Don't blow," said the whistle.  
 "Don't be turned," said the knob.  
 "Don't kick," said the mule.  
 "Don't get hot," said the furnace.  
 "Don't get loose," said the brick.  
 "Don't be late," said the clock.  
 "Don't be cloudy," said the sun.  
 "Don't smoke," said the fireless cooker.  
 "Don't get full," said the stein.  
 "Don't bare your limbs," said the tree.  
 "Don't miss your step," said the walk.  
 "Don't lose your understanding," said the shoemaker.  
 "Don't get crusty," said the bread.  
 "Don't fail to rise," said dynamite.  
 "Don't wait to be tolled," said the bell.  
 "Don't touch me," said the sensitive plant.  
 "Don't undermine me," said the bank.  
 "Don't be damned," said the river.  
 "Don't be a crank," said the Ford.  
 "Don't be a goat," said the cow.  
 "Don't lick me," said the candy.  
 "Don't wait till your kneaded," said the dough.

**WANT ADS**

Wanted: A boy to be partly outside and partly inside the counter.

\* \* \*

Wanted: A girl to cook; one who will make a good roast or boil and who stews well.

\* \* \*

Wanted: A boy to open oysters fifteen years old.

\* \* \*

Wanted: An airy bedroom for a gentleman 12x24 ft.

\* \* \*

Want to Sell: A bulldog. Will eat anything—very fond of children.



# The Central Catholic High School

## EXECUTIVE BOARD

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP ALERDING

REV. A. E. LAFONTAINE

SUPERINTENDENT.

BROTHER DANIEL, C. S. C.

DIRECTOR.

## FACULTY

REV. JOHN A. McCARTHY

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

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LATIN, GERMAN, MATHEMATICS.

BRO. EXUPERE, C. S. C.,

LATIN, FRENCH, LOGIC, ETHICS.

BRO. EPHREM, C. S. C.,

ENGLISH, SCIENCE.

BRO GREGORY, C. S. C.,

MATHEMATICS, HISTORY.

BRO. ANTHONY, C. S. C.,

SCIENCE, BOOKKEEPING, DRAWING.

BRO. EDMUND, C. S. C.,

ENGLISH, MUSIC.



1916 Graduates—J. Ryan, O. Kelker, H. Wiener, D. Haley,  
J. Wilkinson, C. Getz, D. Beck, L. Behler, R. Beuret,  
L. Weber, C. Harkenrider, F. Flaharty, P. Foohey.



## THE FACULTY

The Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, members of the first teaching brotherhood to be established in the United States, have had charge of the Central Catholic High School since it was founded by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The Brothers of Holy Cross are primarily a teaching body; and such being the case they are required to pursue a definite course of study and instruction, such a course as will best prepare them for their life-work.

A few extracts from the chapter on the training of a Brother, as told in the "Gateway to the Religious Life," published by the Congregation, will give a general idea of this preparation.

"During the days of the aspirant's postulate, note is made of his ability to learn, and of his fitness for the classroom. If he gives promise of being able to discharge creditably the responsible and meritorious office of teacher he is sent, after the first year's novitiate to Dujarie Institute, the normal school of the Brothers, there to prepare for teaching.

"The course of studies covers several years, and is unusually comprehensive and thorough. No pains are spared in equipping the novices for the apostolate of the classroom. 'Nothing is more frightful,' said a noted philosopher, 'than a teacher who knows only what his pupils are supposed to know.' As most of the young Brothers are preparing to teach in high schools and commercial colleges, practically all of them after they have completed the preparatory course, take up collegiate work.

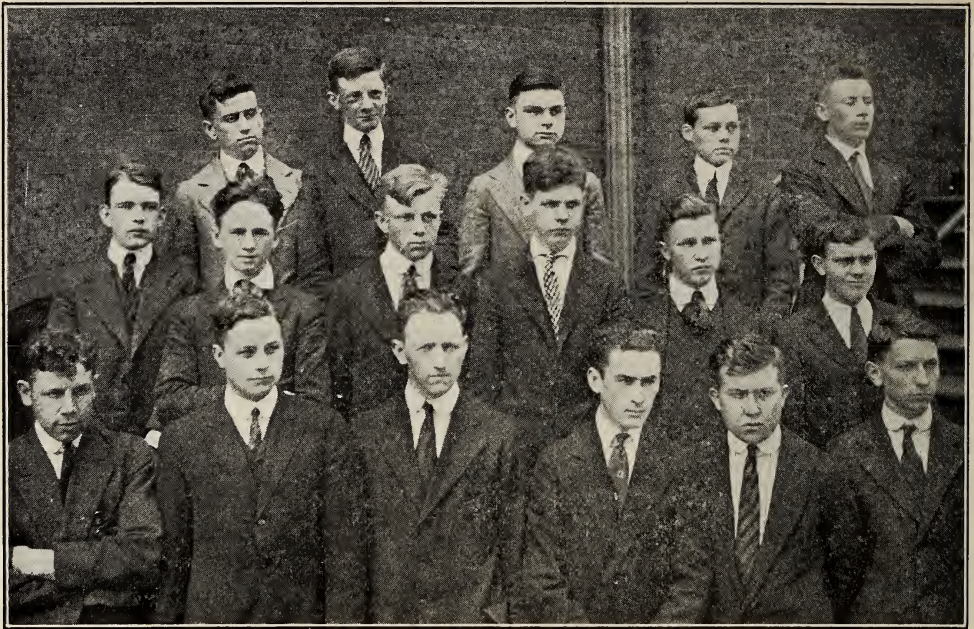
"The scholastics are reminded that it is incumbent upon them, 'as a duty of a sacred nature to make themselves thorough masters of the subjects they are to teach, and to enlarge their intellectual vision as much as they can, in order to have an assured grasp of the matters in their programmes, and to be able to explain with clearness and interest, so that they may be in no wise inferior to lay teachers, or, rather, that they may be superior to such teachers, as is fitting in persons consecrated to God, and possessing the immense resources of faith and the grace of state.'

"Dujarie Intitute, named in honor of the founder of the Brotherhood, is at Notre Dame, Indiana. It is situated near St. Mary's Lake, and is about ten minutes' walk from the University of Notre Dame. This location of the normal school in a great Catholic educational center has many important advantages: the best instruction is received, the methods of professors are studied, there are excellent laboratory and library facilities, and extensive courses are available."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Consequently, after the four years of high school studies are completed, there is provided a further period of training in collegiate work. During these years the English Course requires an intensive study of the essay and oration, poetry and poets, the novel, the short story, and the drama. Brothers who have shown a talent for the sciences now devote special attention to Physiology, Zoology, Botany, Geology, Chemistry and Physics. In history the student is required to become familiar with the institutions of the ancient world; the conflict of Paganism and Christianity, the development of the Church, and the invasions of the barbarians also form





1917 Class—C. Kinney, R. Franke, R. Gordon, B. Byanskie, W. Hart,  
T. Brennan, F. Rogers, C. Kinder, R. O'Brien, A. Schmidt, F. Kelly,  
A. Wyss, H. Kramer, A. Trapp, R. Casey, R. Clifford, J. Beuret.



'15-'16 Echo Staff—H. Conway, L. Logan, H. Derck, L. McLaughlin, A. Huguenard,  
A. Schmidt, L. Behler, C. Getz, L. Weber, O. Kelker, F. Rogers,  
J. Zuber, D. Beck, C. Harkenrider, P. Foohey, H. Kramer.



principal topics of study. A detailed study, too, is made of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the rise of Protestantism and the development of modern European countries. A year is devoted to the History of the British Isles and another to that of America. The study of Political Science embraces Economics, Sociology, Government and Politics. After completing Algebra, Brothers who are preparing to teach Mathematics take up Analytic Geometry and Calculus. Nor is this all. An excellent course is also provided in Philosophy, including the study of Psychology, Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics. It is needless to add that in Dujarrie Institute as well as in the postulate and novitiate, all are required to follow a course in religious instruction. On the completion of his collegiate course the Brother receives his baccalaureate degree from Notre Dame University."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nor is the classroom the only channel of knowledge. 'No one who has made a leisurely examination of the University,' says one who knows his Notre Dame well, 'can form an adequate idea of the multitudinous agencies for education and refinement afforded by years of residence within its walls. Not the least important of these agencies is the lecture course. Each winter men eminent in public and professional life are invited to lecture before the students. Among those whom the members of Dujarie Institute have heard in the last few years may be noted: Cardinals Falconio and Farley; the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Bonzano; Archbishops Ireland, Keane, Christie, Glennon, and Kelly (of Sydney); Bishops Alerding, Hickey, Schrembs, Muldoon and Hanna; such eminent European churchmen as Bishop Vaughan and Monsignor Benson; men of letters like Maurice Francis Egan, Seumas McManus, Opie Read, Leland Powers, Bliss Perry, Cecil Chesterton, Frank Spearman, Wilfred Ward, James J. Walsh, and Rev. John Talbot Smith; ex-Senator Beveridge, William Jennings Bryan, Bourke Cochran, Governor Dunne, Vice-President Marshall, ex-Governor Harmon, Governor Ralston, ex-President Taft, Senator Randall, Chief Justice Fitzpatrick of Canada, David Goldstein, Joseph Scott and many other men of affairs."

### HIGH SCHOOL PREPARATION

A high school education is a means to an end, but that end is not a college course. To consider a high school as a mere place of preparatory work for college is to make the value of a high school education dependent on later study. Indeed so much stress has generally been placed on this preparatory idea that many boys do not go to high school, because they consider high school work in the same light that a builder or investor would consider foundations laid for a house that is not going to be built. It is no use to tell them that some opportunity may occur which will enable them to acquire a college education. True, the opportunity may come; but should the intrinsic importance of a high school education be subordinated to this idea? Should all hope of reward be placed in this opportunity conception?

All go to grammar school because they believe or are willing to believe that a grammar school education is necessary. Many people have passed this stage and are now of opinion that an education more extensive and intensive than that of grammar school is necessary. Parents are willing to give their boy a few more years in school,—some because they know its value,

others "because it can't do him any harm and it may do him some good." So it happens that many boys enter high school with no definite aim. The merit of a high school education in itself is not apparent to them. They have not been told that every advance in education brings with it its own reward. They fail to realize the comforts of intellectual pleasures and the necessity of more logical conceptions of life's work; they value not a greater readiness in perception and a quicker grasp on the problems of everyday life; they do not consider education as something that is necessary for advancement in the present stage of civilization; they rather look upon a high school education as a time-killer, a luxury, or a preparation for college.

The conception of a high school education as preparatory in the sense of preparation for college is an injustice to the work of the high school. The idea that high school is a remote or proximate preparation for life's work will give a more definite aim and a more determined purpose to the work of the high school. A high school course is something in itself; it must not be considered dependent on later specialization for its value. In itself it is sufficient to secure reasonable business and social success. It is sufficient to keep up with the times for many years to come. But it is only sufficient; for as progress continues and competition increases, higher education, now advantageous, will then be a necessity. Naturally those who are first to pass the necessity stage have the advantage.

Admitting that college education is something very commendable and profitable to the possessor, it should not receive such a deference as will mark anything less as undeserving of consideration. Is there no place in life for the high school graduate? Is there no place between the common laborer or mechanical machine of the elementary school and the professional expert of college training? Ah, yes; between the feet and head is the trunk, the heart—pulsating organ of life. On its regular, steady pulses depends the life of the body. On the thousands of high school graduates sent out yearly by the schools of the country depends the future of the country. Their number is increasing; they now form a steady phalanx moving between the cavalry and the baggage men, between the college men and the primary grade men. Some years ago their numbers were smaller, and their ranks were recruited from the alert of the baggage men. But the order is rather reversed now; those who failed to qualify for the ranks are being consigned to the third grade of warriors.

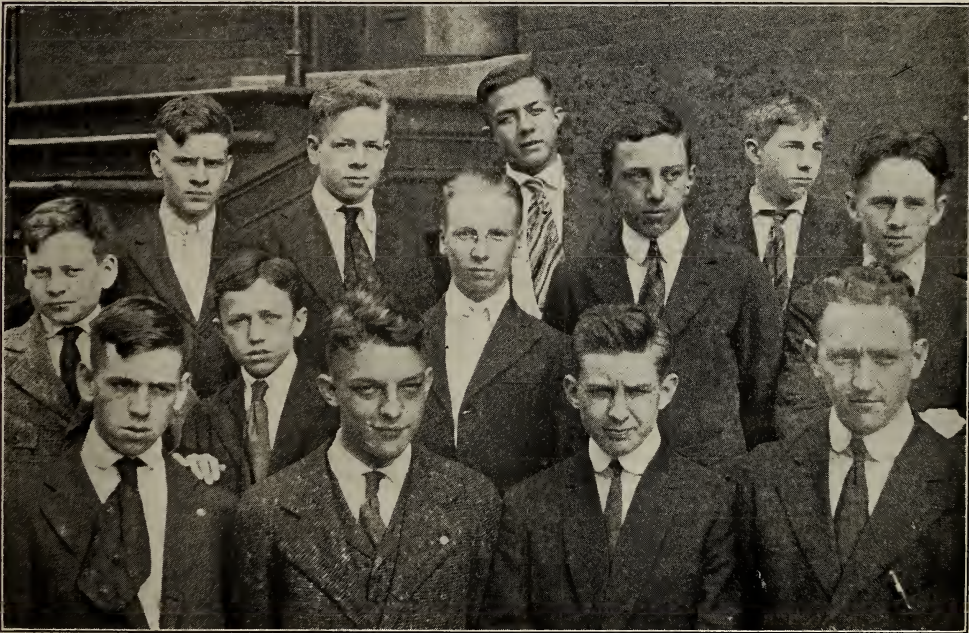
So it has come to pass that a high school education is now a necessity. And where ideas of premature specialization have not entered high school there is laid a foundation for any of the great structures that consist of human activity. The world has so far advanced that brains and machinery do most of the work to-day. Methods are so modern that the fellow who can "catch on" is more in demand than the fellow who specifically and laboriously learned "that method of doing it." In other words, the receptive mind is more necessary than the vegetated mind.

Now, the purpose of high school education should be to make the mind receptive, to train it in such a manner that the seeds of progress and success will find a suitable place to germinate and develop. When this is done there



is every reason to believe that under ordinary conditions a rich harvest of intellectual fruits will result. Only with this object in view can high school education be called preparatory. Indeed a college can do no more than continue this preparatory work. College training can but intensify this preparation. It claims no more, as the term "college training" demonstrates. It goes without saying that the greater the cultivation of the intellect the greater the power of producing. After a general cultivation of the intellect, particular cultivation can wisely be begun, for should the intensive, restricted sphere of action prove a failure the general development will offer a new field for activity.

The lines of demarkation in intellectual development are not regularly indicated by years or subjects studied. However, the boundaries become more evident as years of continued study are added. This is so apparent that the claims made above for a high school education cannot be consistently made for a primary education. Primary education is essentially constructive; it builds rather than develops. It affords no resources for special productive work. Its quality is too barren for any germination that depends on intellectual nourishment for support.



School Orchestra—A. Huguenard, A. Centlivre, F. Doriot, E. Bushman,  
H. Centlivre, J. Huntine, R. Blume, L. Beck, F. Rogers  
L. Kelly, C. Hark enrider, P. Foohey, A. Trapp.

# COURSE OF STUDIES

## FIRST YEAR

SUBJECTS:			SUBJECTS:		
First Term	Hrs a Wk	Course	Second Term	Hrs a Wk	Course
Christian Doctrine	2	I	Christian Doctrine	2	I
Church History	2	III	Church History	2	III
English	5	I	English	5	I
Latin	5	I	Latin	5	I
Mathematics	5	I	Mathematics	5	I
History	5	I	History	5	I
Science	2	I	Science	2	I
Bookkeeping	3	I	Bookkeeping	3	I

## SECOND YEAR

Christian Doctrine	2	I	Christian Doctrine	2	I
Church History	2	III	Church History	2	III
English	5	II	English	5	II
Latin	5	II	Latin	5	II
Mathematics	5	II	Mathematics	5	II
History	5	II	History	5	II
Science	2	II	Science	2	II
Bookkeeping	3	II	Bookkeeping	3	II
Mechanical Drawing (Optional)	5	I	Mechanical Drawing (Optional)	5	I

## THIRD YEAR

Christian Doctrine	2	II	Christian Doctrine	2	II
Philosophy	2	I	Philosophy	2	I
English	5	III	English	5	III
Latin	5	III	Latin	5	III
Mathematics	5	III	Mathematics	5	IV
German or French	5	I	German or French	5	I
Science	5	III	Science	5	III
Mechanical Drawing (Optional)	5	II	Mechanical Drawing (Optional)	5	II

## FOURTH YEAR

Christian Doctrine	2	II	Christian Doctrine	2	II
Philosophy	2	II	Philosophy	2	II
English	5	IV	English	5	IV
Latin	5	IV	Latin	5	IV
German or French	5	II	German or French	5	II
Mathematics	5	V	History, Economics	5	III
Science	5	IV	Science	5	IV
Mechanical Drawing (Optional)	5	III	Mechanical Drawing (Optional)	5	III



## **COURSE OF STUDIES**

The course of studies offered by the Central Catholic High School is of such a nature that it combines all the advantages of the classical course with the more proximate aims of the scientific course. The subjects are so arranged and taught that the student who wishes to enter the business world after completing the high school course has a background of information that will give stability to every enterprise. He who wishes to enter the broad field of mechanical arts will find his scientific training an invaluable asset in understanding the principles underlying great modern industries. He will be better able to direct the effects when he has the advantages of knowing the causes. The student who is fortunate enough to have an opportunity to enter college is qualified to enter any one of the twenty or more college courses leading to degrees. His high school education is not of such a nature that there is no opportunity left but to take up a course which requires a certain number of definite high school units. Finally, he who feels that God has favored him with a vocation to the priesthood, and unselfishly offers himself to be God's ambassador, will find the continuation of his studies easy; intellectually easy, because he has the desired foundation; financially easy, because the Bishop of the Diocese makes every effort to provide financial aid for ecclesiastical students who may not be in a position to defray the expenses necessary for such an education.

## **CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE**

The great object of Catholic schools is to teach and preserve Catholic morals and Catholic doctrine. The manifest need of knowing and practising the doctrines of Catholicity is felt more and more each day. Catholic laymen who can give an account of the faith that is in them are necessary in America to-day. In the shop and in the street their religion is attacked, and the glory of defending it is placed within their sphere of action. That they may be better able to do this, sincere and systematic instruction in Catholic doctrine is being carried on in Catholic schools and colleges. In keeping with this necessity of Catholic instruction, the Central Catholic High School makes studies in religion imperative for Catholic students. The first period of each day is devoted to this work.

### **I.**

**Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion**—Coppens. The Christian Revelation and its Credentials; The Church, the Teacher of Revelation; God in Unity and Trinity; The Creation; The Incarnation and Redemption; Grace; The Sacraments; Duties in General; The Ten Commandments; The Commandments of the Church; Prayer.

(Two hours a week for four terms.)

### **II.**

**Question Box**—Conway. This book answers in a brief and popular manner the most important questions asked by Protestants desiring to know the truth about the Catholic Church. Other questions of interest are introduced by the teacher.

(Two hours a week for four terms.)

### III.

**Compendium of Church History**—Sisters of Notre Dame. This course offers a short and attractive study of the Church's development in each century. A brief history of the Catholic Church in the United States is also included.

(Two hours a week for four terms.)

### PHILOSOPHY

#### I.

**Logic and Mental Philosophy**—Coppens. In this course the important problems of philosophy are presented to the students in a direct and simple manner. The subject is divided into Parts I-II.

Part I.—Dialectics, Critical Logic. Part II.—General Metaphysics, Cosmology, Psychology, Natural Theology.

(Two hours a week for two terms.)

#### II.

**Moral Philosophy**—Coppens. This course in moral philosophy discusses the general questions of Ethics under three sub-divisions: Direction of Human Acts, Individual Rights and Duties, Social Rights and Duties.

(Two hours a week for two terms.)

### ENGLISH

The value and necessity of a thorough training in the fundamentals of the English language have ever been recognized by the faculty; and to this end every effort has been put forth to make the English course the first in the school. Of recent years many new theories and ideas have been introduced by the English teachers of America. Some of these are very useful and helpful, and, as in everything else, some are merely the expressed conception of faddists. Over emphasis has been placed on rules for doing things, and too little stress has been put on the actual doing. The most logical method of learning anything that needs practice is to practise; and with this consideration in mind, the faculty of the Central Catholic High School have made the doing of things by the students their paramount work in teaching. The work of the English course aims primarily at teaching the students to speak and write correct English. Long years ago, Francis Bacon said: "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." Now that the student may be an exact man he is allotted much time for writing, the subjects of his compositions being in keeping with his years; at first, familiar things about which he has no lack of thoughts, but a manifest difficulty of expression. When he has learned the art of expressing his thoughts on familiar topics he is introduced to such topics as do not wholly lie within the range of his experience. This makes evident the necessity of reading, a necessity which he himself now sees. New topics call for more varied methods of expression, and so he is introduced to the study of English classics. Unconsciously he becomes fluent in expression and correct and polished in representation of his thoughts. The essay is introduced to train his reason, the story to develop his imagination, and the oration to open up an avenue for his personality. While this developing process is going on, the principles of composition are so introduced that they will not hamper his



individuality or frustrate his self-reliance. He is given to understand that these principles are to be considered more in the light of counsellors than of masters; that they are to direct him, not to lead him. Finding this method of work agreeable, the student acquires a facility in writing that seldom results from "the absolutely correct from beginning" method. In the correct-from-beginning method, a student may be able to write something according to rules, but this early acquired stiffness and fear of expression will remain with him. Time will correct the few inexact constructions of the directed student.

When a student has acquired facility in expressing his thoughts in writing he has still much more to do before he can rush them forward as fast as the tongue can utter them. Practice in speaking before his class, before his teachers, before the school, and occasionally before the public does much to give him the required readiness in this regard. The "say-something idea" is in his mind, and the occasion does much in supplying the thoughts. He feels his success, and he says something that is worth saying.

So in conformity to this idea of English teaching, much writing and much speaking are given considerable attention at the High School.

In the fourth year of English the study of English and American Literature is taken up. The circumstances under which the English classics were produced and the characteristics of the authors bring added interest to the study of English. Comparisons of the works of different authors bring out their relative merits. The development of the novel, the drama, the epic and verse forms brings the eager student in contact with men and ideas. Conceptions of people of other ages are formed, and the common traits of humanity are noted; a desire for further reading and information is formed; much is accomplished, and impetus is given to much more.

#### I.

**Review of Grammar**—Elements of English composition. Exercises in prose composition. Elements of versification. Memory work.

**Classroom Readings**—Treasure Island, Evangeline, The Merchant of Venice.

**Supplementary Readings**—Ivanhoe, The Great Stone Face, The Man Without a Country.

**Text-book, A First Book of Composition**—Briggs and McKirney.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

#### II.

**Composition**—Rhetoric dealing with the units of composition, the growth of compositions, paragraphs, sentences, words, and the forms of prose discourse.

Written exercises in the short story, the essay, and common verse forms. Memory work.

**Classroom Readings**: Julius Caesar, Silas Marner, The Lady of the Lake.

**Supplementary Readings**: The Vicar of Wakefield, As You Like It, The Last of the Mohicans.

**Text-book, Composition-Rhetoric**—Scott and Derney.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

### III.

**Composition-Rhetoric**—Description, narration, exposition, argumentation.  
General review of rhetoric.

Poetry—epic, dramatic, lyric, didactic. Versification, figures of speech  
memory work.

.. Written exercises in the short story, the essay and the oration: oratory  
and debating.

Classroom Readings—Washington's Farewell Address, Webster's First  
Bunker Hill Oration, Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, Macbeth.

Supplementary Readings—The Tempest, Macaulay's Essay on Addison,  
Dickens' David Copperfield.

Text-book, Composition-Rhetoric—Scott and Denney.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

### IV.

**History of English and American Literature.**

General written exercises in prose and verse.

Classroom Readings—Hamlet, Burke's Conciliation with the American  
Colonies, Macaulay's Life of Johnson.

Supplementary Readings—Selections from Newman, Idylls of the King,  
Carlyle's Essay on Burns.

Text-book, History of English and American Literature—Johnson.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

### LATIN

#### I

**Latin for Beginners** (Parts I-II)—D'Ooge.

(Five hours a week for two terms)

#### II.

**Latin for Beginners** (Part III)—D'Ooge.

**Caesar's Gallic War**, Books I-IV—Bennett.

**Latin Composition** (Part I)—D'Ooge.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

#### III

**Latin Grammar**—Bennett.

**Cicero's Selected Orations**—Bennett.

**Latin Composition** (Part II)—D'Ooge.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

#### IV.

**Latin Grammar**—Bennett.

**Virgil's Aeneid**, Books I-VI—Bennett.

**Latin Composition** (Part III)—D'Ooge.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

### GERMAN

The work done in the German course is of such a nature that students who  
have completed the two-year course have a good reading knowledge and are  
able to take part in conversations of a general nature. Their knowledge of  
German grammar and composition enables them to make rapid progress in  
conversation wherever opportunities are afforded.



## I.

### **Grammar and Composition.**

Text-book, Cumulative Method in German—Dreyspring.  
(Five hours a week for two terms.)

## II

### **Advanced Grammar and Composition**—Selected readings.

Text-book, Cumulative Method in German—Dreyspring.  
Yung Deutschland—Gronow.  
(Five hours a week for two terms.)

## **FRENCH**

A two-year course is given in French grammar and composition. At the end of this time students have little difficulty in reading French prose and are able to do ordinary translation work with the aid of the dictionary.

## I.

**Grammar** with written and oral exercises; inflections of nouns and adjectives; conjugations of verbs, etc.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

## II.

### **Advanced Grammar and Composition**—Study of idioms, reading of classics.

Text-books, Essentials of French—Francois;  
Exercises in French Composition—Francois.  
(Five hours a week for two terms.)

## **MATHEMATICS**

## I

**Algebra**—This course begins with the elementary principles of algebra, and by means of graded exercises leads the student through a study of the following operations: Equations; Positive and Negative Numbers; Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division of Algebraic Expressions; Factoring; Common Factors and Multiples; Algebraic Fractions; Equations Involving Fractions; Ratio and Proportion; Simultaneous Equations; Square Roots and Radicals; Quadratic Equations. Problems of practical application are given throughout the course. Text-book, Slaught and Lennes.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

## II.

**Plane Geometry**—This subject includes a study of the theorems with proofs of exercises and original propositions. The habit of independent thinking is cultivated by the solution of special problems showing the relation of the process studied to practical examples. Text-book, Wentworth—Smith.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

## III.

**Advanced Algebra**—This course in advanced algebra takes up the more intricate operations belonging to the study of algebra. After a short review of Course I the following topics are studied: Equations in Two or More Unknowns; Systems of Equations Solved by Determinants; Graphic Representation of Equations; Ratio, Variation, and Proportion; Power Roots; Exponents and Radicals; The Number System of Algebra; Quadratic Equation Systems; Graphic Representation of Quadratics; Progressions; Binominal

Formula; Logarithms. Text-book, Slaught and Lennes.  
(Five hours a week for one term.)

#### IV.

**Solid Geometry**—This course is an extension of Course II. Planes, solid angles, polyhedrons, the cylinder, cone and sphere are all studied in detail, and the solution of original exercises and propositions of application is made a feature of the course. Text-book, Wentworth-Smith.  
(Five hours a week for one term.)

#### V.

**Trigonometry**—This subject includes both plane and spherical trigonometry. The work done in this course not only furnishes a good review in the principles of algebra and geometry but also prepares the student for studies in calculus. It affords very practical examples of applied mathematics. Text-book, Wentworth.

(Five hours a week for one term.)

### HISTORY

#### I.

**Ancient History**—The Oriental Peoples. The History of Greece and of the Empire of Alexander. The Story of Rome and the Establishment of the Roman Empire. The Rise and Influence of Christianity. Roman-Teutonic Europe. The social and political influences are given more attention than stories of heroes and wars.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

#### II.

**Medieval History and Modern History**—The Barbarians and Their Kingdoms. Mohamedanism and the Saracen Caliphs. The Holy Roman Empire. The Great Schism and the Rise of the Nations of Modern Europe. The Renaissance. The Age of Discovery. The Protestant Reformation. The Power of Spain and Germany. The Age of Louis XIV, and the Rise of Russia. The Spanish and Austrian Successions. The Empire of England. The American Revolution. The French Revolution and the Wars of Napoleon. The Revolutions and Spirit of Nationality.. The Formation of Germany and Italy.

(Five hours a week for two terms.)

#### III.

**American History**—A brief outline of the more important periods dealing with the beginning, growth and final formation of the republic; the principal causes leading to this formation; the essential topics in the history of the country.

**Political Economy**—The elements of political economy are briefly introduced in connection with the course in American History.

(Five hours a week for one term.)

### SCIENCE

Realizing the importance of science in all branches of industrial development, the school administration has spared nothing that is necessary to make the study of science practical and useful. The physical laboratory is so complete that work not usually done in high schools can be carried on. Subjects discussed in the text-books are made clear by actual demonstration in the



laboratory. For example, the students are required to take apart and set up demonstration motors and dynamos, to explain the use and action of each part. They learn the principle of the steam engine from a model driven by compressed air. (See list of some experiments under Laboratory in Physics.)

The chemistry laboratory is also complete, and not only provides for experiments in inorganic chemistry but also for many useful and common experiments in organic chemistry.

That science should be as interesting and practical as possible, and that those who find it impossible to finish high school may acquire some idea of the principles underlying the wonders and even the common things that mechanical genius has devised, a general science course was substituted for the separate courses in botany, physiology, physical geography, etc. The object of the general science course is to stimulate "uncommon thinking about common things." It offers a short course in chemistry, physics, botany, physiology, biology and physical geography. The presentation of the subjects is so simple that the students have no difficulty in learning much that was heretofore deferred as subjects for maturer minds. The course in nowise detracts from the more intensive study of chemistry and physics taken up in the third and fourth years of the science course.

#### I.

**General Science (Text-book, Hessler)**—In this course chemistry and physics are studied in an elementary way under twelve headings: Matter and Its Measurement; Force and Energy; Air and Fire; Heat; Water; Elements and Compounds; Carbon and Its Compounds; Magnets and Electricity; Light and Sound; Simple Machines; Acids, Alkalies and Cleaning; Water, Heat, Air and Light in the House.

When necessary simple experiments are performed in the laboratory.

(Two hours a week for two terms.)

#### II.

**General Science (Text-book, Hessler)**—This course includes an elementary study of physical geography, botany, and physiology, and zoology. These subjects are presented in eight chapters: The Weather, Rocks and Soil, Plants, Animals, The Human Body and Its Food, Circulation and Respiration, The Nerves and Sense Organs, Sanitation.

Laboratory and field work are given due consideration by the instructor:

(Two hours a week for two terms.)

#### III.

(a) **Chemistry**—The course in chemistry treats of elements in general and the most important compounds. The common elements (metals and non-metals) are discussed in an attractive though scientific manner. The subject matter of the course is not entirely confined to inorganic compounds, nor are the practical applications of chemistry in modern industries overlooked.

**Text-book, First Course in Chemistry**—McPherson and Henderson.

(Three hours a week for two terms.)

(b) **Laboratory Work**—Students in chemistry are required to perform from 60 to 70 experiments in order that they may better understand chemical reactions and draw correct conclusions from the results. Observation and accuracy are cultivated.

Laboratory Manual—McPherson and Henderson.

(Two hours a week for two terms.)

## VI.

(a) **Physics**—The object of this course is to stimulate thought about the hows and whys of the physical world in which we live, to see the relation of physical cause and effect. The laws of Mechanics, Heat, Acoustics, Optics, Electricity and Magnetism are presented. These are followed by problems in measurement and calculation.

Text-book, A First Course in Physics—Millikan and Gale

(Three hours a week for two terms.)

(b) **Laboratory Work**—The laboratory work in physics consists of 50 experiments verifying the laws and principles of the subjects included in physics. Some of the more important experiments are those on liquids, gases, properties of metals, the pendulum, the principle of moments, the inclined plane, pulleys; the action of heat and cold, magnetism, static electricity, electric currents, electro-magnets electrolysis, electric cells, motors and dynamos, transformers, the nature and transmission of sound, properties of musical instruments, nature and propagation of light, image formation, color phenomena.

Laboratory Manual—Millikan, Gale and Bishop.

(Two hours a week for two terms.)

## BOOKKEEPING

### I.

William and Rogers' New Complete Bookkeeping; Preparatory Instructions and Definitions; Initiatory Sets by Double Entry.

(Three hours a week for two terms.)

### II.

Williams and Rogers' New Complete Bookkeeping. Single Entry, Installment, Commission, Retail, and general work including business papers and business forms.

(Three hours a week for two terms.)

## MECHANICAL DRAWING

During the first two years of the course drawings are made from "blue-print" models, all of which were made by the instructor and the students of previous years. From time to time new prints are added, introducing whatever is new in the progress of mechanical drawing. In the third year original work is taken up.

The course in drawing includes: Geometrical Construction, Projection and Development, Perspective, Material Representation, Isometric, Woodwork, Machine Parts, Gears and Cams, Detailed and Assembled Machine Drawing, Lettering, Object Drawing. Tracing, Blue-printing.

## SUPPLEMENTARY WORK

The preparation for the numerous entertainments and contests given by the students affords much practice in elocution, oratory, music and singing.

Typewriting and other subjects are taught as special studies, for which an extra fee is charged.



## CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

About one-half the Catholic children attending primary schools in the United States are being educated under the parish school system. In cities most of the Catholic children are attending Catholic schools. Parish schools are practically impossible in most country districts, and considering that about 30 per cent of Catholic children live in the country the entirety of the Catholic school system in cities is most remarkable. Looking to the eternal welfare of the individual and knowing the need of religion and morality the bishops of the United States require all children to attend Catholic schools unless dispensed for necessary reasons. As far as secular instruction is concerned the Church recognizes the value and necessity of the public school, but it does not admit that secular instruction is all that is necessary; consequently it has built up a system of Catholic education for its children, a system supported by the generosity of its members.

According to the Catholic Directory for 1916—making the estimated allowance—the Catholic population of the United States is over 18,000,000. According to statistics for general school enrollment (high schools included), there must be over 3,000,000 Catholic children of school age in our country.

The Catholic Directory gives the number of Catholic children attending parochial schools and academies as 1,497,949, and the number of parish schools as 5,588. Allowing the same ratio for school expenditures as given out by the American Book Company for public schools, the amount expended by Catholics on their schools would be \$31,000,000. To this could be added an interest equivalent of \$5,000,000 annually on the money invested in Catholic schools connected with parishes. Owing to the economy of the Catholic system, however, the amount for expenditures is less than one-half this sum.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following figures are given by the Catholic Directory for the Catholic Schools of Fort Wayne: High School, 113; Cathedral, 494; Most Precious Blood, 240; St. Andrew's, 161; St. Hyacinth's, 53; St. Peter's, 602; St. Mary's, 477; St. Patrick's, 591; St. Paul's, 104.

This makes a grand total of 2,835.

The accompanying figures aim at giving the number of Catholic boys in Fort Wayne who would find it possible to attend high school:

Catholic pupils of the city .....	2,835
Number in the primary grades .....	2,400
Graduates from grammar school each year .....	225
Boys graduated from grammar school annually .....	100
Number who could continue school .....	70
Number of Catholic students for first year high school..	70
Number for second year .....	55
Third year .....	45
Fourth year .....	40
Total for high school .....	210
From parishes outside the city .....	20
Grand total .....	230

These figures make complete allowance for those students discontinuing each year either because of inability or family circumstances.

FOURTH  
ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Central Catholic  
High School



Library Hall  
Thursday Evening, June the fifteenth  
Nineteen hundred sixteen  
eight o'clock

The New Scholastic Year  
begins September 5th, 1916



MOTTO:

“Weave Well the Warp of Life”

Selection—National Airs       -       -       -       -       Keiser  
SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

DEBATE—

Resolved, That the manufacture for sale of alcoholic liquors  
for beverage purposes should be prohibited within the  
United States.

Affirmative:

DANIEL R. HALEY  
LEO N. WEBER  
HARRY C. WIENER

Negative:

ORLO J. KELKER  
PAUL J. FOOHEY  
CLARENCE F. GETZ

Judges of the Debate and Oratorical Contest:

Attorneys Stephen Callahan, C. Byron Hayes, Frank  
Hogan.

The Judges Decided in Favor of the Negative. Leo N.  
Weber was Accredited the best Debater.

Minuetto       -       -       -       -       -       Mozart

Orchestra

Valedictory       -       -       -       -       -       -

Robert L. Beuret

Farewell Song       -       -       -       -       -       -

Senior Class

School Remarks       -       -       -       -       -       -

Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C.

Awarding of Medals

Conferring of Diplomas

By The Rt. Rev. Bishop

GRADUATES:

DONALD A. BECK

LEO C. BEHLER

ROBERT L. BEURET

FRANK J. FLAHARTY

PAUL J. FOOHEY

CLARENCE F. GETZ

DANIEL R. HALEY

CHARLES M HARKENRIDER

ORLO J. KELKER

JOSEPH F. RYAN

LEO N. WEBER

HARRY C. WIENER

JOSEPH F. WILKINSON

## HONORS AWARDED:

- Gold Medal Presented by the Rt.. Rev. Bishop Alerding,  
Awarded to Leo N. Weber, for the Highest Average,  
Senior Year.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Oechtering,  
Awarded to Frank Rogers, for the Highest Average,  
Junior Year.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Hon. William P. Breen,  
Awarded to Aaron Huguenard, for the Highest Average,  
Sophomore Year...
- Gold Medal Presented by Dr. E. J. McOscar, Awarded to  
Edward Cunningham, for the Highest Average, Fresh-  
man Year.
- Gold Medal Presented by Mr. Carl J. Weber, Awarded to  
Harold Kramer, for the Highest Average in Advanced  
Christian Doctrine.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Hon. Stephen B. Fleming,  
Awarded to Harvey Conway, for Christian Doctrine,  
(First Course.)
- Gold Medal Presented by the Rev. William C. Miller,  
Awarded to Leo N. Weber for Senior Oratory.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Rev. John R. Quinlan, Awarded  
to Raymond Franke, for Junior Elocution.
- Gold Medal Presented by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame University, Awarded to Aloysius Schmidt  
for Junior English and Oratory.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Rev. August Young, Awarded  
to Cornelius Hayes for Freshman Latin.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Rev. Charles Thiele, Awarded  
to Charles Harkenrider, for Creditable Work in the  
German Course.
- Gold Medal Presented by Mr. Timothy Foohey, Awarded to  
Roscoe O'Brien, for Mechanical Drawing.
- Gold Medal Presented by the Rev. Charles Dhe, Awarded  
to Daniel R. Haley, for Creditable Work in the French  
Course.
- Literary Prize Presented by the Fort Wayne Knights of Co-  
lumbus for the Best Essay on Patriotism, Awarded to  
Paul J. Foohey.
- A Tuition Scholarship at Notre Dame University offered by  
Rev. John Cavanaugh, President, Awarded to Paul J.  
Foohey.





